



DESIGNED FOR THE DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF

BIBLICAL TRUTH,

AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

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THE PERVERSIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

UNDER the title of "Treasure in Earthen Vessels," we have alluded to the fact that the Church, as it consists of professed believers, is not perfect. We also mentioned some of the reasons which had been assigned for the fact in question. But we did not say all we had to say, and we therefore return to the subject, viewed from a somewhat different point. Not only are there defects in individual professors of Christianity, and in the efforts which are made for building up the Church on earth, but there are also defects in the systems of belief and worship which have been established. In various ways many have departed from the pure faith and practices of the Gospel, and have introduced and adopted what is human and erroneous. As the apologists of our holy religion, we take our stand upon the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. We do not undertake to defend the rites, and ceremonies, and articles of faith which are not revealed and ordained in Scripture; we do not join the apocryphal books to the canonical and undoubted; nor do we say with the Papists that there is the written Word, or the Bible, and the unwritten, or tradition. So far as we can ascertain, the addition of the apocryphal books is a perversion of the revelation which God has given us. In our estimation, also, what is called tradition is an unauthorised addition to the oracles of God. Taking the Scriptures as the Jews received the Old Testament, and as the earliest Christians received the Old Testament and the New, we say, This is the charter of our liberties, the statute-book of our faith, and the standard of our practice. Far be it from us to reject or to condemn anything which we there find written for our learning. But what we there find we are prepared and resolved to justify and to defend. In one word, we say, "The Bible—and the Bible alone—is the religion of Protestants."

The ground we thus take cannot be taken by the Romanist. He is taught to believe that God's law to man is only in part in the Bible, and part in tradition. He is taught that the decrees of what may be called general councils, and of the Pope in an official capacity, are of Divine authority, as much so as if they were written in the Bible. He must also believe that what one Pope or council has decreed, another may abolish, so that the rule and law of Christianity is not always the same. This is why the Council of Trent, three centuries ago, drew up a list of regulations which were to be binding everywhere, when the Church of Christ had existed fifteen hundred years without them. The true aim of that council was, of course, to extinguish the new-found light of the Gospel, and to confirm and perpetuate the principles and practices of Rome. Meanwhile, the members of the Romish Church are without help; they must not only receive the tenets enforced by the Council of Trent, but all the additions that succeeding popes may think fit to incorporate into

the Romish Creed. And the Pope does add to it; for he has lately added to their creed, as an article of saving truth, the doctrine of the "immaculate conception" of Mary, the mother of Christ. The Pope also has publicly declared that certain persons are raised to such dignity in heaven, that it is profitable and right to invoke them by prayer, &c. Practically, the whole Romish body is bound to accept every perverse decree concerning religion which Popish interests may lead the authorities of the Church of Rome to promulgate.

All this is not to be wondered at; but what is to be wondered at is the voluntary acquiescence of so many who are thus led to pervert the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ; yet all these outward corruptions may be traced to the operation of certain agencies, which may be looked on as so many human causes, of which we do well to be aware, and which we must resist. Without going into these matters very deeply, we will mention those we find in Dr. Vaughan's book on the "Causes of the Corruption of Christianity," a book which only resembles in its title the older one we mentioned in our former article. The author intimates that the drift of his work is twofold: "First, to show that there are natural causes in the history of man and of society, which should dispose us to expect that even a revealed religion, in such a world, will not be found proof against corruption; secondly, to show what the causes are which have actually tended to this result in the history of the Christian religion."

It may be not out of place to remark that the universe and its history abounds in mysteries—mysteries of evil as well as of good. How came it to pass that there were, among the blessed and holy inhabitants of heaven, angels who sinned, and kept not their first estate? How was it that when God made man in his own image, in righteousness and true holiness, sin found admission and prevailed? Why did that simple act of our first parents involve such dire results to all their race? We know the agency, and we admit the fact

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden."

More than all this, it is admitted that, although the infinite love, wisdom, and power of God has devised and provided a remedy for all these woes, a very large proportion of mankind either do not know of the remedy, or are indifferent to it, or positively scorn it. And still, once more, it is apparent that those who accept the Gospel do not avail themselves to the utmost of its blessings, neither do they exert themselves as they might to recommend it to others. Such being the case, we might almost expect, from analogy, that the Gospel would be misrepresented and perverted by the base ingenuity of men, who declare how they



honour, love, and obey it. Without formally proving that there are such corruptions, and without tracing their character and history, we shall fulfil the promise we have made to indicate some of their causes. Our theory is, that man is placed in such circumstances that we might expect him to pervert the Gospel of the Lord Jesus when he professes to accept it. Our actual aim is to show what some of these circumstances are.

A foremost place must be given to the present condition of human nature. Human nature is itself perverted and distorted, and its tendencies to evil are so complicated and numerous, that a special Divine influence is required to renew and sanctify it. The intellect is clouded and obscure, the moral sense is deadened and disturbed, and the imagination runs wild, and brooks not restraint. Pride and self-sufficiency prompt men to innovate, and they measure the rectitude of their doings by the success which attends them. There is scarcely a feature of a man's character which does not furnish an occasion for some perversion—there is scarcely a faculty of his constitution which does not lay him open to the same temptation and danger. Dr. Watts was right when he exclaimed of our fallen humanity—

"To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!"

Dr. Vaughan says of the corrupt tendencies of which we have spoken:—"These tendencies stand related in part to infirmities in the exercise of the human understanding; in part to peculiarities of natural temperament; and in part to certain conditions of the passions and lower appetites of our nature." He specifies under the first head mental indolence, imbecile credulity, prejudice, and presumption. Under the second head, or peculiarities of natural temperament, he enumerates an excess of imagination, undue sensibility, and unhealthy conditions of our physical nature, or disease. Under the third head, which relates to the passions and lower appetites, the first place is given to what is called sensuousness: "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" And beyond all question, the gratification of the five senses, or a part of them, has had amazing influence in promoting perversions of religion. Closely akin to this is mere worldliness, or a general disposition to give worldly, and in themselves lawful, pursuits the predominance. The next place is given to formality, which has had a fearful influence in bringing about the acceptance of perverse doctrines and practices. Dr. Vaughan remarks that it may be said to have manifested itself in two ways; "first, by substituting a show of zeal in behalf of religious institutions, in the place of all real concern about anything that could be properly regarded as religious; and, secondly, by raising the forms of religion above the sense of moral obligation, so as to allow a scrupulousness about religious ceremonies to compensate for a neglect of moral duties." No one has observed or studied the characteristics of what is called religion in Continental countries, without concluding that it is dominated by the spirit of formality, which makes men practise and defend their system, while they live in immorality and profanity. The next cause assigned for the perversion of the laws and doctrines of the Bible is vanity; and now akin to this is

pride. All these things find their root in human depravity, and become inoperative as men are illuminated and sanctified by the Spirit of God. It is sin then—or, if we please, sinfulness—which makes men prefer error to truth, and to invent things as a part of religion which God has not ordained. All the causes of the perversion of Christianity centre here; and if we proceed to enumerate others, it will be apparent that they all emanate from this. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Let us, however, name some other things which are regarded as causes of the corruption of which we speak, and which have brought superstitions and heresies, and other evils, into the Church of God. One of these is a misapprehension of Judaism, owing to which men have overlooked the relations of the law to the Gospel, and have retained or imitated Jewish rites, which Christ abolished. Another root of evil is to be looked for in Gentile philosophy. The philosophers of Greece especially, and their followers, exercised a very powerful influence upon many professors of Christianity, and led them to introduce opinions, distinctions, and explanations which were quite opposed to the spiritual doctrine of the Gospel. As the Judaic principle disfigured the Christian system, so the philosophic tendency disfigured the truth of Christ. Both combined made men dissatisfied with the institutions and simple doctrines of our holy faith. Well might the Apostle say to the Colossians, "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." It would require a large discussion to explain and show in how many things this precept was disregarded in successive ages.

The corruption of Christianity from the influence of ancient Paganism is another fact which is brought out by a review of our religion as it was professed in the Middle Ages, and still exists amid Popery. To this we owe the worship of saints, angels, and images, relics, and prayers for the dead, &c. The outward professors of Christianity transformed their temples into churches, their gods into saints, and their idols into images. There is a wonderful agreement between many of the ancient superstitions of Paganism and the superstitions of our Popish ancestors, or of our Popish contemporaries upon the Continent. Pagan practices, rites, and ceremonies were baptised with a Christian name, and adopted by the Christian Church.

We will not now pursue this subject further, but we will observe that God, in his providence, has given us the means of detecting these evils, and has warned us against them. The Bible stands an enduring monument to show what he has ordained, and what we should believe and do. Its ineffaceable inscriptions record unchangeably his holy will. As some tall lighthouse, it sheds a brilliant light upon our passage amid the rocks, and shoals, and quicksands of the world. By it they are revealed, and we are directed. All that man has done to alter religion has left this blessed volume still the same. It is not often difficult to clear away the rubbish which human hands have heaped around it. Every one may ascertain from it that it alone is the depository of saving truth, that the blood of the cross alone atones for sin, that by faith alone we are justified, and that

sanctification is only by the Spirit of God. Therefore say we, with a well-known poet—

"Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanities and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart."

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN THE OLDEN TIME.—PART III.—(Conclusion).

AFTER a time the pilgrim is assaulted by a sour-looking old woman, named Wrath, who holds a saw in her mouth and two stones in her hands. The saw is Hatred, and separates friends and brethren—nay, separates a man from God in the very act of prayer. The two stones are Spite and Animosity, with which Wrath pursues the pilgrim's progress to Zion. Wrath also carries a hawk, which represents Murder, and which has often been let loose against the innocent and the unoffending.

Tribulation appears when Wrath assails the pilgrim, and tells him he is in danger of destruction from the hammer of Persecution, which she carries. Tribulation would have him lay down his staff and defend himself with shield and sword; but he has recourse to prayer, and Tribulation leaves him after telling him that she is really the friend of pilgrims, and should return if he went astray.

As he went on, he found himself in a dense wood, where it was very hard to find his way.

He next went down into a valley, where he met a horrible-looking creature in strange disguise. She was lame, humpbacked, and clothed in rags; had six hands, two of which were armed with griffins' claws; in a third she held a file, and she also held a pair of scales, a wallet, and a hook; while an idol of gold and silver rested upon her head. This spectre is named Avarice, and she requires the pilgrim to surrender his scarf and staff, and to worship her idol. He is not willing to do this, so she leads him to an eminence from which there is a wide prospect over the plain. Upon this plain was a large cathedral, and there were men who fought with each other, and also destroyed this cathedral.

The pilgrim was troubled at this, but she intimated that all men were under her influence, and paid court to her: even kings and rulers are the servants of Avarice or Covetousness.

The six hands of Avarice were—first, Rapine, which plunders everywhere; secondly, Cutpurse, which robs both dead and living, but in secret; thirdly, Usury, which is armed with the file, and destroys men's goods by little and little. As for the scales which this hand holds, they are to weigh the sun and the signs of the zodiac, or to determine the exact number of years, months, and days for which usury is claimed. Another of the hands is Roguery, or Mendicancy, of which Avarice makes great use among all classes of society. Another hand is Fraud, or Deceit, which is very serviceable in trade, and extensively employed in religion—all for the sake of base gain.

Avarice is lame in the hip, which she calls Lying; and she has a habit of laying a hand on this lame hip, and then passing it to her tongue, which is called Perjury. Anything to get gain; if Lying does not help her, she has recourse to Perjury; but it is impossible for her to carry on her trade without both.

Avarice is humpbacked, and this deformity is a type of superfluity.

Her idol of gold and silver is held in much estimation, and there are few who are not willing to bow down to it and worship it.

At this juncture Youth comes forward, and declares her readiness to deliver the pilgrim from Avarice.

The pilgrim passes on till he comes to a great forest, where he hears loud cries in an unknown tongue. He soon perceives that these cries are uttered by a man standing in the path with a drawn sword in his hand, and who demanded that the pilgrim should go with him to his mistress, who occupied a tent hard by. This woman was Necromancy; but the pilgrim remembered Grace, and a white dove flew towards him, which caused Necromancy to flee away.

When he had passed through the forest, the pilgrim saw a woman with faggots on her shoulder, and large scissors in her hand. She ran towards him, and asked to cut his scarf into another form. This enemy was Heresy, and she went with him to where he perceived the sea before him, and a fearful hunter with nets and cords, which he laid in his path.

The pilgrim saw that the sea was rough, and that many pilgrims were crossing it. He noticed that some of them seemed to pass over it upright; others had wings, with which they appeared to fly; others were entangled in the woods; others were blindfolded; and they were variously attired.

As the pilgrim looked upon the sea, the hunter said to him—

"You may look, but you cannot escape me, for I have nets and snares there as well as here."

The pilgrim asked what the sea was.

He was told that it was the world, and that its storms were caused by Pride; that those who passed it with difficulty were avaricious, vain, and earthly-minded; and that those who seemed almost to fly, used the world without abusing it.

The hunter was Satan, who sought to snare and capture souls by Temptation, as by lines, hooks, and nets.

Happily the pilgrim was able to resist Temptation and the Devil, and boldly entered the sea, where his staff sustained him, and he floated on amid many dangers. At length he saw a tree, where he hoped to find an island where he might rest; but when he came to it, he lost the power of swimming, and found himself upon a great wheel, by which he was rapidly carried round. The tree he had seen was full of birds' nests, which persons below were endeavouring to climb to. Not far away was a lady, half black and half white.

When the pilgrim saw all this, he grasped his staff again, and once more it bore him up. He then learned that the lady was named Fortune, both good and ill; and hence both white and black. She carried in her hand a hooked stick, with which she pulled up many that were low, and pulled down many that were high.

The pilgrim had observed that a hand holding a hook was reached forth from the tree, and that by this means many of the nests were overturned. On asking the reason, he was told that this was the hand of Death, who would sooner or later pull all down, however high their nests were built.

The wheel was called Charybdis, and many were drawn into its whirl; but our pilgrim escaped, and pursued his course.

Various other enemies and dangers were encountered, including Astrology, Idolatry, Sorcery, and Conspiracy; but at last he reached the shore, near to which he saw a floating tower. This tower constantly revolved; it had windows on all sides, and flames issued from them. Near it the pilgrim heard the syren singing; she was a monster, half woman and half bird; she proposed some game for the pilgrim to play at, and called herself Worldly Gladness. Of course her aim was to ensnare his soul. She told him that Satan was admiral of the sea of this world, that the floating tower was his ship, and that he greatly rejoiced when he could persuade men to enter it for amusement.

The syren now began to play upon the fiddle, and suddenly caught up our pilgrim, and dashed him again into the sea. He swam away, however, to a certain island. Here he betook himself to prayer, and was gladdened by the sudden appearance of a ship, which came straight towards him. From this ship Grace descends, and, approaching the pilgrim, offers to take him on board and convey him to the right way, from which he had wandered; but she reminds him that he will meet with Repentance, and his past discipline again.

Before he enters the ship, he is washed in water which flows from a rock.

They then embark and steer for a certain house, where they are received by the porter, whose name is Fear of God, and by him conducted to Holy Scripture.

"I am the nurse of all those who hate and flee from evil," said Holy Scripture; "and know that no house is worthy which I do not inhabit. I am loved by the good; and I am without spot or blemish."

The pilgrim took up a mirror which lay there, and saw himself reflected with surpassing beauty. On reflection, he was vexed, and denounced the mirror as deceptive; and so it was, for it was the Word of Adulation, or the Talk of Flattery. Holy Scripture shows the real character and deceitfulness of this mirror. So the pilgrim took up another, wherein he saw himself deformed and vile. At first he was annoyed, and threw away the mirror; but he was soon sorry for it. Thereupon Holy Scripture declared how this glass was Conscience, and that, although the pilgrim was vexed with it, it nevertheless showed him as he was.

The house in which our pilgrim now is is a monastery, and here he converses with Obedience, Discipline, Poverty, and Chastity.

Then come unto him two messengers, one of whom has wings, and is called Prayer. Her wings are to enable her to fly up to heaven, where she boldly appears and presents the commissions she bears to the King.

"And know," said she, "that if you send your request unto Him, it shall not be refused; and if you wish to enter the city, where so many pilgrims go, I will be your messenger, and will prepare you an abode; nor will any enter there who has not sent me before him."

There was there, also, Worship, who carried a horn, which she sounded every hour, to denote that service is continually due to God.

Two old women next appear, named Old Age and Infirmary, who inform the pilgrim that their mistress, Death, has sent them, and will speedily follow herself.

The pilgrim tells them he neither knows them nor

their mistress; but they answer that it is of no use to argue with them, because Death conquers all, both kings and subjects.

Infirmary carried a couch upon her head, and she began to say that, wherever she found Health, she made her submit, and recalled forgotten Repentance. She then explains how she came to be employed through man's rebellion, and describes her action.

Old Age then came forward, leaning on crutches, with leaden feet, and bearing a narrow box on her back.

The pilgrim wishes Old Age to leave him, but this she refuses to do till Death comes; she, moreover, promises to lend him her crutches, without depriving him of his staff. Without more ado, she and her companion place him on the couch, and tell him Death will soon arrive.

While he lies there, a lady of pleasing countenance approaches, holding in her hand a string. This is Mercy, and her cord is the work of Charity, and for the rescue of the wretched. Mercy describes her offices, but confesses that she cannot remove Old Age and Infirmary; although, by conveying him to the infirmary, she may put off for a little the arrival of Death.

The Fear of God, Prayer, and Almsgiving are next introduced. As for Almsgiving, the pilgrim declares he has nothing to give; but he hopes to be admitted into Jerusalem, through Faith and Hope—his staff and his scarf. He sends Prayer on her errand; and while he is fearing she may arrive too late, Death comes in, with a scythe and a coffin.

At this moment Grace enters, and assures the pilgrim that though he must fall, and his soul be separated from his body, he is now at the wicket-gate of the city he so longed to reach.

Hereupon Death seemed to run him through, and he awoke with a start, and behold, it was a dream!

Such is a brief outline of this curious allegory. Our readers will see that, while it contains some points of resemblance to the greater work of Bunyan, it is generally very different; so different, indeed, that if he ever saw it, he could have made little or no use of it. The editor of the volume from which we have taken our account has done her work well, and we hope that what we have written will induce some of our readers to peruse her interesting book. We may add that she has published two other volumes, in one of which "The Pilgrimage" of De Guilleville is compared with "The Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan. In the other, she gives a full account of another work—"The Pilgrimage of the Soul"—by De Guilleville. To one or both of these we shall shortly call attention.

CHRIST A COMPANION ON THE LIFE-JOURNEY.

ON a certain "first day" afternoon, more than eighteen hundred years ago, two men set out on foot from Jerusalem to the little village of Emmaus. The journey covered seven miles, but they were not easy miles to travel, for much of the way lay over rugged hill country and through deep ravines. The village towards which they walk is perched, like a bird's nest, on the cliffs that look off towards the Mediterranean Sea.

It is the month of Nisan—corresponding by the

calendar to our April, but later still by the almanack of the leaves and flowers. On the day that these pedestrians walked to Emmaus, spring was giving place to the soft warmth of opening summer. The air was moist from the "early rains" just over; the hills smelled sweet from the fragrance of budding vines; the valleys laughed with the pomegranates bursting into flower, and the barley crops whitening for the harvest. It was a bright vernal landscape that smiled around them; but sad hearts were they that moved slowly over the hills toward the mountain village. Talking sadly and despondingly of the terrible tragedy that had just been enacted on Calvary, the two disciples walked onward.

A stranger accosts them by the wayside. They do not know him. Their "eyes are holden." A supernatural obstruction blinds their vision for the time. So they address him as a stranger. "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem," inquires Cleopas, "and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?" "What things?" Then they begin, and give a brief, artless narrative of the barbarous tragedy that had ended in the judicial murder of him whom they had hailed as the Redeemer of Israel. "O fools, and slow of heart," exclaims the mysterious stranger; "ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?" And beginning at Moses and the prophets, he pours out upon them a stream of rich, instructive, and precious talk, that makes the road seem short to Emmaus. They are there before they are aware, and so charmed with their delightful companion, that they court his society for the night. "Abide with us," is their hospitable invitation. The kind offer is accepted. He comes in to their house, reclines beside them at their table, and while he is breaking bread with them, he breaks the illusion, too, and lo! their affable companion is no less a personage than their adorable Master! Wonderful associate! Wonderful guest! Wonderful instructor! "Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked with us by the way?" said one. "Mine did," replies the other. And well they might; for the light that had beamed on them, and the heavenly warmth that had kindled their souls, poured from no less a source than the divine heart of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Thanks for this delightful episode. I learn from it one precious lesson—that Christ Jesus is willing to be the companion of my life-journey until I reach my heavenly home. Blessed is the man whose heart burns within him from the constant presence and inspiration of the Saviour!

1. The first benefit to the believer from having Christ with him, is that the life-journey will be a safe one. He need never miss the right road. He will never be led astray. Christ knows the whole pathway thoroughly from the "City of Destruction" to the City of the Great King. And wherever Christ directs us to walk, there we ought to go. It matters not that we cannot see the end from the beginning. Christ sees; that is enough. He sent Paul on many a perilous path of duty, and when the boiling deep threatened to engulf him, Jesus stood by him, and said, "Fear not, Paul; thou must yet stand before Cæsar." The courage that quailed not in Nero's judgment-hall is easily explained by the heroic Apostle's assurance, "The Lord stood with me, and strengthened me." What Christ did for Paul, he will do for you, my brother! Invite him to be

your companion. Ask his direction; never take a decisive step in life without it. Covet his fellowship, for he that walketh with Jesus "walketh surely."

2. The life-journey, in the second place, is made pleasant by having the Saviour as our constant associate. We all know the charm that is imparted to a voyage by having a genial friend to pace the deck with us in confiding conversation, to gaze with us on the glories of the changeful ocean, and drink in the witchery of the sunrises and the sunsettings. The road to Emmaus may have seemed long to Cleopas and his companion in other times; but when the affable stranger joined them, distance and fatigue were alike forgotten! How unweariedly they climbed the rugged hills! Charming was that excursion from the charm of such society.

Christian believer! you may walk your daily life-journey with the same celestial companionship if you keep a good conscience and a praying heart. Begin each day on your knees with a cordial invitation to Jesus Christ to vouchsafe to you his presence. Think of him all the while as close by you. Many a farmer has communed with Jesus as he followed his plough, until the acres that he trod had "the smell of a field that the Lord had blessed." Many a pious housewife has made the hours seem short as to the merry music of her wheel her heart has sung—

"No journey is without its cares,
Life's journey, too, the spirit wears,
It is not all a path of roses;
The road is narrow; foes are strong,
And oft mislead me to the wrong,
The tangled thorn my way opposes;
O'er sorrow's wilds I'm forced to go,
And groping, march the journey through.

"But Jesus, once a pilgrim too,
Will be with me a pilgrim true,
Of all my anxious cries a hearer.
Thy warning words in mind I'll keep,
And by thy guidance every step
Shall bring me to salvation nearer,
Till to my journey's end I come,
And live with Thee in yonder home."

We may have had hard and trying places just before us on our life-march. Sick rooms and beds of suffering may be a few weeks or months in advance. But no part of our pilgrimage is more cheerful than that which is spent in the sick room, with the blessed Saviour as the companion of our meditations and devotions. Here I lie," said the heroic Halyburton, "pained, without pain; without any strength, and yet strong. I am not faint; I am refreshed with the spiced wine. Christ comes to me in the watches of the night, and draws aside the curtains, and says, 'It is I, it is I; be not afraid.'" His heart burned within him with a holier glow as he drew near the journey's end, and took the way upward from the land of Beulah to the gates of the Celestial City.

3. Once more. Christ's presence with believers shames them from sin and stimulates them to duty. Paul assures us that Jesus is "made unto us sanctification" as well as redemption; i. e., his spirit is a spirit of holiness. And when we live in union with Jesus, it has a tendency to make us holy.

The sense of Christ's immediate presence is a perpetual check upon our lusts and passions—a perpetual spur to our spiritual indolence. Are we tempted to hurry off in the morning under the pressings of business without our usual season of devotion? The thought that Jesus witnesses the selfish act of these few moments is enough to send us mortified and

penitent to our closet. Does an irritating vexation prompt the sharp answer or the angry blow? One look from the all-forgiving Lamb is enough to hush the tumult and smooth the ruffled brow. Am I tempted to a keen bargain? "Why not? It is all fair in business." Yes! but what will Christ say? And so on through all the calendar of besetting sins. The sin-hating eye of my spotless Saviour follows me by day and by night; and while in his fellowship how dare I play the coward, the cheat, the sensualist, or the poltroon?

"How will my wicked passions dare consent to sin while Christ is there?"

He who walks in the blessed company of Jesus while he lives is sure of the same divine companionship when he reaches the dying bed. And then, when all earthly loved ones are giving, through tears and sobbings, their last farewells, this Friend that sticketh closer than a brother sweetly whispers, "Fear not; I will never leave thee. Where I am, ye shall be also. Having loved my own, I love them to the end. Thou shalt be *for ever with the Lord*."

The Editor and his Friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATION WITH A TRUTH SEEKER.

CHAPTER III.

F. In my humble opinion, the New Testament does not favour the generally received opinion that Jesus Christ is the supreme God.

E. As the difficulty is fairly stated, and in a becoming spirit, we feel it our duty, if possible, to remove these difficulties, by stating the reasons which have influenced our own mind, and led us to an opposite conclusion—namely, that Jesus Christ is God over all, and blessed for ever; God and man in one Christ.

In seeking to prove from Scripture the divinity of our blessed Lord, it is not necessary that we should limit ourselves to a portion of the Scriptures; for an argument in its favour drawn from any statement that is clearly expressed in the Old Testament is equally as binding as if it were recorded in the New Testament; but we will concede the point, and quote such proofs as are adduced by divines, and such only as a reader of the New Testament may readily find.

1. Christ is styled God in the New Testament, John i. 1.—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word (that is, Christ) was God."

"Feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." The Divine Being to whom the Church belongs is the Being who purchased it with his own blood.—Acts xx. 28.

"Of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever."—Rom. ix. 5.

"God (that is, Christ) was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."—1 Tim. iii. 16.

"Unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever."—Heb. i. 8.

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the ALMIGHTY."—Rev. i. 8.

"Which is, and which was, and which is to come," is a periphrastic mode of expressing Jehovah.

"I and my Father are one."—John x. 30.

"He that seeth me seeth him that sent me."—John xii. 45.

"Whosoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I

do. . . . If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it."—John xiv. 13, 14.

"All thine are mine."—John xvii. 10.

"In him (that is, Christ) dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead."—Col. ii. 9.

2. Christ received upon earth the honour due to God, without rebuking the offerors or rectifying the error; not so Paul and Barnabas, and Peter, who instantly rejected the attempt to offer to them Divine honours; therefore, unless our Lord be God, and as such entitled to Divine homage, he falls below his own disciples in purity of conduct, and was not justified in saying, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?"—a conclusion that we cannot for an instant admit.

3. Christ is called in the New Testament—

Lord both of the dead and the living—Rom. xiv. 8.

The Lord of Glory—1 Cor. ii. 8.

The Power of God—1 Cor. i. 24.

The Wisdom of God—Ibid.

The Great God—Titus ii. 13.

The Lord God Almighty—Rev. xv. 3.

Lord God of the Holy Prophets—Rev. xxi. 6.

4. In the New Testament our blessed Lord is spoken of as possessing all the Divine attributes—

He is self-existent—John vii. 68.

He is eternal—1 John i. 2.

He is unchangeable—2 Tim. ii. 13.

He is omnipotent—John x. 18.

He is omniscient—John ii. 25.

He is omnipresent—Matt. xviii. 20.

5. Divine operations are ascribed to him—

He created all things—Col. i. 16.

He preserves all things—Col. i. 17.

He governs all things—Eph. i. 22.

He guides all things—John x. 3.

6. He bestows Divine gifts—

"Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

"Thy sins are forgiven thee."

"I will be thou clean."

"I am the resurrection and the life."

He bestows power to overcome Satan.

He confers upon the believer eternal life.

He will judge all men.

7. He receives that which it is the prerogative of the Deity to receive—

Prayer—Acts vii. 59.

Praise—2 Peter iii. 18.

Men are blessed in his name—2 Cor. iii. 14.

Men swear by his name—Rom. ix. 1.

Men are baptised in his name—Matt. xxviii. 19.

8. He possesses the incommunicable name of Jehovah, termed by the Jews the shuddering name of God.

9. He is the object of faith.

10. Moreover, what say the early students of the New Testament?

Barnabas, who lived A.D. 72, speaks of Christ as the Creator, Governor, and sole Judge of the world.

Polycarp, who flourished A.D. 108, speaks thus—

"We are before the eyes of our Lord, even God, and must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ."

Tertullian, A.D. 200, bears this testimony—

"Christ is to all a King, to all a Judge, to all God and Lord."

Lactantius, A.D. 310, speaking of Christ, says—

"He was with us on earth, when he put on flesh, and, nevertheless, he was God in man and man in God; but that he was both was declared before by the prophets."

11. What says the aggregate wisdom of the Church as expressed by councils?

They condemned the men who denied the divinity of Christ.

12. What say our creeds?

The Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed, and the Athanasian Creed all assert the divinity of Christ.

13. What say our confessions of faith?

The Westminster, the Scotch, and the Continental formularies, and a variety of others, all maintain the divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ as an undoubted article of the Christian faith.

To arrive at a just conclusion upon so momentous a subject, it is desirable to divest the mind of all preconceived opinions—to go to the Scriptures to derive the instruction, and not in order to confirm an opinion already formed. To this caution must be added a humble and teachable spirit, and a prayerful looking up to God for Divine guidance.

At the outset of our own investigation, we formed upon paper a double column; the one we headed "Proofs of the Saviour's Humanity;" the other, "Evidences to the Saviour's Divinity." The first list we designated No. 1; the second, No. 2. As we read the Scriptures, we had only to insert the different passages that relate to Christ under the one or the other of these two heads—Humanity or Divinity. When we arrived at a statement such as this: "My Father is greater than I," this we could either enter in the first column, or mark by No. 1 in the margin of our Bible. When we met with such a passage as "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne" (Rev. iii. 21), to this we should affix No. 2, as implying Christ's divinity; and thus with all the various passages as they occurred to us in our readings.

These columns furnished direct statements. We then sought for indirect ones—statements not expressed, but implied—and we found them in rich abundance; as, for example, our Lord promised that wherever two or three met together, there would he be present to bless them. We know that two or three persons may assemble together for family devotions in millions of different places at the same moment of time; therefore, as none but a Divine Being possesses this ubiquity, Christ, to fulfil his word, must be Divine.

We also perceived that it was frequently said of our Lord that he "answered and said," when no one was speaking. In so doing, it was evident that our Lord addressed himself to man's thoughts; and as it is only of Jehovah we say "unto him all hearts are open, and from him no secrets are hid," we derived from these portions of Scripture arguments in favour of Christ's divinity.

Then it occurred to us that a doctrine so vastly important must pervade every portion of the New Testament. We tried it, repeatedly, by opening the book without reference to any particular part, and found it so prevalent, that we arrived at the conclusion that, if twenty-six out of the twenty-seven books of the New Testament were destroyed, enough would still remain to show that Christ must be God as well as man. It is said that a scarlet thread of silk pervades every portion of the royal cordage, so that whatever part may be tested, proofs are found of its royal ownership. The divinity of Christ, in like manner, pervades the whole of the New Testament, affording evidence of the Divine nature—in other words, the Godhead of Christ.

The very heresies that anciently prevailed confirm this opinion; for one class maintained that the Saviour's human nature was so clearly proved, that it was not possible for him to be Divine; while others asserted that the Saviour's divinity was so powerfully confirmed by the declaration of Holy Writ, that he could not possibly be man. Thus these heresies defeated each other, and tended to confirm the doctrine that "Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and man; God, of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds; and man, of the substance of his mother, born in the world; perfect God, and perfect man: equal to the Father, as touching his Godhead, and inferior to the Father, as touching his manhood; who although

he be God and man, yet he is not two, but one Christ; one, not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God; and as the reasonable soul and flesh is one man, so God and man is one Christ." The necessity of this union appeared, when we considered that Christ was man, that he might suffer; and God, that he might impart efficacy to his sufferings.

In searching the Scriptures to satisfy the mind on this point, care must be taken not only to cast aside false views of Christ, but also to guard against the impediments that pride and prejudice create. "I cannot," said a learned man to his friend, "find in Scripture a proof of Christ's divinity." The reply was characteristic of the speaker: "I attempted lately to light my study candle, but could not effect it, for the simple reason that I had allowed the extinguisher to remain on." We must remove impediments, as well as seek for light.

We shall consider our space well occupied should it enable our correspondent to take up the language of Thomas, the once doubting apostle, and, like him, to say of the Saviour, "My Lord and my God."

No. 280.—E. G.—"Then the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judæa: which also they did, and sent it to the elders by the hands of Barnabas and Saul."—Acts xi. 29, 30.

"But now I go unto Jerusalem to minister unto the saints."—Romans xv. 25.

WERE THERE TWO FAMINES?

Yes; the first passage refers to the relief which the Church at Jerusalem received from the new community of Christians established at Antioch, and this relief was afforded at a time when the affliction was increased by the horrors of persecution and of martyrdom.

The second case refers to a collection made among the Gentile Christians of Macedonia, and Achaia also, for the relief of the poor Christians at Jerusalem.

Of this collection St. Paul makes mention in his address to Felix.

At various times great famines prevailed in different parts of the Roman empire, and the direful effects were keenly felt throughout Judæa. On these occasions, the Gentile Christians communicated according to their ability to the relief of their Christian brethren residing among their countrymen in Jerusalem, and in different parts of the land of Judæa.

No. 281.—J. N. C.—WHAT AM I TO UNDERSTAND BY THESE WORDS?—"He shall lay the foundation thereof in his firstborn, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it."—Joshua vi. 26.

These words were uttered by Joshua under Divine sanction, and they denounced the affliction that should befall the man who ventured to rebuild the ruined city of Jericho. The verse may be rendered thus:—"Accursed be the man before Jehovah who attempteth to rebuild this city Jericho; with the loss of his firstborn shall he lay the foundation, and with the loss of his youngest shall he set up its gates." The erection of the gates was the completion of the work, and when that period arrived, the builder should be left childless.

In the reign of Ahab, the seventh king of Israel, who died 893 years before Christ, consequently about 550 years after the malediction was uttered, a man named Hiel ventured to brave the consequences, and rebuilt the city of Jericho, and the penalty denounced was literally fulfilled; his eldest son died when the building commenced; others, it is believed, died during the progress of the works; and his youngest son expired as the works were terminated: thus proclaiming to mankind the admonition that no lapse of centuries can affect a promise or a threat which hath gone forth from the lips of Jehovah.

No. 282.—G. D.—“For until the law sin was in the world: but sin is not imputed when there is no law.”—Rom. v. 13.

Death is the consequence of sin; sin is the violation of a law. For 2,500 years there was no law (that is, the law of the ten commandments was not in existence); yet throughout these twenty-five centuries men were subject to death, proving thereby that they must be under some law or command which had been violated, the penalty of which was death. The law that had been broken was that which was enacted for the guidance of our first parents in the garden of Eden, and as none but the dwellers in that garden committed the offence, yet all the descendants of Adam suffer the penalty. It is clear that the effects of Adam's transgression extend to his posterity, proving thereby that all men participate in the evils of original sin. The apostle's design in this verse, and in the verses that follow, is to show that, although we did not commit the offence, yet, by virtue of our connection with Adam, we are sufferers; so although we have by no acts of our own merited reward, yet, by virtue of our connection with Christ, the Second Adam, we shall inherit the blessing.

PEACE WITHIN.

HOWEVER much I strive,
However much I pray,
Though weeping all the night,
Though toiling all the day,

There is no other peace
Can long endure within,
But what springs from the thought
That Jesus bore my sin.

For though this morn I take
My cross and bear its pain,
Before the evening comes
I shall offend again;

Or though the grace were mine
Henceforth to err no more,
The guilt of all the past
Still lieth at my door.

Nor cross nor holy life
Can bring me peace within,
But only this one thought
That Jesus bore my sin.

Time was, I knew it not,
Yea, since I bore his name,
I groped as in the dark,
I stood as in the flame;

For, looking to myself—
My blameless walk, for rest,
The pathway was hedged up,
And terror filled my breast.

But I have found it now,
Enduring peace within,
While looking from myself
To him who bore my sin.

THE NESTORIANS.

It gives us pleasure to perceive that the attention of the public has again been directed to the visit of the Nestorians to this country by an article which has recently appeared in the columns of an influential daily journal.

To former subscriptions on behalf of these Asiatic members of the Christian Church, we beg to acknowledge the under-mentioned sums:—

From Friends at Southborough, through			
Messrs. Syme, Scott, & Co. ...	£24	13	6
Lady Lowthorp ...	1	0	0
Sarah Bethell ...	0	16	0
A Friend, 1s.; M. W., 2s. 6d.; a Lady, 5s.;			
S. H., 2s. ...	0	10	6
	£27	0	0

LEARNING TO DIE.

ON my return to my native village, after an absence of several years, I found that many changes had taken place with respect to its inhabitants. I saw some new faces, and wrinkles on some faces that were comparatively smooth a few years before. Several days passed, and I saw nothing of Mr. Scott, the most enterprising and energetic man in the community. This was a remarkable fact, and led to inquiry. I found that Mr. Scott had received an injury by the fall of the frame-work of a barn, which he was assisting in raising. The injury was a severe one; it had caused his confinement to his bed for nearly five months, and the probability was that he would never recover. I took an early opportunity to visit him. His manners were not conciliating, and the young men of the place, of whom I was one, had not become attached to him; but they had been profited, or might have been, by the example of energy and integrity which he had furnished them. He was a professor of religion, and stood up manfully for the right on all occasions; but was not remarkable for spirituality. Some said his religion never descended any lower than his head. No charge of injustice or want of liberality was ever brought against him.

I found him in bed, with Baxter's "Saint's Rest" before him. The book was supported by a frame-work which he had invented, and the leaves were turned by a little boy.

After answering my inquiries respecting his health, and listening to my expressions of sympathy, and of hope that he would recover, he said, in his old, abrupt manner, "I have not had, for several months, any expectation of recovering."

"Indeed!" was my expression of surprise.

"You may believe me," said he. "I am well aware that I shall never leave this room till I am carried out a corpse."

"I see," said I, pointing to the book above mentioned, "that you are preparing for the solemn event you anticipate."

"God sent this affliction that I might do so," was his very proper reply. "I am now learning how to die; it is rather a hard lesson; but I think, through God's grace, I shall learn it. My religion, as you may remember, was not a religion to die by. It did well enough to live by, so far as man in his temporal relations was concerned."

"Wherein do you regard it as defective?"

"There was not enough of Christ in it; not enough of love in it; not enough of eternity in it. Do you remember Mr. Hamilton? He was the minister here when you were a boy."

"I remember him; but was too young to know anything about him."

"I trust I was brought under religious impressions when he was our pastor. He was a good man, but a very imperfect man. He made religion too much a matter of mere feeling. He seemed to regard engagedness in religion as worth more than industry and honesty. Some of his members, whom he seemed to think the most highly of, were men that had a great many seasons of excitement, and exhorted a great deal, but did not attend to their business faithfully, nor pay their debts. I thought religion ought to make a man industrious and honest, and I think so still. It ought to do more. It ought to make him loving and spiritually-minded. I set out wrong in religion, in consequence of the defects of

character which I have mentioned. I looked to duty rather than to Christ. Not that I endeavoured to work out righteousness by performing duty. I relied upon Christ alone; but I made too much of duty. I don't mean that exactly; for no one can make too much of duty; I did not look at duty in the light of the cross. I often did things because they were right, when I should have done them not only because they were right, but from love to Christ. Thus the legal rather than the evangelical elements had a tendency to become prevalent. As I said, I am here learning to die. I am trying to look at everything in the light of the cross. I now see a connection between the two expressions of the Apostle. It must be Christ for us to live, that it may be gain to die. I think I can see now, and I hope to have experience of the truth, that

'Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.'

Further conversation, of a similar character, convinced me that he was learning in Christ's school how to die. May the reader also learn that lesson!

Mothers' Department.

MAXIMS FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

NEVER give reproof, if it can be avoided, while the feelings of either party are excited. If the parent or teacher be not calm, his influence is diminished, and a bad example is set. If a child is excited or provoked, he will not feel the force of argument or rebuke. On the other hand, do not defer too long. Seize the first favourable opportunity while the circumstances are fresh in the memory. Reprove each fault as it occurs, and do not suffer them to accumulate, lest the offender be discouraged by the amount.

A GOOD RETORT.

Mr. Sargent S. Prentiss, it has been justly remarked, inherited from his mother those more gentle qualities that ever characterised his life—qualities that shed over his eloquence such bewitching sweetness, and gave to his social intercourse such an indescribable charm. A remarkably characteristic anecdote illustrates his filial affection. When on a visit some years ago to the north—but after his reputation had become wide spread—a distinguished lady of Portland, Maine, took pains to obtain an introduction, by visiting the steamboat in which she learned he was to take his departure in a few moments. "I have wished to see you," said she to Mr. Prentiss, "for my heart has often congratulated the mother who has such a son." "Rather congratulate the son on having such a mother," was his instant and heartfelt reply. This is but one of the many instances in which the most distinguished men of all ages have been proud to refer to the early culture of intellect, the promptings of virtue, or the aspirations of piety, and to the influence of their mother's early training.

THE FIRST AND LAST WORD.

Mother, or one of its abbreviations, is the first and sweetest word that passes the lips of young humanity; and when the evening clouds of life's day deepen into the shadow of death, it is not unfrequently the last. And why should it not? What more pure, more tender, more sacred, than the associations that cluster around that first and finest of names? And what more fitting than to recall ourselves at life's exit as much as possible to the simplicity that marked its early dawn?

Of the great American statesman, Henry Clay, the Rev. S. H. Lancy says:—"That great man, the pride

and honour of his country, always expressed feelings of profound affection and veneration for his mother. An habitual correspondence and enduring affection subsisted between them to the last hour of life. Mr. Clay ever spoke of her as a model of maternal character and female excellence; and it is said that he never met his constituents in Woodford county, after her death, without some allusion to her, which deeply affected both him and his audience. And nearly the last words uttered by this great statesman, when he came to die, were, "Mother! mother! mother!" It is natural for us to feel that she must have been a good mother, who was loved and so dutifully served by such a boy, and that neither could have been wanting in rare virtues."

FILIAL PIETY OF A POET.

The poet, from his finer sensibilities, may be expected to be specially impressible to the touch of maternal influence. And many and interesting are the cases illustrative of this fact. Every one is familiar with the famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," abounding as it does with so many fine, and solemn, and tender touches of home sentiment. Thomas Gray, the author of this exquisite piece, "was," as one remarks, "most assiduous in his attentions to his mother while she lived; and after her death he cherished her memory with sacred sorrow." Mr. Mason informs us that Gray seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. The inscription which he placed over her remains speaks of her as "the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." How touching is this brief tribute of grateful love! Volumes of eulogy could not increase our admiration of the gentle being to whom it was paid—her patient devotion, her meek endurance. Wherever the name and genius of Gray are known, there shall also his mother's virtues be told for a memorial of her. He was buried, according to his directions, by the side of his mother, in the churchyard at Stoke. After his death, her gowns and wearing apparel were found in a trunk in his apartments, just as she had left them. It seemed as if he could never take the resolution to open it, in order to distribute them to his female relations, to whom, by his will, he bequeathed them.

"I THOUGHT IT WAS MY MOTHER'S VOICE."

Many are the instances in which the memory of a mother's love, in which the mere mention of a mother's name, has struck to the heart of an erring youth like a dart from heaven, and summoned him back to the walks of piety and peace. The following illustration of this we extract from a contemporary.

A good lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a drinking-saloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man out into the street. He was very young and very pale; but his baggard face and wild eyes told that he was very far gone in the road to ruin, as with oaths he brandished his clenched fists, threatening to be revenged upon the man who had so ill-used him. This poor young man was so excited and blinded with passion that he did not see the lady, who stood near to him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking him what was the matter.

At the first kind word the young man started, as though a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then, with a sigh of relief, he said—

"I thought it was my mother's voice; it sounded so strangely like it! But her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had, then," said the lady, "a mother who loved you?"

With the sudden revulsion of feeling which often

comes to people of fine nervous temperaments, the young man burst into tears, sobbing out, "Oh, yes, I had an angel mother, and she loved her boy! But since she died all the world has been against me, and I am lost! Lost to good society, lost to honour, lost to decency, and lost for ever!"

"No, not lost for ever; for God is merciful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had been long untouched in the young man's heart, thrilling it with magic power, and wakening a host of tender emotions, which had been buried very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she passed on her way the young man followed her. He marked the house which she entered, and wrote the name which was upon the silver door-plate in his little memorandum-book. Then he walked slowly away, with a deep, earnest look on his white face, and deeper, more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her.

Wondering much who it could be, she went down to the parlour, where she found a noble-looking, well-dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her. Holding out his hand, he said—

"Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great services you rendered me a few years ago," said he, in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the man, "that you have quite forgotten me; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should have recognised it anywhere. And your voice, too, is so like my mother's!"

Those last words made the lady remember the poor young man she had kindly spoken to in front of the drinking-saloon so long before, and she mingled her tears with those which were falling slowly over the man's cheeks.

After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman sat and told the lady how those few gentle words had been instrumental in saving him, and making him what he then was.

"The earnest expression of 'No, not lost for ever,' followed me wherever I went," said he; "and it always seemed as the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb! I repented of my many transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would be pleased to have me; and, by the mercy and grace of God, I have been enabled to resist temptation, and keep my good resolutions."

"I never dreamed that there was such power in a few kind words before," exclaimed the lady, "and surely ever after this I shall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I meet in the walks of life."

Youths' Department.

HANNAH BAILEY, AND THE ROCK OF AGES.

ONE summer evening, years ago, a little girl, carrying a large bundle, was slowly walking along the principal street of a village, when the sound of music arrested her steps. The sweet tones proceeded from a cottage, which stood at a little distance from the road, and involuntarily the child drew near to the gate to listen.

All around was very calm and quiet: no passing carriages, no noisy, happy children disturbed the

stillness of the moment; and as the music came floating down the lawn, blending with the faint rustling of the leaves, and the indescribable hum of insect life, it might have attracted an older and more critical person than the ragged, weary-looking child, who had dropped her bundle, and stood peeping through the lattice.

The air was simple, but the tones of the instrument were rich and full—the voice sweet and clear; and though the child could not distinguish the words, she felt they must be good.

"Aint it pretty?" she said, half aloud, to herself, after listening attentively for a few moments, and her eyes brightened. "I know who it is; it is the doctor's daughter playing."

While she spoke the music ceased. She waited some time, but all remained quiet; and slowly and reluctantly she turned away, and prepared to take up her bundle, while the happy look faded from her face.

Suddenly she turned, and again spoke aloud.

"I mean," she said, "to go and ask her to sing something to me," and she hurriedly unlatched the gate, and took a few steps up the gravelled walk. Then she paused, and glanced down at her torn dress, and bare feet.

"I don't look very nice," she murmured, and an expression, half sorrow, half shame, shadowed her countenance; "but they say Miss Nellie's good-natured," she added, "and I think I'll go;" and she walked hastily on to the porch.

The hall door was open, as also was the parlour door, so the child could look in and see a young girl sitting before the piano. She was about sixteen; not beautiful, but she had soft, brown hair, a white brow, and a smile that seemed to fill the room with sunshine. She was busily engaged in arranging music, and did not at first observe the child, who had not courage to knock. At last she raised her eyes, and slightly started with surprise, but said, kindly—

"Come in, little girl."

Encouraged by her manner, the child entered the pleasant parlour, and stood amazed at the comfort and cheerfulness of the room. There were bright flowers all about, bright curtains, and a bright carpet that felt soft to her feet; but in the midst of all this brightness she remained bewildered and silent, thinking again, with regret, of her ragged and soiled dress. Twice the young lady asked—

"What do you want, my child?"

Then she answered, "I heard you singing when I was in the street, and I thought, perhaps, you would sing something for me. Will you, please?"

"Yes, certainly," answered the astonished young girl; "what would you like?"

"I don't know, ma'am: you know," said the child.

But Nellie Grant did not know; and never in her life was she so puzzled to decide what to play. She turned over her music in great perplexity, but could find nothing suited to this forlorn little child. So she laid it aside, and, striking a few chords, began to sing the tune the girl had listened to in the street. The words were those of that sublime hymn—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Nellie sang the verses with distinctness and expression, and in listening to her the child forgot the brightness about, and her own dark poverty; the colour came to her pale cheek, and she remained perfectly motionless, with her head slightly bent forward.

"Do you like that hymn?" asked Nellie, when she had finished.

"Oh! very much," answered the child, and a little sigh came from her full heart.

"Now," said Nellie, "will you tell me what your name is, and where you live?"

"My name is Hannah Bailey," was the answer; "and I live with father in a little house by the bridge."

"And your mother?" said Nellie, inquiringly.

"Mother died four years ago," replied the girl, gently.

"Who takes care of you?" asked Nellie. "Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"No," answered Hannah; "I take care of myself; I'm eleven years old."

"Do you go to church, or to Sunday-school?"

"No, ma'am."

"Would you like to go?" persisted Nellie.

"I don't know as I should," said the little girl, indifferently.

"Hannah," said Nellie, after a pause, "do you like to hear me sing?"

"Oh! yes, indeed—yes, indeed," was the animated reply.

"Well," said Nellie, "if you will go to Sunday-school, I will sing to you every week, if you will come here."

"I'll go," said the child, decidedly; and then her voice dropped, and she added, "Perhaps father won't let me; he won't unless he's sober; and I haven't got clothes."

"If your father will let you," said Nellie, "and you will promise to go, you shall have some clothes."

The child looked pleased. Then, as it was getting dark, she hastened home. Nellie watched her as she ran down the walk, and heard her repeating to herself all of those beautiful words that she could remember, "Rock of ages, cleft for me."

Before the next Sabbath, some ladies, interested by Nellie, visited Hannah's home. It was a wretched hovel, to which heat and cold, storm and sunshine, were freely admitted by the broken doors and windows, and it was almost entirely destitute of furniture. No one could doubt that little Hannah had often suffered from cold, and was pinched by hunger. A reluctant consent was obtained from her father for her to attend church, and clothes were provided. The next Sabbath the child was at church, and the following Tuesday she came to hear Nellie sing.

The summer passed by, and the mellow autumn came and went. Little Hannah had been quite regular in her attendance at the Sabbath-school, never absent unless detained by her father. At first it was very hard to interest this neglected child in religious truths—what she was taught she so quickly forgot; but as she was really bright, before long she began to improve. She never forgot to go to hear Nellie sing, and Nellie was always pleased and ready to gratify her. In return for her kindness, the child lavished on her all the affection of her strong nature. No matter what else Nellie sang to please her, each time before leaving Hannah would say, "Now please sing 'Rock of Ages.'"

My story has missed its aim if it has not taught an important lesson. Those who possess personal advantages or acquisitions of any kind, never taste so sweet a pleasure in their exercise as when employing them in gently winning the young, the ignorant, the neglected, or the vicious to the ways of godliness.

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

"Buy some matches, ma'am? Please buy some matches!"

As little Bettie Green speaks these words, she looks up, half anxiously, half pleadingly, at the gentle face which bends above her. She has walked about ever since early morning, with her basket upon her arm, and many a passer-by has heard the same timid appeal—"Buy some matches to-day?"

"I want to go home; but I must not—I cannot," you might hear her whisper to herself. "There is no coal or food there; mother is sick; and I must get something. If I had only a few pence! but nobody has given me even one!"

As she speaks, she sees coming towards her a lady, young and fair. The warm cloak, the soft fur, the tasteful dress, tell of comfort, if not of wealth. But neither dress nor bonnet attracts poor Bettie's attention so much as the kind, pleasant face which turns towards her, listening to her appeal. Even the dog by the lady's side, dumb animal though he is, looks up with a confident air to his mistress's smile; and, if he could speak to Bettie, he would say—

"You have judged rightly. My mistress will help you."

"Buy some matches? Will you please buy some of my matches?" asks Bettie, with trembling lips.

"How much are your matches?" replies a voice so musical that the child's heart responds to it with a glad throb.

"These are a penny a box, ma'am. But these"—holding up a round box, gaily coloured—"are a better kind. They are German matches. I sell them five boxes for sixpence."

As the lady gathers up several in her hand, she turns to her sister, saying, "Here, Jennie, help me to carry these." Then, putting the bright silver into Bettie's trembling fingers, she asks, "Have you sold much to-day?"

"No, ma'am; you are the first one who has bought anything of me."

"Are you not tired and cold?" rejoins the new friend.

"Yes, ma'am; I thought I would go home, but I could not."

"Why could you not?"

"Oh, ma'am, I could not have seen the look of the children; nor heard mother's feeble voice, asking me how much I had brought her. The children would have been so hungry! But I can get something now, since you have been so kind to me."

"Your mother is sick, then?"

"Yes, ma'am, she can do nothing for us now, though she worked hard for us when she was well. It makes me feel so sorry to see her lie in bed, sick and worried for us. It is very little that I can do to help the rest. Sometimes I almost feel as if I could steal, only—"

"Only what? Do not be afraid to tell me."

"Because, ma'am, I learned at Sunday-school how wrong that would be; and I could not meet my teacher's eye when I knew that I had been stealing. I could not dare to pray, either."

"You go to Sunday-school, then? and you love to pray?"

"Oh, I love dearly to go to Sunday-school; I have learned so much there. I learned to love to pray there; and I don't know what I should do if I could not pray. I have a Bible of my own, too,

which was given me by our superintendent last New Year's day. I read from it to mother; and she says the words are sweet to her."

"Well, my child, I am glad to hear all this, and I am glad that I met you to-day. I shall see you again some time. Be honest always, because it is right. You may be sure of one thing: as long as you obey the voice of your conscience, and do what you can, help will come to you. God, who cares for the sparrows, if you look to him, will surely care for you."

The kind lady's form disappears at length, but her sympathising words linger cheerily in Bettie's mind. The money which the child has received will help the suffering ones at home, and Bettie no longer dreads to meet her mother's question, or the children's hungry cries.

Learn a lesson, young friend. As you walk up and down, you will often see the suffering children of poverty, who are trying honestly to provide for pressing wants. Help them, if you can; or, if you cannot buy anything, at least say "No" with a kind voice and look. Never disdain them because they are poor.

Short Arrows.

MINISTERS.—Ministers are shepherds, and must know all their sheep, and what is their disease, and mark their straying, and help to cure them, and fetch them home.

THE SERVICE OF GOD ALONE IS HAPPINESS.—Ah! seek the blush of health on the cheek of death, seek grapes and tropical fruits beneath the pole, seek vitality in a skeleton, and you will find these before you will find happiness in worldly pleasures. Seek God and serve him, if you would be happy.

RESURRECTION.—The natural course of variations in the creature illustrates the nature of the resurrection. In every four-and-twenty hours there is a revolution, amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into night, and is buried in silence and darkness; in the next morning it reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night: this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter: this is the annual resurrection. The corn is buried in the ground, in order that it may corrupt, and being corrupted may revive and multiply. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, and revive by dying; and shall man, the lord of all these things, be detained in death, so as never to live again?

FAITH.—Blessed be that mother's child whose faith has made him the child of God. The earth may shake, the pillars of the world may tremble, the countenance of the heavens may be appalled, the sun may lose his light, the moon her beauty, the stars their glory; but concerning the man that trusteth in God, if the fire have proclaimed itself unable so much as to singe a hair of his head—if lions, beasts ravenous by nature and keen with hunger, being set to devour, have, as it were, religiously adored the very flesh of the faithful man—what is there in the world that shall change his heart, overthrow his faith, alter his affection towards God, or the affection of God to him? If a man have full faith, who shall make a separation between him and God?

TRUTH.—To be truthful is esteemed a virtue even amongst savages. Park, in his travels through Africa, relates that a party of armed Moors having made a predatory attack on the flocks of a village at which he was stopping, a youth of the place was mortally wounded in the affray. The natives placed him on horseback, and conducted

him home; while his mother preceded the mournful group, proclaiming all the excellent qualities of her boy, and, by her clasped hands and streaming eyes, manifesting the inward bitterness of her soul. The quality for which she highly praised the boy formed, of itself, an epitaph so noble, that even civilised life could not aspire to a higher. "He never," said she, with pathetic energy, "never told a lie!"

GOD LOVES THE HUMBLE.—If thou art a vessel of gold, and thy brother but of wood, be not high-minded, it is God maketh thee differ; the more bounty God shows, the more humility he requires. Those mines that are richest are deepest; those stars that are highest seem smallest; the goodliest buildings have the lowest foundations; the more God honoureth men, the more they should humble themselves; the more the fruit, the lower the branch on which it grows. Pride is ever the companion of emptiness. Oh, how full was the apostle, yet how low was the language of himself, when he exclaims, "Least of all saints, last of apostles, chief of sinners, no sufficiency to think, no abilities to do!" All that man is, he is by Divine grace.

CONVICTION NOT CONVERSION.—It is one thing to have sin alarmed only by convictions, and another to have it crucified by converting grace. Many, because they have been troubled in conscience for their sins, think well of their case, miserably mistaking conviction for conversion. With these Cain might have passed for a convert, who ran up and down the world like a man distracted, under the rage of a guilty conscience, till, with building and business, he had stilled it. Others think that because they have given over their riotous courses, and are broken off from evil company or some particular lust, and are reduced to sobriety and civility, they are now no other than real converts; forgetting that there is a vast difference between being sanctified and civilised, and that many think to enter into the kingdom of heaven, and are not far from it, and arrive to the almost of Christianity, and yet fall short at last. While conscience holds the whip over them, many will pray, hear, read, and forbear their delightful sins; but no sooner is the lion asleep, than they are at their sins again. Who more religious than the Jews when God's hand was upon them? yet no sooner was the affliction over, than they forgot God. Thou mayest have forsaken a troublesome sin, and have escaped the gross pollutions of the world, and yet in all this not have changed thy carnal nature.

THE BLOOD OF THE CROSS.—All the blessings we can receive, temporal, spiritual, and eternal, are ascribed to the cross. Has man by sin wandered far from righteousness?—here he is brought back. Is he shut out from God?—here a new and living way is opened for him. Is he conscious of his delinquency?—by the blood of the cross there is forgiveness. Has he found that pardon, and would he become pure in heart?—here is the blood that cleanses from all sin. Is death approaching, and is he the king of terrors?—through the blood of the Lamb alone we are to overcome. Is Paradise to be regained and enjoyed?—it is by washing our robes in this blood. All blessings are to be attributed to the blood of the cross; else, how comes it to pass that these blessings are not attributed to the teachings, to the example of Christ? Why, but because his blood is most meritorious. Oh, what blessings cluster around the cross! Come, poor man! art thou hungry, art thou thirsty? See how this tree spreads its branches! behold the rich clusters! how low they bend! Stretch forth thine hand and partake. And shall we not triumph? Do we, as Britons, rejoice in our constitution—in our Magna Charta? Yes, and good reason have we. But what! shall we not glory more in the cross of Christ, by which blessings innumerable are all made ours?

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE COMMOTION.

THE streets of Helstonleigh, lying so still and quiet in the moonlight, were broken in upon by the noisy sound of a carriage bowling through them. A carriage that was abroad late. It wanted a very short period to the time when the church clocks would boom out the two hours after midnight. Time, surely, for all sober people to be in bed!

The carriage contained Mr. Dare, his wife, and daughter. They went, as you may remember, to a dinner party in the country. The dinner was succeeded by an evening gathering, and it was nearly one o'clock when they left the house to return. It wanted but five minutes to two when the carriage stopped at their own home, and sleepy Joseph opened the door to them.

"All in bed?" asked Mr. Dare, as he bustled into the hall.

"I believe so, sir," answered Joseph, as carelessly as he could speak. Mr. Dare, he was aware, alluded to his sons; and not being by any means sure upon the point, Joseph was willing to evade further questioning.

Two of the maids came forward—the lady's maid, as she was called in the family, and Betsy. Betsy was no other than our old friend, Betsy Carter: once the little maid-of-all-work at Mrs. Halliburton's; risen now to be a very fine housemaid at Mrs. Dare's. They had sat up to attend upon Mrs. Dare and Adelaide.

Mr. Dare had been a long while in the habit of smoking a pipe before he went to bed. He would have told you that he could not do without it. Did business or pleasure take him out, he must have his pipe when he returned, however late it might be.

"How hot it is!" he exclaimed, throwing back his coat. "Leave the door open, Joseph: I'll sit outside. Get me my pipe."

Joseph looked for the pipe in its appointed resting-place, and could not see it. It was a small, handsome pipe, silver mounted, with an amber mouth-piece. The tobacco jar was there, but Joseph could see nothing of the pipe.

"Law! I remember!" exclaimed Betsy. "Master had left it in the dining-room last night, and I put it under the sideboard when I was doing the room this morning, intending to bring it away. I'll go and get it."

Snatching the candle from Joseph's hand, she turned hastily into the dining-room. Not, however, as hastily as she came out of it. She burst out, uttering a succession of piercing shrieks, and laid hold of Joseph. The shrieks echoed through the house, up-stairs and down, and Mr. Dare came in.

"Why, what on earth's the matter, girl?" cried he. "Have you seen a ghost?"

"Oh, sir! oh, Joseph, don't loose go of me! Mr. Anthony's a-lying in there, dead!"

"Don't be a simpleton," responded Mr. Dare, staring at Betsy.

Joseph gave rather a less complimentary reprimand, and shook the girl off. But all in a moment, even as the words left his lips, there rose up before his mind's eye the vision of the past evening: the quarrel, the threats, the violence between Anthony and Herbert. A strange apprehension seated itself in the man's mind.

"Be still, you donkey!" he whispered to Betsy, his voice scarcely audible, his manner subdued to meekness, which, of itself, spoke of dread. "I'll go in and see."

Taking the candle, he went into the dining-room. Mr. Dare followed. The worst thought that occurred

to Mr. Dare was, that Anthony might have taken more than was good for him, and had fallen down, helpless, in the dining-room. Unhappily, Anthony had been known so to transgress. Only a week or two before—but let that pass: it has nothing to do with us now.

Mr. Dare followed Joseph in. At the upper end of the room, near the window, lay some one on the ground. Not close to the window: in the space between the upper corner of the dining table, and the angle made by the two sides of the room. It was surely Anthony. He was lying on his side, his head thrown back, and his face up-turned. A ghastly face, which sent poor Joseph's pulses bounding on with a terrible fear as he looked down at it. The same face which had scared Betsy when she looked down.

"He is stark dead!" whispered Joseph, with a shiver, to Mr. Dare.

Mr. Dare, his own life-blood seeming to have stopped, bent over his son by the light of the candle. Anthony appeared to be not only dead, but cold. In his terrible shock, his agitation, he still remembered that it was well, if possible, to spare the sight to his wife and daughter. Mrs. Dare and Adelaide, alarmed by Betsy's screams, had run down-stairs, and were hastening into the room.

"Go back! go back!" cried Mr. Dare, fencing them away with his hands. "Adelaide, you must not come in! Julia," he added to his wife, in a tone of imploring entreaty, "go up-stairs, and keep Adelaide."

He half led, half pushed them across the hall. Mrs. Dare had never in all her life seen his face as she saw it now—a face of terror. She caught the fear; vaguely enough, it must be confessed, for she had not heard Anthony's name, as yet, mentioned in connection with it.

"What is it?" she asked, holding by the balustrades.

"What is there in the dining-room?"

"I don't know what it is," replied Mr. Dare, from between his white lips. "Go up-stairs! Adelaide, go up-stairs with your mother."

Mr. Dare was stopped by screams. While he was preventing immediate terror to his wife and daughter, the lady's maid, her curiosity excited beyond repression, slipped into the dining-room, and peeped over Joseph's shoulder. What she had expected to see, she perhaps could not have stated; what she did see was so far worse than her wildest fears, that she lost sense of everything, save the moment's fear; and, shriek after shriek echoed from her.

One entire scene of confusion ensued. Mrs. Dare tried to force her way to the room; Adelaide screamed, she knew not at what; Betsy began bewailing Mr. Anthony, by name, in wild words. And the sleepers, up-stairs, came flocking out of their chambers, with trembling limbs and white faces; any garment, that came uppermost to hand, flung upon them.

Mr. Dare put his back against the dining-room door. "Girls, go back! Julia, go back, for the love of Heaven! Mademoiselle, is that you? Be so good as stay where you are, and keep Rosa and Minny with you."

"*Mais, qu'est-ce que c'est, donc?*" exclaimed mademoiselle, speaking in her wonder, in her most familiar tongue, and, truth to say, paying little heed to Mr. Dare's injunction. "*Y a-t-il du malheur arrivé?*"

Betsy went up to her. Betsy recognised her as one, not being of the family, to whom she could ease her overflowing mind. The same thought had occurred to Betsy as to Joseph. "Poor Mr. Anthony's lying in there dead, mamzel," she whispered. "Mr. Herbert must have killed him."

Mademoiselle, thus startled, shrieked out terribly. Unheeding the request of Mr. Dare, unmindful of the deficiencies or want of elegance in her costume, which consisted of what she called a *peignoir*, and a borderless calico nightcap, she flew down to the hall. And, taking

advantage of a minute's quitting of the door by Mr. Dare, she slipped into the dining-room. Some of the others slipped in, and a sad scene of confusion ensued. What with wife, governess, servants, and children, Mr. Dare was powerless to stop it. Mademoiselle went straight up, gave one look, and staggered back against the wall.

"*C'est vrai!*" she muttered. "*C'est Monsieur Anthony.*"

"It is Anthony," shivered Mr. Dare. "I fear—I fear—violence has been done him."

The governess was breathing heavily. She looked quite as ghastly as did that upturned face. "But why should it be?" she asked, in English. "Who has done it?"

Ah, who had done it! Joseph's frightened face seemed to say that he could tell if he dared. Cyril bounded into the room, and took hold of one of the arms. But he let it fall again. "It is rigid!" he gasped. "Is he dead? Father! he can't be dead!"

Mr. Dare hurried Joseph from the room—hurried him across the hall to the door. He, Mr. Dare, seemed so agitated as scarcely to know what he was about. "Make all haste," he said; "the nearest surgeon."

"Master," whispered Joseph, turning round when he was outside the door, and his agitation appeared as great as his master's; "I'm afraid it's Mr. Herbert who has done this."

"Why?" sharply asked Mr. Dare.

"They had a dreadful quarrel this evening, sir, after you left. Mr. Herbert drew a knife upon his brother. I got in just in time to stop bloodshed, or it might have happened then."

Mr. Dare suppressed a groan. "You go off, Joseph, and get a doctor here. He may not be past revival. Mr. Milbank is the nearest. If he is at home, bring him."

Joseph, never staying for his hat, sped across the lawn, and gained the entrance gate at the very moment that a gig was passing. By the light of a gas lamp, Joseph saw that it contained Mr. Glenn, the surgeon, driven by his servant. He had been on a late professional visit in the country. Joseph shouted out, running before the horse in his excitement, and the man pulled up.

"What's the matter, Joseph?" asked Mr. Glenn. "Anybody ill?"

Somewhat curious to say, Mr. Glenn was the usual medical attendant of the Dares. Joseph explained as well as he could: that Mr. Anthony had been found lying on the dining-room carpet, to all appearance dead; and Mr. Glenn descended.

"Anything up at your place?" asked a policeman, who had just come by, on his beat.

"I should think there is," returned Joseph. "One of the gentlemen's been found dead."

"Dead!" echoed the policeman. "Which of them is it?" he asked, after a pause.

"Mr. Anthony."

"Why, I saw him turn in here about half after eleven!" observed the officer. "He is in a fit, perhaps."

"Why do you say that?" asked Joseph.

"Because he had been taking a drop too much. He could hardly walk. Somebody brought him as far as the gate."

Mr. Glenn had hastened on. The policeman followed with Joseph. Followed, possibly, in the gratification of his curiosity; possibly, that he deemed his services might be in some way required. When the two got into the dining-room, Mr. Glenn was kneeling down examining Anthony, and sounds of distress came shrilly on their ears from a distance. They were caused by the hysterics of Mrs. Dare.

"Is he dead, sir?" asked the policeman, in a low tone.

"He has been dead these two or three hours," was the reply of Mr. Glenn.

But it was no fit. It was not anything so innocent. Mr. Glenn found that the cause of death was a stab in the side. Death, he believed, must have been instantaneous; and the hemorrhage was chiefly inward. A few stains there were on the clothes outside; not much.

"What's this?" cried Mr. Glenn.

He was pulling at some large substance on which Anthony had fallen. It proved to be a cloak. Cyril—and some others present—recognised it for Herbert's cloak. Where was Herbert? In bed? Was it possible that he could sleep through the noise and confusion that the house was in?

"Can nothing be done?" asked Mr. Dare of the surgeon.

Mr. Glenn shook his head. "He is stone dead, you see; dead, and nearly cold. He must have been dead more than two hours. I should say nearer three."

From two to three hours! Then that would bring the time of his death to half-past eleven o'clock, or thereabouts; close upon the time that the policeman saw him returning home. Somebody turned to ask the policeman a question, but he had disappeared. Mr. Glenn went to see what he could do for Mrs. Dare, whose cries of distress had been painful to hear, and Mr. Dare drew Joseph aside. Somehow he felt that he *dared* not question him in the presence of witnesses; lest any condemnatory fact should transpire to bring the guilt home to his second son. In spite of the sight of Anthony lying dead before him, in spite of what he had heard of the quarrel, he could not bring his mind to believe that Herbert had been guilty of this most dastardly deed.

"What time did you let him in?" asked Mr. Dare, pointing to his ill-fated son.

Joseph answered by a sort of evasion. "The policeman said it was about half after eleven, sir."

"And what time did Mr. Herbert come home?"

In point of fact, but for seeing the cloak where he did see it, Joseph would not have known whether Mr. Herbert was at home yet. He felt there was nothing for it but to tell the simple truth to Mr. Dare—that the gentlemen had been in the habit of letting themselves in at any hour they pleased, the dining-room window being left unfastened for them. Joseph made the admission, and Mr. Dare received it with anger.

"I did it by their orders, sir," the man deprecated. "If you think it was wrong, perhaps you'll put things on a better footing for the future. But to wait up every night till it's pretty near time to rise again, is what I can't do, or anybody else. Flesh and blood is but mortal, sir, and couldn't stand it."

"But you were not kept up like that?" cried Mr. Dare.

"Yes, sir, I was. If one of the gentlemen wasn't out, the other would be. I told them it was impossible I could be up nearly all night and every night, and rise in the morning just the same, and do my work in the day. So they took to have the dining-room window left open, and came in that way, and I went to rest at my proper hour. Mr. Cyril and Mr. George, too, they are taking to stay out."

"The house might have been robbed, over and over again!" exclaimed Mr. Dare.

"I told them so, sir. But they laughed at me. They said who'd be likely to come through the grounds, and up to the windows and try them? At any rate, sir," added Joseph, as a final excuse, "they *ordered* it done. And that's how it is, sir, that I don't know what time either Mr. Anthony or Mr. Herbert came in last night."

Mr. Dare said no more. The fruits of the mode in which his sons had been reared were coming heavily home to him. He turned to go up stairs, to the chamber of Herbert. On the bottom stairs, swaying herself to

and fro in her *peignoir*, a staring print, all the colours of the rainbow, sat the governess. She lifted her white face as Mr. Dare approached.

"Is he dead?"

Mr. Dare shook his head. "The surgeon says he has been dead ever since the beginning of the night."

"And Monsieur Herbert? Is he dead?"

"He dead!" repeated Mr. Dare, in an accent of alarm, fearing possibly she might have a motive for the question. "What should bring him also dead? Mademoiselle, why do you ask it?"

"Eh, me, I don't know," she answered. "I am bewildered with it all. Why should he be dead, and not the other? Why should either be dead?"

Mr. Dare saw that she did look bewildered; scarcely in her senses. She had a white handkerchief in her hand, and was wiping the moisture from her scarcely less white face. "Did you witness the quarrel between them?" he inquired, supposing that she had done so by her words.

"If I did, I not tell," she vehemently answered, her English less clear than usual. "If Joseph say—I hear him say it to you just now—that Monsieur Herbert took a knife to his brother, I not give testimony to it. What affair is it of mine that I should tell against one or the other? Who did it?—who killed him?" she rapidly continued. "It was not Monsieur Herbert. No, I will say always that it was not Monsieur Herbert. He would not kill his brother."

"I do not think he would," earnestly spoke Mr. Dare.

"No, no, no!" said mademoiselle, her voice rising with her emphasis. "He never kill his brother; he not enough *mechant* for that."

"Perhaps he is not come in?" cried Mr. Dare, catching at the thought.

Betsy Carter answered the words. She had stolen up in the general restlessness, and halted there. "He must be come in, sir," she said; "else how could his cloak be in the dining-room? They are saying that it's Mr. Herbert's cloak which was under Mr. Anthony's."

"What has Mr. Herbert's cloak to do with his coming in or not coming in?" sharply asked Mr. Dare. "He would not be wearing his cloak this weather."

"But he does wear it, sir," returned Betsy. "He went out in it to-night."

"Did you see him?" sternly asked Mr. Dare.

"If I hadn't seen him, I couldn't have told that he went out in it," independently replied Betsy, who, like her mother, was fond of maintaining her own opinion. "I was looking out of the window in Miss Adelaide's room, and I saw Mr. Herbert go out by way of the dining-room window towards the entrance-gate."

"Wearing his cloak?"

"Wearing his cloak," assented Betsy. "I hoped he was hot enough in it."

The words seemed to carry terrible conviction to the mind of Mr. Dare. Unwilling to believe the girl, he sought Joseph, and asked him.

"Yes, for certain," Joseph answered. "Mr. Herbert, as he was coming down-stairs to go out, stopped to speak to me, sir, and he was fastening his cloak on then."

Minnie ran up, nearly bursting with grief and terror, as she laid hold of Mr. Dare. "Papa! papa! is it true?" she sobbed.

"Is what true, child?"

"That it was Herbert? They are saying so."

"Hush!" said Mr. Dare. Carrying a candle, he went up to Herbert's room, his heart aching. That Herbert could sleep through the noise, was surprising; and yet, not much so. His room was more remote from the house than were the rest, looking to the back. But had he slept through it? When Mr. Dare went in, he was sitting up in bed, awaking, or pretending to awake, from sleep then. The window thrown wide open may have

contributed to deaden any sound in the house. "Can you sleep through this, Herbert?" cried Mr. Dare.

Herbert stared, and rubbed his eyes, and stared again, something like one in a maze. "Is that you, father?" he presently cried. "What is it?"

"Herbert," said his father, in a low tone of pain, of dread; "what have you been doing to your brother?"

Herbert, as if not understanding the drift of the question, stared more than ever. "I have done nothing to him," he presently said. "Do you mean Anthony?"

"Anthony is lying on the dining-room floor, killed—murdered. Herbert, who did it?"

Herbert Dare sat motionless in bed, looking utterly bewildered. That he could not understand, or was affecting not to understand, was evident. "Anthony is—what do you say, sir?"

"He is dead; he is murdered," replied Mr. Dare. "Oh, my son, my son, say you did not do it! for the love of Heaven, say you did not do it!" And the unhappy father burst into tears, and sunk down on the bed, utterly unmanned.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ACCUSED.

THE grey dawn of the early May morning was breaking over the world—over the group gathered in the dining-room of Mr. Dare. That gentleman, his surviving sons, a stranger, a policeman or two, and Sergeant Delves, who had been summoned to the scene. Sandry of the household were going in and out of their own restless, curious accord, or by summons. The sergeant was making inquiries into the facts and details of the evening.

Anthony Dare—as may be remembered—had retired to his room in a sort of sullen spirit, refusing to go out, when the message came to him from Lord Hawkesley. It appeared, by what was afterwards learnt, that he, Anthony Dare, had made an appointment to meet Lord Hawkesley and some other gentlemen at the Star Hotel, where the viscount was staying; the proposed amusement of the evening being cards. Anthony Dare remained in his chamber, solacing his chafed temper with brandy-and-water, until the waiter from the "Star" re-appeared a second time, bearing a note. This note Sergeant Delves had found in one of the pockets, and had it now open before him. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Dare,

"We are all here waiting, and can't make up the tables without you. What do you mean by shirking us? Come along, and don't be a month over it.

"Yours,

"HAWKESLEY."

This note had prevailed. Anthony, possibly repenting of the solitary evening to which he had condemned himself, put on his boots again, and went forth: not—it is not pleasant to have to record it, but it cannot be concealed—not sober. He had taken ale with his dinner, he had taken wine after it, he had taken brandy-and-water in his room; and the three combined had told upon him. On his arrival at the "Star," he found six or seven gentlemen assembled: but instead of sitting down there in Lord Hawkesley's room, it was suddenly decided to adjourn to the lodgings of a Mr. Brittle, hard by; a young Oxonian, who had been plucked in his Little Go, and was supposed to be reading hard to avoid a second similar catastrophe. They went to Mr. Brittle's, and sat down to cards, over which brandy-and-water and other drinks were introduced. Anthony Dare, by way of quenching his thirst, did not spare them, and was not particular as to the sorts. The consequence was, that he soon became most disagreeable company, snarling with all around; and, in short, unfit for play. This *contretemps* put the rest of the party out of sorts,

and they broke up: but for that, they might probably have sat on till morning light, and that poor unhappy life been spared. There was no knowing what might have been. Anthony Dare was in no fit state for walking alone, and one of them, Mr. Brittle, undertook to see him home. Mr. Brittle quitted him at the gate, and Anthony Dare stumbled over the lawn and gained the house. After that, nothing further was known. So far as this would not have been known, but that, in hastening for Delves, the policeman had come across Mr. Brittle. It was only natural that the latter, shocked and startled, should bend his steps to the scene; and from him they gathered the account of Anthony's movements abroad.

But now came the difficulty. Who had let Anthony in? Nobody. There was little doubt that he had made his own way in through the dining-room window. Joseph had turned the key of the front door at eleven o'clock, and he had not been called to open it until the return of Mr. and Mrs. Dare. The policeman who happened to be passing when Anthony came home—or, it may be more correct to say, was brought home—testified to the probable fact that he had entered by means of the dining-room window. The man had watched him; had seen that, instead of making for the front door, which faced the road and was in view, he had stumbled across the grass, and disappeared down by the side of the house. On this side the drawing-room window was situated; therefore, it was but reasonable to suppose that Anthony had so entered.

"Had you any motive in watching him?" asked Sergeant Delves of this man.

"Nothing particular, except to see that he did not fall," was the reply. "When the gentleman who brought him home loosed his arm, he told him, in a joking way, not to get kissing the ground as he went in; and I thought I'd watch him that I might go to his assistance if he did fall. He could hardly walk: he pitched about with every step."

"Did he fall?"

"No; he managed to keep up. But I should think he was a good five minutes getting over the grass plat."

"Did the gentleman remain to watch him?"

"No, not for above a minute. He just waited to see that he got safe over the gravel path on to the grass, and then he went back."

"Did you see anybody else come in? About that time?—or before it?—or after it?"

The man shook his head. "I didn't see nobody else at all. I shut the gate after Mr. Anthony, and I didn't see it opened again. Not but what plenty might have opened and shut it again, and gone in, too, when I was higher up upon my beat."

Sergeant Delves called Joseph. "It appears somewhat strange that you should have heard no noise whatever," he observed. "A man's movements are not generally very quiet, when in the state described as being that of young Mr. Dare. The probability is, that he would enter the dining-room noisily. He'd be nearly sure to fall again the furniture, being in the dark."

"It's certain that I never did hear him," replied Joseph. "We was shut up in the kitchen, and I was mostly nodding asleep, from the time I locked up at eleven, till master came home at two. The two girls was chattering loud enough; they was at the table, a-making up caps, or something of that. The cook, she went to bed at ten; she was tired."

"Then, with the exception of you three, all the household were in bed?"

"All of 'em—as was at home," answered Joseph.

"The governess had gone early, the two young ladies went about ten, Mr. Cyril and Mr. George they went soon after ten. They came home from cricket 'dead beat,' they said, had some supper, and went to bed soon after it."

"It's not usual for them—the young men, I mean—to go to bed so early, is it?" asked Sergeant Delves.

"No, it isn't, except on cricket nights," answered Joseph. "After cricket they generally come home and have supper, and don't go out again. Other nights they are mostly sure to be out late."

"And you did not hear Mr. Herbert come in?"

"Sergeant Delves, I say that I never heard nothing nor nobody, from the time I locked the front door till master and missis came home," reiterated Joseph. "Let me repeat it ten times over, and I couldn't say it no plainer. If I had heard either of the gentlemen come in, I should have gone to 'em to see if anything was wanted. Specially to Mr. Anthony, knowing that he was not sober when he went out."

Two points appeared more particularly to strike on the mind of Sergeant Delves. The one was, that no noise should have been heard; that a deed like this could have been committed in, as it appeared, absolute silence; the other was, that the dining-room window should have been found fastened inside. The latter fact was confirmatory of the strong suspicion that the offender was an inmate of the house. A person not an inmate of the house would naturally have escaped by the open dining-room window; but to do this *and* to fasten it inside after him, was an impossibility. Every other window in the house, every door, had been securely fastened; some in the earlier part of the evening, some at eleven o'clock, by Joseph. Herbert Dare voluntarily acknowledged that it was he who had fastened the dining-room window. His own account was—and the sergeant looked at him most narrowly while he gave it—that he had returned home late, getting on for two o'clock; that he had come in through the dining-room, and had put down the fastening of the window. He declared that he had not seen Anthony; that if Anthony had been lying there, as he was afterwards found, he, Herbert, had not observed him. But, he said, so far as he remembered, he never glanced to that part of the room at all, but had gone on through the room on the other side of the large dining-table, between the table and the fire-place. He had no light, and had to feel his way.

"Was it usual for the young gentlemen to fasten the bolt of the window?" Sergeant Delves asked of Joseph. And Joseph replied that they sometimes did, sometimes not. If by any chance Mr. Anthony and Mr. Herbert came in together, then they would fasten it; or if, when the one came in, he knew that the other was not out, he would equally fasten it. Mr. Cyril and Mr. George did not come in often by that way; in fact, they were not out so late, generally speaking, as were their brothers. "Precisely so," Herbert assented, with reference to the fastening. He had fastened it, believing his brother Anthony to be at home and in bed. When he went out the previous evening, Anthony had already gone to his room, expressing his intention not to quit it again that night.

Sergeant Delves asked—no doubt for reasons of his own—whether this expressed intention on the part of Anthony could be testified to by anybody besides Herbert. Yes. By Joseph, by the governess, by Rosa and Minny Dare; all four had heard him say it. The sergeant would not trouble the young ladies, but requested to speak to the governess.

She was indignant at being asked about it. She had been in and out amongst them with her white face, in her many-coloured *peignoir*. She had been up-stairs and partially dressed herself; had discarded the borderless calico night-cap and done her hair, and put on the *peignoir* again, and come down to see and to listen. But she did not like being questioned.

"I know nothing about it," she said to the sergeant, in answer, speaking vehemently. "What should I know

about it? I will tell you nothing. I went to bed before it was well nine o'clock, me; I had the headache; and I never heard anything more till the commotion. Why you ask me?"

"But you can surely tell, ma'am, whether or not you heard Mr. Anthony say he was going to his chamber for the night?" remonstrated the sergeant.

"Yes, he did say it," she answered, so vehemently as to impart a shrieking sound to her voice. "He said it in the *salon*. He kicked off his boots, and told Joseph to bring his slippers, and to take brandy-and-water to his room, for he should not leave it again that night. I never thought or knew that he had left it, till I saw him lying in the dining-salle, and they said he was dead."

"Was Mr. Herbert present when he said he should go to his room for the night?"

"He was present, I think; I think he had come in then to the *salon*. That is all I know. I made the tea, and then my head got bad, and I went to bed. I can tell you nothing further."

"Did you hear any noise in the house, ma'am?"

"No. If there was any noise I did not notice it. I soon went to sleep. Where is the use of your asking me these things? You should ask those who sat up. I shall be sick if you make me talk about it. Nothing of this ever arrived in any family where I have served before."

The sergeant allowed her to retire. She went to the stairs and sat down on the lower step, and leaned her cheek upon her hand, all as she had done previously. Mr. Dare asked her why she did not go up-stairs, away from the confusion and bustle of the sad scene; but she shook her head. She did not care to be in her chamber alone, she answered, and her pupils were shut in with Madame Dare and Mademoiselle Adelaide.

It is possible that one thing puzzled the sergeant: though what puzzled him and what did not puzzle him had to be left to conjecture, for he gave no clue. No weapon had been found. The policemen had been searching thoroughly the room, partially the house; but had come upon no instrument likely to have inflicted the wound. A carving-knife or common table-knife had been suggested, remembering the previous occurrences of the evening; but Mr. Glenn's decided opinion was, that it must have been a very different instrument; some slender, sharp-pointed, two-edged blade, he thought, about six inches in length.

The most suspicious evidence, referring to Herbert, was the cloak. The sergeant had examined it curiously, with drawn-in lips. Herbert disposed of this, so far as he was concerned—that is, if he was to be believed. He said that he had put his cloak on, had gone out in it as far as the entrance gates; but, finding it warmer than was agreeable, he had turned back, and flung it on the dining-room table, going in, as he had come out, through the window. He added, as a little bit of confirmatory testimony, that he remembered seeing the cloak begin to slide off the table again, that he saw it must fall to the ground; but being in a hurry, he would not stop to prevent it, or to place it better.

The sergeant seemed never to take his eyes from their sidelong glance at Herbert Dare. He had gone to work in his own way; hearing the different accounts and conjectures, sifting this bit of evidence, turning about that, holding a whispered colloquy with the man who had been sent to examine Herbert's room: holding a longer whispered colloquy with Herbert himself. On the departure of the surgeon and Mr. Brittle, who had gone away together, he had marched to the front and side doors of the house, locked them, and put the keys in his pocket. "Nobody goes out of this here without my permission," quoth he.

Then he took Mr. Dare aside. "There's no mistake about this, I fear," said he, gravely.

Mr. Dare knew what he meant. He himself was growing grievously faint-hearted. But he would not say it: he would not let it be seen that he cast, or could cast, a suspicion to Herbert. "It appears to me that—that if poor Anthony was in the state they describe, that he may have sat down or lain down after entering the dining-room, and dropped asleep," observed Mr. Dare. "Easy then—the window being left open—for some evil midnight housebreaker from the street to have come in and attacked him."

"Pooh!" said Sergeant Delves. "It is no midnight housebreaker that has done this. We have a difficult line of duty to perform at times, as police; and all we can do to soften matters, is to go to work as gently as is consistent with the law. I'm sorry to have to say it, Mr. Dare, but I have felt obligated to order my men to keep a look-out on Mr. Herbert."

A cold chill ran through Mr. Dare. "It could not have been Herbert!" he rejoined, his tone one of wailing pain, almost of entreaty. "Mr. Glenn says it could not have been done later than half-past eleven, or thereabouts. Herbert never came home till near two."

"Who is to prove that he was not home till near two?"

"He says he was not. I have no doubt it can be proved. And poor Anthony was dead more than two hours before."

"Now look you here," cried Sergeant Delves, falling back on a favourite phrase of his. "Mr. Glenn is correct enough as to the time of the occurrence: I have had some experience in death myself, and I'm sure he is not far out. But let that pass. Here are witnesses who saw him alive at half-past eleven o'clock, and you come home at two and find him dead. Now let your son Herbert just state where he was from half-past eleven till two. He says he was out; not near home at all. Very good. Only let him mention the place, so that we can verify it, and find, beyond dispute, that he was out, and the suspicion against him will be at an end. But he won't do this."

"Not do it?" echoed Mr. Dare.

"He tells me, point blank, that he can't and he won't. I asked him."

Mr. Dare turned impetuously to the room where he had left his second son—his eldest son now. "Here, Herbert"—he was beginning. But the officer cut short the words by drawing him back.

"Don't go and make matters worse," whispered he: "perhaps they'll be bad enough without it. Now, Lawyer Dare, don't you turn obstinate, for I am giving you a bit of friendly advice. You and I have had many a transaction together, and I don't mind going a bit out of my way for you, as I wouldn't do for other people. The worst thing your son could do, would be to say before those gossiping servants that he can't or won't tell where he has been all night, or half the night. It would be self-condemnation at once. Ask him in private, if you must ask him."

Mr. Dare called his son to him, and Herbert answered to it. A policeman was sauntering after him, but the sergeant gave him a nod, and the man went back.

"Herbert, you say you did not come in till near two this morning."

"Neither did I. It wanted about twenty minutes to it. The churches struck half-past one as I came through the town."

"Where did you stay?"

"Well, I can't say," replied Herbert.

Mr. Dare grew agitated. "You must say, Herbert," he hoarsely whispered, "or take the consequences."

"I can't help the consequences," was Herbert's answer. "Where I was last night is no matter to anybody, and I shall not say."

"Your not saying—if you can say—is just folly," in-

terposed the sergeant. "It's the first question the magistrates will ask when you are placed before them."

Herbert looked up angrily. "Place me before the magistrates!" he echoed. "What do you mean? You will not dare to take me into custody!"

"You have been in custody this half hour," coolly returned the sergeant.

Herbert looked terribly fierce. "I will not submit to this indignity," he exclaimed. "I will not. Sergeant Delves, you are overstepping—"

"Look here," interrupted the sergeant, drawing something from some part of his clothes; and Mr. Herbert, to his dismay, caught sight of a pair of handcuffs. "Don't you force me to use them," said the officer. "You are in custody, and must go before the magistrates; but now, you be a gentleman, and I'll use you as one."

"I protest upon my honour that I have had neither act nor part in this crime!" cried Herbert, in agitation. "Do you think I would stain my hand with the crime of Cain?"

"What is that on your hand?" asked the sergeant, bending forward to look more closely at Herbert's fingers.

Herbert held them out, openly enough. "I was doing something last night which tore my fingers," he said. "I was trying to undo the fastenings of some wire. Sergeant Delves, I declare to you solemnly that, from the moment when my brother went to his chamber, as witnesses have stated to you, I never saw him, until my father brought me down from my bed to see him lying dead."

"You drew a knife on him not many hours before, you know, Mr. Herbert!"

"It was done in the heat of passion. He provoked me very much, but I should not have used it. No, poor fellow! I should never have injured him."

"Well, you only make your tale good to the magistrates," was all the answer of the sergeant. "It'll be their affair as soon as you are afore 'em—not mine."

Herbert Dare was handed back to the policeman, and, as soon as the justice-room opened, was conveyed before the magistrates—all, as the sergeant termed it, in a genteel, gentlemanly sort of way. He was charged with the murder of his brother Anthony.

To describe the commotion that overspread Helston-leigh would be beyond any pen. The college boys were in a strange state of excitement: both Anthony and Herbert Dare had been college boys themselves not so very long ago. Gar Halliburton—who was no longer a college boy, but a supernumerary—went home full of it. Having imparted it there, he thought he could not do better than go in and regale Patience with the news, by way of *divertissement* to her sick bed. "May I come up, Patience?" he called out from the foot of the stairs. "I have got something to tell you."

Receiving permission, up he flew. Patience, partially raised, was sewing with her hands, which she could contrive to do. Anna sat by the window, putting the buttons on some new shirts.

"I have finished two," cried she, turning round to Gar in great glee. "And my father's coming home next week, he writes us word. Perhaps thy mother has had a letter from William. Look at the shirts!" she continued, exhibiting them.

"Never mind bothering about shirts, now, Anna," returned Gar, losing sight of his gallantry in his excitement. "Patience, the most dreadful thing has happened. Anthony Dare's murdered!"

Patience, calm Patience, only looked at Gar. Perhaps she did not believe it. Anna's hands, holding out the shirts, were arrested mid way: her mouth and her blue eyes alike opened.

"He was murdered in their dining-room in the night," went on Gar, intent only on his tale. "The town is all

up in arms; you never saw such an uproar. When we came out of school just now, we thought the French must have come to invade us, by the crowds there were in the street. You couldn't get near the Guildhall, where the examination was going on. Not more than half a dozen of us were able to fight our way in. Herbert Dare looked so pale: he was standing there, guarded by three policemen—"

"Thee hast a fast tongue, Gar," interrupted Patience. "Dost thee mean to say Herbert Dare was in custody?"

"Of course he was," replied Gar, faster than before. "It is he who has done it. At least, he is accused of it. He and Anthony had a quarrel yesterday, and it came to knives. They were parted then; but he is supposed to have laid wait for Anthony in the night and killed him."

"Is Anthony dead? Is he— Anna! what hast thee?"

Anna had dropped the shirts and the buttons. Her blue eyes had closed, her lips and cheeks had grown white, her hands fell powerless. "She is fainting!" shouted Gar, as he ran to support her.

"Gar, dear," said Patience, "thee should not tell ill news quite so abruptly. Thee hast made me feel queer. Can thee stretch thy hand out to the bell? It will bring up Hester."

(To be continued.)

Progress of the Truth.

MADAGASCAR.

THE Rev. W. Ellis has arrived at Tamatave, and from a letter which he has since written, we take the following extracts, which illustrate the state of feeling in that important place:—

"I find an amazing change in Tamatave itself; a great increase of foreigners, some very bad characters, many of my old friends dead, &c. But all whom I have come in contact with show me great respect. As soon as our ship was at anchor, officers came on board to say that the king's house was prepared for me, also that I should attend a meeting of the Christians to tender God thanks for my safe arrival. About five o'clock I stepped on the beach, where a large crowd of natives were waiting. An officer of the palace, whom his Majesty had sent to meet me with a native chief, then advanced, and, after shaking hands, for I had known him before, made a speech, informing me that he had been sent by the king to conduct me to the capital. To this I replied in the native language, and was then saluted by the people with the wish that I might have favour. The chief then presented a letter from the king as his credentials. This letter informed me, among other things, of the king's desire to see me. The secretary expressed also his own pleasure at the prospect of my arrival in the capital, and informed me that Rambosalama, the king's rival, had died on the 21st of April, six days after the date of his previous letter. While I was reading the letters, the other officer commenced a speech in favour of Radama, to which one of the Hovah officers, who had returned with me from Mauritius, replied. The multitude having in the meantime closed around us, with R—, the chief, wearing the pink sash of an officer of the palace, walking on one side, and the officer in blue uniform on the other, followed by many of the foreigners and people, I was led through the principal street to the king's house, where there were crowds of people, &c.; a great number of people had been cleaning the rooms, and hanging up mats, &c. As soon as I entered, I was formally presented with the house; but on looking over it I perceived there were no beds. Therefore I accepted the provision intended by his Majesty, but deferred taking possession

until the next day. More than one offered me accommodation, but I went with the husband of David John's daughter to a very nice house in a neat garden, where I had a cordial welcome, a good supper, a nice cup of tea, and a comfortable bed. The next morning two officers came to say that, as they thought I should be more comfortable at the house of the chief judge, apartments were provided for me there. This is the best house in the place, and I was conducted to it by a number of officers. I was then installed in a nice large, clean, new pavilion, with a trustworthy servant. Presents of eggs, fowls, ducks, and geese came in abundance, and in the evening a fine fat ox, from the commandant at Tamatave. At seven we sat down to dinner, at the chief judge's table, where soup, fish, beautiful mullet, curry, and roast meat, furnished the repast.

"A meeting for thanksgiving on account of my arrival took place in the king's house yesterday afternoon. A goodly number were present. Their prayers were appropriate, earnest, and simple, their singing earnest and apparently sincere, the reading of the Scriptures very impressive, and the comments plain and pointed. It was Matt. v., as illustrative of blessing following suffering. I then stood up and addressed a few words to them in Malagasy. The leader of the meeting then requested that I would pray. I declined, on the ground of insufficient knowledge of the language. He then said, 'Pray in English; the people will like to hear it, and some will understand.' I did so, interspersing Malagasy sentences, and closing with the Lord's Prayer in that language. Many seemed deeply moved, and numbers walked home with me. You cannot imagine the sensation my arrival has occasioned, and the satisfaction I derive from all I see and all I hear about the Christians."

HONOLULU.

THE *Dial* says:—"Bishop Stanley is about to commence his labours in his mid-ocean diocese, under circumstances as gratifying as they are novel. It is indeed a rare event for the king of a semi-civilised nation to ask that his country may be included within the far-reaching limits of the English episcopate, and that a bishop consecrated by the Primate of England should be appointed to the new diocese. The King of the Sandwich Islands is a Protestant constitutional monarch—a man, too, of great sagacity and intelligence. He thoroughly believes in Christianity, and seeks to carry out its precepts to the letter. With him it is not a mere name, carrying with it no moral obligations, but a sober reality, to be embodied in every act of his government. He has given to his people education, an enlightened example of public and private virtue, and institutions as free as our own. The ingenuity of Hawaiian legislators has been taxed to the uttermost to enforce the general observance of morality, but the king feels that something more is needed—the inculcation by Christian teachers of the greatest principles of their faith. There must be something truly noble in the character of the Hawaiians. They are perhaps the only people in the world who, without external force, or any kind of foreign propagandism, have cast off heathenism, and broken the images of their own false deities. Until the Christian missionaries came amongst them, they had no religion to take the place of their old idolatry, but when they were made acquainted with the doctrines of the new and better faith, like 'the common people,' to whom Christ preached in the temple, they heard the word gladly. Save as it regards the pious labours of the American missionaries, civilisation has thus far done but little in the Sandwich Islands, beyond stamping upon the minds of a too ductile race the impress of its vices. Be it the work of an English bishop and of his missionary colleagues to atone for past shortcomings, and to build up in Hawaii such a church as the apostles themselves might have founded."

Temperance Department.

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN IN THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

Who could set a limit to the triumphs of the Total Abstinence enterprise, if the heart of Woman were once fairly enlisted in its favour?

Strikingly illustrative of this power is the well-known effect produced by the tale of Mrs. Stowe. The Fugitive Slave Bill had passed into a law. "The intelligence," remarks a living writer, "fell like a spark on the deep compassion that lay pent up in a woman's heart, and kindled it into a flame. The outburst was in the form of a book. It is certainly true, and is widely known, that the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law produced the book, and that the book caused a panoramic view of slavery to pass before the eyes of millions." Mrs. Stowe's delineations, as she afterwards showed, were faithful photographs of fact; but it is not even to this feature that the book owes its power, but to the womanly sympathy which makes its utterances fall like "words that burn."

The Temperance movement is not without its Mrs. Stowes—the earnest, we trust, of many more yet to come. Of these none better deserve mention than Mrs. Wightman, of Shrewsbury. Her "Haste to the Rescue" has gained over to the Temperance cause many clergymen, and other philanthropic members of the Established Church; and its influence is in constant operation.

Among these trophies none are more interesting than the effects produced by the perusal of that book on a clergyman of the Dutch National Church, the Rev. C. S. Adams van Scheltema, of Amsterdam, and through him on the important sphere which he stately occupies. Mr. Scheltema's first care was to translate the book into Dutch, in which it has already passed through several editions, and is silently and powerfully performing its proper work. His next care was to originate efforts similar to what the book describes, which have already swelled into very hopeful dimensions. Some of these we will leave our esteemed friend to detail for the most part in his own words.

MR. SCHELTEMA'S LABOURS IN AMSTERDAM. In a letter in the *Weekly Record of the Temperance Movement*, Mr. Scheltema, who is at present in this country, mentions among other interesting particulars, that he and his Temperance friends in Amsterdam have secured an advantageous site for a hall, which he intends to designate as a Mission, rather than a Temperance Hall, for it will be worked, as it ought to be, in promotion of Temperance as the pioneer and handmaid of the higher cause of the Gospel. It will cost about £1,000. "What I try to have," says he, "is a Mission-house, and believing that in the present state of our Christian world religion cannot be promoted without paying the highest regard to Temperance, and, perhaps, yet more to the sanitary movements of these days—which have opened so many eyes to missing links and defects in our civil, moral, and religious organisations—the principle of total abstinence will be one of the foundation-stones of my building."

After referring to the peculiar ecclesiastical arrangements of the Dutch Establishment, which, with the fewness of churches, renders such a hall in any parish

a great desideratum, Mr. Scheltema thus interestingly describes his obligations to Mrs. Wightman:—

"For many years I have vexed my heart with the question, What am I to do for so many entrusted to my pastoral care, though I cannot even be a preacher to them? how can I possibly create any real relation between their hearts and mine? To this question I found the answer in the work of Mrs. Wightman. Reading her book, it was as if I felt the scales falling from my eyes, and I reckon it a great blessing that she has brought me from the principle of temperance to that of total abstinence. Much I owe also to the books I afterwards read under the influence of Mrs. Wightman's work; most to 'The Missing Link,' and to 'Ragged Homes and How to Mend Them;' but 'Haste to the Rescue' shall ever remain to my heart as the means of a regeneration in my pastoral doings.

"After reading the history told by Mrs. Wightman with all the interest a clergyman and a Temperance man will take in it, my path was clearly before me, and I think it a great testimony to the power of Mrs. Wightman's words, that in at least three places her book originated societies of nearly the same character, but which were more an issue from its spirit than a copy from its literal delineation. Of two of these institutions, those of the Rev. Robert Maguire and Mr. Bartholomew Smith, full accounts have been given. I will only add, that in my labour the Word of God, and more particularly the preaching of Christ crucified, and of the redeeming by his blood of the soul enslaved to sin, have the first and the highest place."

PERSONAL SYMPATHY.

The advantages and powerful influence arising from personal sympathy have been exemplified by the Rev. W. M. Taylor, of Liverpool, in the following thrilling description:—

"Somewhere about twelve months ago, the Sailors' Home, one of the noblest institutions in Liverpool, was discovered to be on fire. It was past midnight, all the inmates had retired to rest, and were soon startled out of their slumbers by the terrible alarm. The flames spread rapidly throughout the building, and from every door and window volumes of smoke rapidly streamed forth, and thus, when the fire brigade appeared upon the scene, it was at once apparent that nothing could be done to save it, and the whole energies of the force were directed to the rescuing of those who were as yet within it. A dense crowd of on-lookers had already gathered round, and many stout-hearted men came forth and volunteered their services in the perilous enterprise. A company of marines landed from a man-of-war at anchor in the Sloyne, and gave themselves right earnestly to the same noble work, until at length ninety-seven souls had been snatched by them from the jaws of death, and it seemed as if the whole were saved. And now the men breathed freely as they looked upon the gorgeous spectacle of that massive building wreathed in fire; but, hark! a piercing shriek is heard high over the shouts of the multitude; and yonder, on one of the highest ledges of the building, five men are seen calling for help. As soon as possible, the longest ladder on the spot is placed against the wall right underneath where they were standing—but, alas! it reaches only to a point some twenty feet below the parapet whereon they are. An agony of disappointment wrings the heart of every on-looker,

as hope for their deliverance is sinking fast into despair. 'Stand back,' cries a resolute and courageous man, as, with another ladder on his shoulder, he places his foot upon the lowest step, and prepares with it to ascend to their relief. On him now all eyes are fixed. They watch him until he has reached the top of the long ladder, and there he joins it to the one he has borne with him. But, ah! how bitter the disappointment again! it also is too short. What now is to be done? There is no time to lose; and so, taking the ladder up, he raises it until it rests upon his shoulders, and then, at the height of well nigh fifty feet from the ground, standing on the one ladder, and adding his own length to the other which he carried, he calls to them to come down over him. The multitude beneath held their breath in astonishment, afraid to utter a sound, lest they should mar the self-possession of the men; but when, one after another, they have descended in safety, the air is rent with a most deafening cheer, which makes the welkin ring. Thus, brethren, thus must we save the drunkard from the devouring fire—the ladder even of abstinence will be too short unless we add ourselves to it, and make of ourselves a pathway for him into safety."

AT IT AGAIN—NEVER DESPAIR!

The Rev. William Reid, of Edinburgh, in a sermon, entitled "Patience Needed; or, The Duty of Temperance Reformers at the Present Crisis," gives the following interesting example of struggling and successful virtue:—

"Nor is patience required merely in the reclaiming of drunkards—it is equally required in the preserving of them when reclaimed. How often have our hopes been blasted by a speedy relapse! The gnawings of appetite, and the temptations of tap-room associates, have been more than a match for many of our hopeful converts. Frequently have they joined our society, and as often violated their pledge; and shall we, then, discard them with the declaration, 'We can have no patience with you?' Peter once came to our Lord with this question: 'Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? until seven times?' He thought he proposed a number which illustriously manifested his patience and forbearance. But Christ replied, 'I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven.' Seventy times seven! Why, that is four hundred and ninety times! Even thus far is our patience to extend. The fact intimates that the most notorious transgressors are not hopeless; and such is the testimony which the history of this movement bears. I could tell you of a man—born and educated in a public-house, amid dog-fighters, pugilists, and the lowest of the low—joining our society, and violating his pledge some fifteen or twenty times; and who on the pay-night succeeding his last effort at reformation, on passing an old haunt, stood some minutes struggling with an appetite which had already mastered him on every previous attempt to escape from its bondage. The moment was a terrible one; but for once principle triumphed over passion, and, with the haste of one escaped from the very jaws of the destroyer, he hurried home. From that hour—ten years ago—till now he has stood; and not only has he proved one of the most devoted promoters of our cause, but so highly is he esteemed in one of the congregations of the United Presbyterian Church, that he has been elected to the office of eldership."

NOTES ON A FRENCHMAN'S NOTIONS OF SUNDAY.

A LITTLE book has just been published in Paris, entitled "The Truce of God: Recollections of a Sunday in Summer." As our readers may not all be aware exactly what religious people in France say about the Lord's day, and judge of what is thought by what is seen, we will try to enlighten them. Our intention in doing this is to show how great a change must pass over popular opinion here, if French Sundays are to be generally advocated. We shall also render it evident that French Sundays, as they are called, diminish the holy privileges of the sons of toil, by compelling or tempting many to carry their burdens on that day. The author of the book we have referred to utters some sentiments of which we do not disapprove, and he calls attention to some facts which are very important. From what he says, we present a summary, with such remarks of our own as may seem called for; and we shall begin with the very title of his book.

There is something very good in the idea of calling Sunday "The Truce of God." It was an ancient custom during war for all hostilities to cease on the Lord's day, and this cessation from strife was called "the truce of God," and "the peace of God." The Lord had commanded man not to labour on the Sabbath, and therefore it was believed man should not fight. We have the truce of God in the sacred hours which exempt us, by the Divine ordinance, from the toils and conflicts of life. Every working man—and few are not such, in some sense—can claim, as his birthright, this hallowed privilege, and look forward to the rest of the Lord's day:—

"Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest."

Our author begins by calling the Lord's day "a Divine law, a law which is paternal and kind." Here, also, we agree with him; and we would implore all to remember not only that the respite is established by Divine authority, but that it is dictated by the loving-kindness of our Father in heaven. It is not only that he demands our homage, but because he loves and pities us, that he has given us this holy day. "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

The Sabbath spirit comes over us on Saturday eve, and lingers till the Monday has begun. During this portion of the week the family circle continues unbroken, in a well-ordered house. Those who have wasted the week do not know the sweetness of the Sabbath rest. Still, even those who seem to view the day with indifference, are more or less influenced by it, and it is apparent that Sunday belongs to all. What they do with it is another question. A hundred years ago, the sentimental Sterne exclaimed, of the French, "Happy people! who, once a week, at least, lay aside your anxieties and cares; and who, in singing and dancing, joyfully put away the load of

troubles and vexations which weighs down other nations!" Such was the view taken of the matter by the worldly-minded Sterne, and the practices he alludes to, we regret to say, continue to this day.

We say that Sunday influence begins on Saturday evening, which is pre-eminently the time when weary labour anticipates and enjoys repose and freedom. The Christian looks farther, and anticipates the holy privileges of the Lord's day as a day of solemn worship, and spiritual activity and benediction.

The early Sunday bell doubtless sounds sweeter than that of other days, even in Popish lands, as we know it does in our own. Doubtless it conveys a different message to different minds, but its tones are pleasant to all who know the blessedness of the day. Our author understands the bell to say, "O ye who labour, be at peace. Men have nothing to exact from you; give to God your first thought; seek in him succour, protection, courage. There only will you find all grace, all love, all abundance. Rise, and still ascend. The clouds divide; the seraphim sustain you. When you would speak to the mighty of the earth, remember yourself, courtiers would stop you on your way, and ask, What do you wish? But when you address yourself, feeble creature as you are, to God all-powerful, angels attend you, saints hold out their hand to you, heaven rejoices. Rise, then, and pour out your immortal soul at the feet of your Father in heaven. Ye who labour, be at peace!" Is not this what the Sabbath morning bell exclaims? He who has thus understood it will have a happy day. We will take him for our companion, and the hours we spend with him will be sanctified by his friendship."

"This is very nice," we can imagine some one saying. Very nice, indeed! Woe unto us if we understand in Sabbath bells no more than this! Sentimental writers and poets, we know, do not always speak of the Lord's day as we could wish, and yet, from among them, we can select the most beautiful representations of what that day is. We agree with Cunningham:—

"Dear is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day,
And by their sacred minstrelsy
Call me from earthly cares away;

"And dear to me the winged hour
Spent in thy sacred courts, O Lord!
To feel Devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy Word."

But we fancy we miss something here—something which we find in the well-known verse of Dr. Watts:—

"To-day Christ rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell."

The truth is, that no view of the Sabbath—its privileges and its duties—is adequate, except it gives prominence to Christ—his glories and his grace; nor

can any representation of the Sabbath be complete which fails to recognise its Divine institution and duties. We all know that Grahame has written a beautiful poem about the Sabbath, but it is very defective in many of its features, and especially lacks the evangelical spirit, and an appreciation of the solemn character of the day. On the subject of the bells, Grahame says:—

"But now his steps a welcome sound recalls;
Solemn the knell from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe;
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-pared ground," &c.

To return to our French author. His next chapter is headed "The Week of Seven Sundays," and is applied to agriculturists, all whose days are passed amid the works of God, and the processes of Nature. If J. T. de Saint Germain had made himself better acquainted with rural life, he would have been aware that the farmer and his labourers are as glad of the Sunday as any other class of men, and that many of them enter as completely into its distinctive character and duties as any citizen of the metropolis itself. Dr. Doddridge lived in the country when he wrote the lines which are now sung with devout appreciation by thousands of our rustic population every week; we refer to the hymn beginning:—

"Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows!"

And there is another, quite as popular, by Dr. Stennet, commencing:—

"Another six days' work is done."

It is not correct to assert that the day-labourer upon the farm does not need and prize his Sabbaths equally with the mechanic of the town.

The next chapter of our book, called "The First Hour," introduces us to a French family circle, which, we suppose, is only formed, as a rule, once a week. There is no religion in this chapter, and not much of anything else that interests us, so we may go on to the next, which takes us to church. Our author says, "Those who do not know the way to the temple will be without a refuge and without a shelter in this world." Very well! But what do you go to church for? "I have never found myself so happy (may I say so?) as in the demi-day of the church. I love its shadow and its light; I love its silence and its singing—its joys and sorrows—its simplicity and its pompous display—its solitudes and its processions with torches; I love the perfume of its incense, and the pealing of its organs; but I love, above all, its silence and its gloom. I feel myself protected by those immense vaults, under which have knelt, in the same faith, so many generations."

Is this all? Do you not go to worship the Lord, to hear his Word, to confess your sins, to seek for grace and mercy, and to enjoy the communion of saints?

He replies in these words:—"The meeting of so many believers of every condition and age, summoned from all quarters and at the same hour by a thought of love and hope, is always a moving spectacle."

Doubtless it is, but it ought to be to you much more than a spectacle. Does the religious life of a Frenchman reside in his eyes? We fear, indeed, that there are too many whose religion is little more or better than yours, and whose only devout emotions are the transitory sensations excited by sights, and sounds, and incense in a Popish church. But you

tell us we are unjust to you, and that you have more to say. Well, say on.

"I seek the shade of an obscure chapel." Our readers are, of course, aware that in Romish churches there are commonly recesses, or portions fenced off, and containing altars, images, &c. These are the chapels in question. Our author continues:—"I leave the place of honour in the midst of the temple to the privileged—to those who are more advanced in the faith, and in the practice of worship. Let us not envy those whom grace has touched, whom the light has enlightened, whom Providence has chosen. Our part is still comely; Chateaubriand says, 'God is so truly Beauty, by way of excellence, that his name alone, pronounced with love, suffices to impart something divine to the man least favoured by Nature.' Let a more intimate fraternity, then, unite us to all those who are assembled around the altar, and let our hearts be opened, without reserve, to all the sentiments of love and charity. And what meditations does the spectacle of all these faithful ones at prayer inspire! The old man—"

Spectacle again! So it seems that, after trying his utmost to be religious under a system in which men are taught to be chiefly religious by proxy, we end where we began—as spectators. Alas! spectators only, who are ignorant of the nature and privileges of true worship—of the curse and remedy of sin!

And what comes of religious exercises where common prayer and congregational worship are unknown?

"Oh!" says our spectator—for even here he is nothing more—"oh! if we could but follow those who have begun this day by bowing freely before the Sovereignty supreme, we should see that they have acquired treasures of wisdom, prudence, and charity; that they have learned submission and respect, two rare things."

Is this all? we exclaim.

"No," says our friend; "we leave this asylum of peace, our spirit calmed, and our heart content. There is a beggar at the door: 'For the poor,' exclaims a mild and suppliant voice. I cannot tell whether it is to God, or to the poor, or to the beggar that I have given the penny of charity."

We are now in the street, but before we follow our friend along it, and to his further occupations, we must remind the reader that he has done with church for the day. It is still comparatively early in the morning, but our friend has been to church; he has seen others there; he has watched the officiating priests; he has looked at the images and altars; he may have presented flowers or a candle; he has repeated certain prayers—we say not to whom; and he has given alms. But he has read no word of repentance, nor has he heard any; he has sung no psalms, confessed no sins, and he has listened to no sermon. Nevertheless, he is satisfied with himself, for he believes he has done all he had to do. The Lord's part of the day is over, and He knows how small a part it is. The soul's part of the day is over, and, alas! we fear it has not feasted liberally. Still, God, and the soul, and all eternal things are done with for the day; and we are sorry to reflect that, little as J. T. de Saint Germain has given his thoughts to spiritual things, there are but few who have done more.

This is the religious side of a French Sunday—that "Truce of God" which is the precious heritage of

man. And how can we help feeling, as we consider the so-called worshipper, that such religion is vain? How can we help sighing over the darkness which broods over men's souls in relation to their heavenly privileges? How can we refrain from earnestly exhorting our readers to resist, by all means, the introduction among us of the hollow phantom of a Sunday, which has been shown to us?

We shall shortly return to this subject.

RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.

JOHN THE BAPTIST was declared by our Saviour to have had no superior among them that are born of women. His greatness lay in his being the first to talk about Jesus: in his being specially commissioned to do this. "Behold," he said, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." And he went on in a very simple way to speak of Christ's superiority to himself, his previous existence, his baptism of the Holy Ghost; for John was witness to this, and testified that Jesus is the Son of God.

John's disciples were very much interested in these simple statements, and they followed Jesus. After stopping with him that day, these two listeners to his words went in pursuit of others. Andrew found his own brother Simon, and told him that he had found the Messiah. Philip found Nathanael, and told him the same story. And so the story of Jesus was communicated from one to another. There were a great many listeners, it seemed, and interested listeners, too. There are a great many to-day.

It is wonderful what a mystery wise men will make of the story of Jesus, and how to get a hearing for it.

"Very difficult! very difficult, indeed," says one; "it's easy to talk on any common subject, but very hard to talk about religion."

To be sure it is; religion, as you name it, is a system of philosophy in the hands of a monk, or of an inquisitor-general, or a dry theology in the mouth of a metaphysician. By all means let us drop it, and talk of Christ, and what he can do, has done, and is willing now to do, for a human soul. It is the easiest thing in the world for a simple, unpretending disciple of Christ to talk of his Master, and it is one of the most interesting things to hear him. Such a disciple's love is contagious. There is no assumption of greatness; no pretentious language, no threatening of a war of words, to provoke opposition and retaliation.

"Ah!" I hear you say, "such statements are easily made, but you can't change the fact, that what you recommend is very, very difficult."

That is true, my friend; I can't change the fact that some disciples find it very difficult; nor can I overcome that difficulty; but our Lord has the power, and that power he will give to such as really desire it; and by such I mean those who care enough for it to be willing to make any necessary exertion, and to endure any necessary sacrifice. It may prepare the way for doing and for suffering, if we point out the needs be for exertion, and the incidental exposure to suffering.

A man can make nothing of suitable conversation about Jesus, who is unwilling that his whole soul shall be roused to meet the demand put by the Holy Ghost into the mouth of Paul: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your

bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service; and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." The man who is not disposed to find the will of God good, acceptable, and every way perfect—who cannot say, "I delight to do thy will, O God; yea, thy law is within my heart"—cannot make very much even of talk about Jesus. The first demand, and indispensable necessity, too, is for self-sacrifice. Jesus must reign in man's soul before the man can know him, and the man must know him before he can talk about him.

But to know Jesus a man must drink of his cup, and be baptized with his baptism. Jesus has promised to send the Holy Ghost to educate him, and his tuition includes the cup and the baptism. Every disciple has a suspicion—a glimmering, or it may be more—of this; and, alas! when the threatened cup comes to the lips, almost all of the disciples forsake him and fly.

You can't believe this; you can't see it so?

Perhaps I can assist you to see it. Listen to Jesus. "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." What do you say to this?

"Oh, if I were only a capable preacher, I should rejoice to do so."

But Christ was not speaking to capable preachers; quite otherwise. He was speaking to the rank and file of the Gospel army; and he bade them all go.

"But you surely do not mean to deny that our circumstances are very different from theirs; and that a competent preacher now needs a very different, and a much more elaborate education?"

I don't mean to deny anything that is true. But as Jesus was not speaking to ordained and highly educated men, no more am I. I am but echoing his command. "Go! go one, go all, and speak for and of your Master; go now." Deliver your message without elaboration, simply, earnestly, affectionately, as one filled with the love of the Master. Have you any doubt of willing and attentive ears? I don't believe you have. Why, then, do you not go and talk of Jesus to all within your reach?

"Oh, I haven't the gift. It's a rare gift, and I never possessed it."

Did you ever acquire any language without grappling with the alphabet, monosyllables, dissyllables, and polysyllables? Have you ever strengthened any of your muscles by total disuse?

"Oh, but I have made some efforts in conversation; enough to satisfy me that that is not my line. My forte lies in the carefully-prepared written production. It is a great matter—this matter of religion; a very serious matter indeed. I would not trust myself to give utterance to my sentiments in a crude and indigested form. If I am ever to do anything to save the souls of men, I must hold my mind free from exciting circumstances, and guard against those unexpected surprises to which all free speech, and particularly colloquial speech, is liable."

In short, you think it best to keep within your entrenchments, and fight from these. Rifled cannon of very long range are your favourite weapons, it would seem. And you will, I have no doubt, find your experience foreshadowed in that of our military men, who report that an immense number of such shots hit nothing but the earth. No, my dear friend, you deceive yourself. I care not what your gifts may or

may not be; if you do not and will not take the necessary pains to cultivate the precious power of conversation, you must be prepared some day to face the painful discovery that you buried at least one talent for which you must account to God, because you were either indolent or ashamed of Jesus. Be not deceived. Pretexts for avoiding this cross to self-love come to us in forms so plausible as to deceive the very elect. The devil arrays these excuses in garments of light; for he knows well the power of close, friendly, personal conversation, and fears it far more than he fears the influence of most sermons. A plea for Jesus, enforced by all the pathos of a warm-hearted love to God and man, is something which he finds it very difficult to arrest; and he therefore does all in his power to multiply and to exaggerate hindrances to the performance of this duty. In every one of our congregations there may be found at all times persons who are willing, and even hoping, to be spoken with about Jesus—about his tender interest in their souls, his desire for their regeneration, and his willingness to take them into his service, and pay them glorious wages.

Reader, are you doing what you can? Do not say, "I am not a clergyman; this is the peculiar province of a clergyman." If you are a disciple, if you have heard of Jesus and believed on him, you have been adopted into his family. You have become his servant; you are made a minister; you are commissioned by our Lord himself to talk of him. A disciple is a learner; and our Lord's school is the great original of the "mutual system." As a learner you are required to be also a teacher. The unalterable condition and requirement of his school is, teach what you learn as fast as you learn it, and you shall be advanced daily and hourly.

Do not say, "I am a preacher, and the expectations of the people, now-a-days, are such that it is impossible for me to find time for much conversation. The weekly discourses expected of me leave me no such time. I am always to be found in my study at proper hours, and those who desire conversation should come to me." There is not a question that you sincerely desire to convert and instruct your people; the simple question is, will preaching only do it? And as to their expectations from the pulpit, let them be taught that "one is your Master, even Christ," and that all other expectations must be subordinated to the Master's; and his expectation is, that you will find the lost lambs and sheep, and bring them to Him. Serve a written notice, if you will, on all you find within the church walls. If they respond to the summons, so far so good; but are there not many in your parish of whom, if not sought elsewhere, you would be obliged to make return "not found?" Do not allow yourself even to attempt to make out a valid excuse and exemption from this duty and privilege. Suppose you should succeed in persuading yourself and others that you have not the privilege of doing much, or anything at all, in the use of religious conversation; what will you have done? Nay, go farther, and suppose that you obtain exemption from the Lord; what then? Why then you will have obtained permission to prefer your will to His; you will have received "your request, and leanness into your soul;" the best portion of your Lord's vineyard in your soul, the flower-garden of the heart, will be uncultivated; you will have no community of experience with our Lord in those yearnings

of soul which are prompted by an intimate acquaintance with the interior life of his lambs and sheep; it will never be said of you, as it should be said of every faithful shepherd, "When he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice."

The truth is, self-love entices most of us to avoid faithful religious conversation. We would be on friendly terms with all; they may like us less if we venture on this. "What will they think of me!" we exclaim. No matter what they "think of me;" the question of real moment is, what will they think of Jesus? And the prayer of no less importance is, Lord strengthen me to speak for thee, and give me grace to speak wisely. Holy Ghost, dwelling in me, show me the things of Christ, so that I may hold them up to this immortal soul.

Scripture Illustrations.

(Acts viii. 1-26.)

CHAPTER viii. 1. "The regions of Judea and Samaria." At that time Palestine to the west of Jordan was divided into three provinces: Judea in the south, Samaria in the centre, and Galilee in the north. The persecution which arose upon the death of Stephen scattered the disciples first of all into the two provinces nearest to Jerusalem. We shall soon find, however, that they went much further—to Phœnicia, Cyprus, and Syria. The Apostles still remained at Jerusalem, where they resolved to continue in the interests of the Gospel, and where a gracious Providence preserved them.

Verse 5. Among those who fled from Jerusalem was Philip, who was one of the seven deacons whose appointment is recorded in chap. vi. 5. He went to the city of Samaria, according to our translation; but we are told that the city of Samaria was at that time destroyed; and on turning to the Greek, we find that it simply has "a city of Samaria," and hence it is supposed that some other city is meant. Samaria was built by Omri (1 Kings xvi. 24; 2 Kings xvii. 5, 6), and was for many years the royal residence of the kings of Israel. According to Josephus, the city was utterly destroyed by Hyrcanus, after a siege which lasted a whole year. Before long it was restored by Pompey, and afterwards greatly improved by Herod, who called it Sebaste, in honour of the emperor Augustus. This being the case, there is no reason to think that Samaria itself is not meant; for notwithstanding its new name, it would be popularly called the same as before. It is interesting to know that the Church which was planted at Samaria existed for a long time. One or more bishops from Samaria attended the council of Nicea in A.D. 325. Another was at the council of Constantinople in A.D. 381. One of its bishops also attended a council at Jerusalem in A.D. 536. In the following century the Saracens took the city, and we hear but little more of it until the Crusades, when it was taken by the Christians, and made the seat of a Latin bishop. The name of the place now is Sebastieh. Lord Nugent says, "The view of this town is strikingly picturesque. It rises on the other side of a valley and a broken bridge which partly crosses a stream rushing by the foot of the steep hill, once the Acropolis, now crowned by the stately ruin of a fane dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and, as tradition

says, his place of burial. . . . The lower town, or rather village, as it now is, for it consists of but a few poor houses, built generally of the stones of what were probably large edifices destroyed, is in a grove of old olive, sycamores, and karubs, with here and there gardens, and between them an undergrowth of wild flowering shrubs."

Ver. 9. "Simon, which beforetime in the same city used sorcery, and bewitched the people of Samaria." The word "bewitched" in this verse, and again in the eleventh, is not a very eligible translation. The only idea conveyed by the Greek word is that he astonished or confounded them. To show that it is so, we need only observe that in ver. 13 Simon is said to have "wondered;" the very same word which has been translated "bewitched" in verses 9 and 11. Simon made the people wonder at what he did; and he in turn wondered at what the Apostles did. This man became very famous in the early history of the Church, and extraordinary stories are told of him. They say that after Peter's rebuke of him, as recorded lower down, he became an open adversary of the Apostles, and by his magical tricks persuaded many to believe in him. We are told that he went to Rome, and became so popular that a statue was erected to his memory. At Rome, it is reported that he met with St. Peter again, and opposed him both by his words and his pretended miracles. The Apostle, it is affirmed, entirely defeated him. We cannot go into all the strange stories which are told of Simon. It appears, however, that he founded an heretical sect, which lasted for a number of years; because Origen, two centuries after Christ, expresses the opinion that the sect of Simon was reduced to not more than thirty persons. What Origen says is this:—"And Simon, the Samaritan magian, wished to deceive some by his magic, and for a time he deceived them; but now I think you cannot find thirty Simonians in all the world, and, perhaps, I have named more than there are. There are a very few in Palestine; but in the rest of the world his name is nowhere honoured as he desired; and he is only known from the Acts of the Apostles." Simon was, perhaps, the father and founder of the Gnostic heresy, and endeavoured to connect his doctrines and pretended miracles with the name of Christ. Professed sorcerers were at that time common enough, and always have been common wherever the pure principles of the Gospel have not been preached. Science without the Gospel will not put an end to superstitions and delusions.

Ver. 10. The Samaritans gave heed to Simon, and said he was the great power of God. There is a curious history of one Apollonius of Tyana, who is said to have lived at the same time as Simon, and whose life contains the record of many pretended miracles, and of many declarations like that of the Samaritans: "This man is the great power of God." Jerome leads us to believe that Simon encouraged these impious praises, by saying, "I am the word of God; I am the Paraclete; I am the Almighty; I am the all of God!" At a much earlier period than Jerome, Justin Martyr wrote, that after the departure of Christ to heaven, the devils put forth certain men who called themselves gods. He then goes on to mention Simon as one who performed marvellous deeds by magic at Rome, and was thought to be a god, and was honoured with a statue as a god. Simon, he says, was attended by a woman named

Helena, who shared in his honour. The same account is given by Irenæus and by Eusebius, the Church historian. Eusebius adds a remark so curious that we cannot resist the inducement to copy it, and ask our Romish friends what they think of it. "This Simon," he says, "we learn to have been the first author of all heresies, and they that from time to time hold this heresy to the present day,—feigning through purity of life the chaste philosophy of Christians renowned among all men,—put in use again the pestilent superstition of pictures, from the which they seemed once to be free, falling prostrate before the pictures and carved images of Simon and his Helena, worshipping them with incense, and sacrifices, and sweet odours." From this it is very clear that Eusebius considered the worship of pictures and images to be idolatrous.

Ver. 13. "Simon himself believed also." Many of the followers of Simon had already been converted, and either for the sake of regaining his influence over them, or from a momentary impulse and feeling that the Gospel was true, Simon himself made a profession of faith, and was baptised. It is very likely that he was persuaded of the truth of the Gospel, but his faith was unaccompanied by that repentance for sin, and that love of God, which alone could make it worthy of the name. The example of Simon reminds us very forcibly of those terrible words of the Apostle James:—"The devils also believe and tremble." Philip does not appear to have been endowed with that "discernment of spirits" which would have enabled him at once to detect the true state of the professed convert's heart. We may learn from this case that a man may believe, may be baptised, may attend the ministry of an apostolic preacher, and may wonder at the miracles he sees, and yet remain unconverted. What depths of depravity there may be in the human heart! What a call to us to examine ourselves whether we be in the faith!

Ver. 16. "For as yet he was fallen upon none of them." That is to say, none of those who professed the Gospel among the Samaritans had received the miraculous gifts of the Spirit. The Apostles had heard of the good work, and sent Peter and John from Jerusalem to see what was done. In answer to their prayers, the gifts of the Spirit were bestowed upon the laying on of hands. This was clearly not the case with all, for Simon was an exception. What he saw excited his cupidity, and he offered money for the heavenly gift, and for the power to confer it upon others. He was at once rebuked with all fidelity by Peter. Whether his request for the Apostles' prayers was sincere we cannot say; but it is evident that he fell into great and grievous errors. From this time he disappears from the inspired narrative.

Ver. 26. Gaza was an ancient city of the Philistines near the Mediterranean, and not far from the borders of Judea. The place was destroyed in A.D. 65, during an insurrection of the Jews. There is still a town upon the site, called Ghuzzeh, situated on a low round hill in a plain. The houses are numerous, and wholly built of mud, or unburnt bricks. No vestiges of its ancient walls and strength remain, and scarcely any of its old ruins can be seen. A Christian Church was formed at Gaza at an early period. There is a tradition that Philemon was its first bishop. Anyhow, several Christians of Gaza suffered martyrdom under Diocletian; a bishop of

Gaza attended the Nicene council; and others are referred to afterwards, as in the council of Jerusalem, in A.D. 536. Side by side with Christianity, Gaza for a long time cherished idolatrous practices; but both alike fell under the Saracen invaders in A.D. 634. The Crusaders found it a ruin and deserted; but they erected a fortress there, and it has continued inhabited ever since.

The "desert" referred to is supposed by Dr. Robinson to refer to the road between Gaza and Jerusalem, which passed through the desert, or region without villages, as is the case at the present day. To this locality Philip was directed by a heavenly messenger—an angel of the Lord; and from what follows, we may readily believe that the results of his journey were sufficiently important to account for the remarkable intervention in question. Inasmuch, however, as the circumstances connected with the conversion of the Ethiopian offer several points which require explanation, we will reserve their consideration for our next chapter of illustrations.

In the meantime, we may observe in how wonderful a manner the Lord promoted the interests of his rising Church. He suffered persecution to arise; but he overruled it to the scattering of the good seed of the kingdom. He permitted Simon the sorcerer to exhibit his wondrous skill; but he brought upon his head confusion and shame, and extorted from him the acknowledgment that the Gospel was true. He honoured in every way the name of Jesus, and we shall now find that the good news is to be carried far away into Africa by a convert from Ethiopia.

Eminent Christians.

REV. SAMUEL WALKER, OF TRURO.

THIS distinguished ornament of the Church of England, born at Exeter, Dec. 16, 1714, was grandson of Sir Thomas Walker, and, on his mother's side, great grandson of the celebrated Bishop Hall. The education of Samuel Walker was commenced at the Exeter Grammar-school, from which place he removed to the University of Oxford. At the age of twenty-four he visited the Continent, and returned to England in 1740, after which he became curate of Lanliver, in Cornwall. While there his character has been represented as every way estimable. His habits were regular and becoming; he was diligent in preaching and catechising; and he never neglected the visiting of his parishioners, for whose eternal welfare he was deeply anxious. When, in 1744, he was laid prostrate by a violent attack of fever, he dictated a letter which, in case of his death, he desired might be placed in the hands of such as his public preaching and private exhortations had failed to move. Great, however, as was his zeal, it does not appear that either his views or his motives were of the highest order, and after his removal to Truro he made this discovery.

Mr. Walker was conversing with some of his friends on the nature and effects of justifying and saving faith, when he began to suspect himself a stranger to it. The impression he thus received led him to apply himself, with much diligence and prayer, to the study of the Word of God. Nor was it long before he perceived that he had been living in ignorance of its true sense and power; that he had not properly cared either for his own soul or that of others;

and that he had been formal and selfish in his movements. More than this, he found that he had not known the depth of human depravity, the plague of man's heart, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the true remedy provided by heavenly grace. To make this matter plainer, we will quote a portion of his own words, in which he makes it apparent how near a man may come to the kingdom of heaven and not enter in. He says, "I look back upon those days of blindness, and plainly see that while I kept to an external, customary decency, and in some sense regularity, I was influenced by and acted upon two hidden principles, as contrary to God as darkness is to light—the one, a prevailing desire of reputation, and being esteemed, which went through all I did, followed me into all companies, dictated all I said, led me to compliances often in direct opposition to conscience, made me above all things fearful of being little thought of, directed all my sermons both in writing and speaking them, and in short swayed my whole life, till I hope the few latter years of it."

No doubt there are many who quite understand what a share this desire of reputation is, and how obstinately men will allow themselves to be led blindfold under its influence. This was Mr. Walker's easily besetting sin, or rather, the chief of his easily besetting sins; the other, he tells us, was "a desire of pleasure, which rendered me slothful, indolent, restless out of company, eager after amusements, &c. But this was so subordinate to the other, that I was always best delighted with such entertainments as gave me opportunity of setting off any excellence I might seem to have, such as music and dancing." Such was his condition, and he confesses that by these two the strong man kept the palace of his heart, and all was peace; and so absolute was the bondage, that he did not recollect having the least suspicion of being out of the way. He had kept from gross sins, he had been strict in his duties, and he had tried to make others so too; but there his religion ended.

A happy change at length came over him. The love of pleasure gradually decayed in him, but he had not yet attained to clear conceptions of the spiritual nature of religion. He was satisfied with himself and with his flock so long as external duties were observed, but he neither knew nor taught the salvation that is in Christ, the way of holiness. He had, of course, been told or had read of the corruption, misery, and helplessness of man; of the satisfaction and sufficiency of Christ; of the need of the new birth and of the work of the Spirit; but these great truths had no place in his heart. The conversation we have alluded to was the means of opening his eyes, and he gradually passed from death unto life, and to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. If any man could say with sincerity, he could say—

"No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

"Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross."

The inward change wrought by grace soon led to a change in his preaching, and not only did he now speak in a different manner, he spoke on other subjects than he had done. Now his hearers were winners, in danger of perishing through formality and self-

righteousness, and he proclaimed salvation to them only through faith in the blood of Christ. God honoured this preaching, in the effects it produced. Some were surprised and indignant, but not without a secret fear that he was right, and with a curiosity to hear more of this matter. Before long, persons began to come to Mr. Walker, asking what they must do to be saved. The number of such inquirers increased, and he devoted his evenings to their instruction. Many of these were savingly converted. There were then none of those popular means of instruction and improvement which are now so common. It was, therefore, a great work which the curate of Truro had to do. But he proceeded with it, and among other things gave two hours every Sunday evening to catechising at certain seasons of the year. In the summer time he had what was called a catechetical lecture every Thursday, and by such means he supplied the lack of those Bible-classes and Sunday-schools which are now providentially everywhere to be found. Not content with all the personal and collective teachings and exhortations of the sanctuary, towards the close of his life he instituted a true Bible-class twice a week in his own room. This meeting was attended by a considerable number of young persons who had been awakened to feel concern for their souls, and doubtless they profited greatly by his instructions.

Such constancy in labour was not then so often met with as it is now, but, however unfashionable, it was persevered in until Mr. Walker's health gave way. His house was continually resorted to by strangers as well as parishioners, to seek for counsel and spiritual instruction and comfort. The consequence of this complete absorption was, that he had but little time for general reading, and the Bible became almost the only book he studied. That he did study, and it was, by Divine grace, not merely a lamp to his own feet, but a light in his hands unto others. He became so much attached to his Truro flock, that he gave up a living elsewhere which had been presented to him, and preferred to remain in straitened circumstances and a humble dwelling. To show how great his energy and spiritual power, it may be noticed that, of a regiment of soldiers stationed for a short time at Truro, about a hundred were led to feel anxious for their salvation. He laboured incessantly among them, and his exertions were blessed to the outward improvement of the regiment at large. Yet Mr. Walker was not fanatically inclined. He reproved all neglect of proper business and domestic concerns under the plea of attending more fully to religious exercises. Earnest and heart-searching, as his memoirs and remains testify, he strove to discourage irregularity and extravagance in religious matters.

The failure of his health, in April, 1760, took him from the service of the sanctuary and the Church. He was invited to try the effect of change of air and the best medical advice, first at Blackheath, and then at Bristol. At both these places he was frequently visited by persons who wished to have conversation with him; and in this way, as well as by writing letters, he sought to benefit the souls of men.

As for himself, his mind was at peace; he knew whom he had believed, and though he felt there was no hope of his recovery, he was fully resigned. He was more than resigned, he was triumphant. His faith in the Gospel he had for some years preached was unshaken. "The near." I advance toward eternity," he said, "the more I am confirmed in the

truth of the doctrines I have preached and published. I am sure they will stand the test of the last day." Three days before he died he seemed to be dozing, but suddenly starting up, he exclaimed to his attendant, "I have been upon the wings of the cherubim. Heaven has, in a manner, been opened to me. I shall soon be there myself, and am only sorry I cannot take you with me." On the following day, he said to a friend, "Oh, my friend, had I strength, I could tell you such news as would rejoice your very soul; I have had such views of heaven, but I am not able to say more." He died on Sunday, July 19, 1761, at Blackheath, and passed to the enjoyment of the eternal Sabbath in that world where the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick."

The only published works of Mr. Walker are sermons and lectures, which are still prized by those who appreciate sound, evangelical doctrine, set forth in the spirit of one who knew so well the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Editor and his Friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH G. S., C. T. R., J. F., J. G., W. B. H., W. T., C. C., A. J.

CHAPTER IV.

P. Is it possible for the heathen to be saved who have never heard the Gospel?

E. This inquiry does not belong to us; the point that relates to us is, What are we doing by our exertions, or contributions, or prayers, for the spread of the Gospel among the heathen? The inquiry is very often a device on the part of Satan, in order to divert the thoughts from matters that concern our own eternal welfare, by leading us to speculate upon the future condition of the heathen. To their own Master they stand or fall. We may ask, Shall not the Judge of the whole earth do right, even if the uninstructed heathen be tested by a code different from our own? The monarch of these realms has subjects dwelling, some in Scotland, and others in Hindostan; they are alike ruled by royal laws, and are alike equitably governed; but the laws that govern men in Scotland do not prevail in Hindostan, and yet the allegiance of the subject of the north and the allegiance of the subject dwelling in the east are equally preserved. The question that concerns us to investigate is not what may be the lot of the heathen in lands where the Gospel is unknown; but what will be our condition dwelling in a country where the truths of the Gospel are daily proclaimed?

P. How can we reconcile God's sovereignty and man's free agency?

E. God calls upon us to believe separate truths, but he does not call upon us to reconcile them. We have nothing to do with the adjustment of these difficulties. In machinery the wheels move in opposite directions, and by moving in apparent opposition the desired effect is produced. The subject of God's sovereignty transcends our comprehension. If a child were to peep through a key-hole into a room fitted with complicated machinery, he would have a better knowledge of the conflicting movements than we can have of God's mysterious dealings. Submission to the Divine teaching is our highest wisdom; and the Christian man is not well taught who seeks to be wise above that which is written, or who attempts to fathom the Divine decrees.

P. I do not understand the genealogies mentioned in Scripture; I cannot explain many difficult parts.

E. They can be explained, but it is not necessary that you should explain them. All parts of the inspired

word are useful, but all are not equally useful for spiritual edification; therefore, the man of little reading, and of little leisure, may safely leave these difficulties to be adjusted by others.—1 Tim. i. 4.

F. Who was David's mother?

E. Women's names are rarely given in the Scriptures, and to know who was the wife of Jesse might gratify curiosity, but could confer no benefit on the inquirer.

F. "This generation shall not pass away;" does it mean the race of men then living?

E. No. This *dispensation*, and, as the words were uttered by our Lord, we understand the term to denote the *Gospel dispensation*; that which commenced at the birth of Christ and still continues.

F. We read that the feast of the Passover was kept at night between the evenings; when could that be?

E. Between the evenings would be at the time of the termination of one day and the beginning of the next. If the day terminated at six o'clock, any transaction that was commenced before six, and did not end until after six, would occupy a portion of both evenings.

F. Please to explain to me the phrase, "The bed is shorter than a man can stretch himself upon it."

E. It is a proverbial mode of speech, to denote that the devices employed by the people would not secure them the object they sought to attain, any more than comfort can be found in a place unfitted for repose.

F. What was Paul's thorn in the flesh?

E. We cannot tell. It was some bodily affliction appointed in mercy, lest the Apostle should become elated by the wonderful communications which God had made to him, and the unutterably glorious scenes which he had been permitted to behold. Some persons think it was his sight, but others think it was an impediment in his speech. If this were "the thorn in the flesh" of which the Apostle speaks, it must have been an affliction of intense bitterness to one who was gifted with powers of eloquence, who had been a scholar at the renowned schools of Tarsus, who had studied the poetic writings and the orations of Greece and of Rome, and who could address the men on Mars Hill with the accuracy of Demosthenes, and who was called upon to plead before august tribunals, and to reason with men who were the most profound admirers of oratory, and the most highly competent judges the world had ever seen.

F. "Let us make man in our image;" to whom do the pronouns *us* and *our* refer?

E. The pronouns *us* and *our* refer to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; the three persons of the Sacred Trinity.

F. "My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons:" may we not take away the comma after brethren?

E. By so doing, the Scriptures would assert that which is untrue. The words are an apostolic injunction, a prohibition of something wrong, and not a description of a state of things that actually exist. It is a command which Christian men ought to obey, but which is sometimes regarded and is sometimes unheeded, and, therefore, even among Christians there is need of the comma.

F. J. S. R. seeks for an answer.

E. The question might lead to controversy.

F. For what heresy was Bishop Nestorius deposed?

E. Men had fallen into the custom of speaking of the Virgin Mary as "the mother of God;" Nestorius denied the propriety of this appellation, and maintained that the Virgin was "the mother of Christ," and not the "mother of God;" that is, mother of Christ's human nature, but not of his Divine nature. His opponents erroneously supposed that he intended thereby to deny the divinity of Christ, which was far from the true state of the case; therefore, the bishop suffered persecution, not on account of heretical opinions held in reality by

him or by his followers, but on account of his words not being fairly understood. The Nestorians are distinguished for their zeal in opposing error, and also for the comparative purity of their creed, when contrasted with other branches of the Eastern Church.

No. 283.—E. S.—"And when Abram heard that his brother was taken captive, he armed his trained servants, born in his own house, three hundred and eighteen."—IS THERE NOT SOME ERROR IN THE NUMBER OF PERSONS HERE SPOKEN OF AS SERVANTS OF THE PATRIARCH?

We have no reason to imagine that there is any error. The number of servants may appear large to us, more especially when we learn that they were born in his own house. To understand passages like these, we must lay aside our preconceived ideas derived from the customs prevalent among ourselves; and we must picture to the mind the time *when* and the country *where* the circumstance is said to have occurred.

A traveller familiar with the manners of the East, and the modes of living adopted by Orientalists, tells us that many of the Hindoo gentlemen residing in Ceylon possessed a large number of servants, who were all born on their own estates. He mentions the name of one landed proprietor whose servants born in his own house amounted to more than three times the number possessed by Abram. This Hindoo master had nearly one thousand servants. Not that they always worked for him, or were entirely dependent upon him; they were many of them the descendants of the older servants, and they were in fact the vassals of their lord. His friends were their friends, and his foes were their foes.

No. 284.—G. C.—"Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?"—Matt. xi. 3. WHY DID JOHN ASK THIS QUESTION?

The words "he that should come"—or, rather, "he that cometh"—was the mode by which the Jews designated the expected Messiah; and as John the Baptist could not be in ignorance upon this point, we may presume that the disciples were sent to Jesus, and the inquiry made, in order to excite attention, and to produce a conviction in men's minds that he whom John pointed out as the "Lamb of God" was indeed the promised Messiah.

No. 285.—NEMO.—WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE WORD "SELAH," WHICH OCCURS SO OFTEN IN THE PSALMS?

This word occurs in Scripture seventy-seven times—seventy-four times in the Book of Psalms, and three times in the Book of Habakkuk. It is thought to be a contracted form for the sentence, "Exalt ye the Lord," and therefore it is almost equivalent to the word "Hallelujah"—that is, "Praise ye the Lord." The word "Selah" is affixed to hymns of praise, and denotes that all who use this song of praise are to exalt the Lord their God, and, in the language of adoration, to magnify the name, the nature, the perfections, the excellencies, and the works of Jehovah, as the only true God; and in this holy exercise of praise the Church on earth are fellow-worshippers with the Church in heaven. The Church militant and the Church triumphant form, in an especial manner, one "communion of saints," when their language is praise.

No. 286.—J. P. W.—WHAT ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND BY JOHN XVII. 9—12?

Christ first prays for the believers of that day; then he prays for the apostles; and, in the 20th verse, he offers up his prayer on behalf of all, to the end of time, who shall believe on his name. Christ's prayer and Christ's promises do not bless men while continuing in

impenitence and unbelief; but they will extend to a rising thought, and to a feeble desire, if that thought pertain to Christ, and that desire tend to penitence and faith in Christ; and to such it follows, as the result of the Redeemer's prayer, that God despoth not even the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful.

No. 287.—G. N. H. (South Shields).—"And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."—Matt. xix. 28.

"There is," says Bishop Porteus, "an allusion here to the custom of princes having their great men ranged around them as assessors, when they sit in council or in judgment."

An able writer upon theology gives this interpretation to the passage:—

"At the end of the present dispensation, Christ will again appear, and at his second coming he will take possession of his throne as the Son of man (the spiritual David), and he will reign on this earth for a thousand years (probably prophetic years—a day for a year, and 360 days for a year). Then the twelve will sit on twelve thrones, as Christ's assessors."

This important event in the Church's history is spoken of under various terms—as "the restitution of all things;" as "the redemption of the purchased possession;" as "the regeneration;" and as the period of the millennium mentioned in the book of the Revelation to St. John, wherein it is said of the saints of the Most High, that they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.—Rev. ix. 4.

It is said by persons familiar with Rabbinical writings, that the Jews divided the history of their Church and nation into three periods, which they designated by the terms "generation," or "dispensation," namely—the Patriarchal, the Levitical (or Mosaic), and the dispensation that marked the coming of the Messiah.

Youths' Department.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.—PART VIII.

"Now, friend Herbert—thou worthy namesake of a right worthy man—if thou art in marching mood, I have a delightful stroll in view for thee and me. What sayest thou?"

"I am at your service, sir; and although I could not—like an old officer my father often mentions—get ready for India in twenty minutes, I can be ready for you in two."

After making three or four friendly calls among the villagers—saying a kind thing to one, giving some good advice to another, shaking hands with a third, and dropping a sixpence into a child's lap for something well done—we started for the high road.

"At the end of this road," said my uncle, "there is a bridge, and beyond it an extensive prospect, which will richly repay you for the trouble of walking there, if you have any taste for scenery." So saying, he hastened on. As we crossed the bridge, we found a fine boy performing all kinds of perilous antics on the battlement of the bridge. Seeing us, he scrambled down with amazing agility, and sat on one of the stone seats in the recess of the bridge, and a conversation took place.

"My boy, did you not come from the neighbourhood of the Lakes?"

"Yes, sir; father lived there for many years."

"Did you ever hear of Bishop Watson?"

"Yes, sir; I have heard father talk of him, because

our cottage was on his farm, and people used to say he was a mighty 'cute man."

"Then, listen to me, and I will tell you what that 'cute' man once said to a boy who was one day doing foolish things, as you were doing just now. 'My boy,' said the bishop, 'never risk your life where there is neither honour nor profit to be gained, and where duty does not call you.' Think of what your father's landlord said, and be a wise boy. Here is sixpence for you; now, get up, and be off to play."

The boy was out of sight in a moment, and my uncle said, "I dare say you think I am rewarding the boy for his clever mischief. No; I forgave the mischief, and made the gift to encourage future good behaviour, for I fancy that few persons are improved by scolding; and I remember what good Bishop Ryder used to maintain, that 'kindness is the golden key to the human heart.' When I again meet that lad, I shall have a power over him which chiding and chastising could never produce. When you saw that youth's dangerous frolics, I have no doubt you regarded him as second cousin to a monkey, whilst I looked upon him as first cousin to an admiral. All those dangerous freaks, so cleverly done, arose from exuberance of spirits, and these restless, daring spirits are the very materials out of which our fearless soldiers and sailors are made. Half the mischief that is practised is merely energy misapplied, and only requires a wise direction to become a benefit to its possessor. This energy is like dirt, and there is nothing in the world so good as dirt, if you only find it in the right place—it all depends upon where it is found. If you find dirt in the mouth of a harbour, it impedes commerce; if you meet with it in the streets, it renders them intolerable; if you meet with it in the house, it destroys health and banishes comfort; but if you take this said dirt and scatter it over your fields and gardens, then it is gold-dust, in another form. So with high spirits and energy: only seek for them a right outlet, and great success is the result."

Walking and listening I found very pleasant; and I had, thank God, sense enough, though young, to know that what was said to others might be useful to myself, and, being of a thoughtful turn of mind, I enjoyed my uncle's quaint but pithy remarks.

Just as we passed the bridge, we came to a common, on which children were sporting with an abundance of merriment and a full proportion of noise. At one corner there was a cluster of trees, and a grass mound made, to serve as a seat for the passer-by; and on it, to enjoy the shade, sat a man about eight-and-thirty years of age. As he arose to speak—he supported himself on crutches—the rector stopped, and said—

"How are you, my friend, to-day?"

"Oh, sir, I am as usual; much to be thankful for; but I am sadly afflicted."

My uncle, fixing his eyes upon him, and pausing for a moment, said—

"Beckley, you use too many words."

"Do I, sir?"

"Yes, friend, you do; but sit down."

"No, thank ye, sir."

"Sit down, or I cannot speak to you. You used two words, just now, instead of one: you are afflicted, but not sadly. I cannot say sadly for you, when I recollect the sort of man you were ten years ago and the man I believe you to be now. I should say afflicted, but blessedly afflicted. Beckley, there was in you a great deal of evil to be knocked out, and God, in his goodness, gave you two great blows."

"No, sir; only one tree fell upon me, but that nearly killed me; but it was only one blow, sir."

"My friend, God in mercy gave you two blows: one by the falling of the tree, which crushed your body; and the other by the hammer of his Word, which broke your heart, and made a man of you; before that you

were a drunkard, and a drunkard is a disgrace to his race, and not worthy to be called a man—indeed, when liquor prevails, he lays aside the man and takes up the demon. I dare say you have heard people say, 'Don't make Satan worse than he is.' If that means that you are to do no injustice to any one—be it stranger, friend, or foe—of course, it is a right sentiment; but if it were possible to make Satan worse than he is—who has nothing that is good in him—I would say, it must be by adding drunkenness to his other vices, and thus making him, if such could be, more ready and eager for every kind of iniquity. By God's grace your affliction has saved you. It is only sanctified affliction that blesses. You have seen bricks made, and therefore let me tell you that the fire which melts the gold will only harden clay."

"That's very true, sir; and when I think of the past, I often say to myself, 'If I am not what I wish to be, I think God I am not what I was; and if I am obliged to own, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray,' I hope I can say, 'But now have I kept thy word.'"

"I think you can. I want you to deliver a message for me, for I wish to make you useful."

"That I will, sir, with all my heart, if I can only get there."

"Then it is easily done, for it is your heart I want; and you are at the place already. I think you often sit here?"

"Yes, sir, mostly every day, like."

"And often poor distressed creatures stop to chat a bit with you. Well, tell them from me what a blessing your trouble has been to you; and when they sigh, and talk of their sad afflictions, tell them there is a greater affliction, and that is, to live an ungodly life. Yes, my friend, the greatest misfortune in life is to know no sorrow, and to live without God in the world. Then tell them what you did in your day of trial, and show how God, in his mercy, turned your sorrows into joy. I shall see you again soon, and mind, if you want anything, you know the way to the rectory; and I will tell you something, for your comfort, that perhaps you may not know: you have found the way not only to the rector's house, but also to the rector's heart, because you have shown yourself for years past to be a humble, penitent, prayerful man; taking God at his word, and that, you know, is faith, and being willing to say, 'Not my will, but thine be done,' and that's obedience; and faith and obedience form a large portion of the Gospel. I have another little work for you. When you get home, and have your well-read Bible before you, find this passage for me, and tell me where it is the next time you see me—'We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.'"

As the worthy divine bustled off, I heard the poor cripple say, in an under tone, "God bless that man;" and, young as I was, I could not help adding, "So say I."

"I am pleased," said the rector, "to see the worthy old man look so well. It is a miracle that he is living at this day."

"Sir," said the medical attendant to me, "he ought to have died."

"What did he mean?"

"It was merely his singular mode of saying that the poor man's disaster was so severe that, in the ordinary course of events, he could not survive."

This led me to mention the name of a gentleman known to both my father and my uncle, and I added, "He appears to be one of those men who are born to affliction. I never heard of any one who has passed through so many vicissitudes."

"He has, no doubt," said my friend, "experienced an amazing diversity of the good and the ill of life, but others have surpassed him both for the sunshine and for the shade."

"He does not think so himself. He considers himself so unfortunate, that he smilingly says, had he a monopoly to supply all London with hats, in another fortnight the fashion would change, and hats would be abhorred."

"If that is to be the result, I heartily wish our friend the monopoly; and I agree with a neighbour of mine, who says, 'When I look at a hat, and the nature of a man's head, and think of the sun, the rain, the snow, and the wind, and the blessing, when travelling by night, of a little sleep, I do maintain that the individual who first invented "hats" ought to have been prosecuted for "cruelty to animals."'

"The gentleman you mention, who deems himself so unfortunate, speaks strongly, because we are all prone to think our own hardships greater than those which our neighbours endure."

"Do you know any man who has been so rich and so poor—so befriended and so opposed?"

"Oh, yes; the very man who formerly resided in his neighbourhood is a greater instance."

"You mean Napoleon—the Emperor?"

"I do, and I should not scruple to quote the case of the present Emperor of the French as the most extraordinary instance on record of the vicissitudes of fortune. The son of a king—the nephew and godson of the man who turned the map of Europe into the map of France—adopted by the emperor, and publicly presented by him to the army—to quote the words of one of the latest of his biographers, 'Born in a palace, for a while the heir presumptive of the greatest monarch in Europe, he was afterwards thrown headlong from that high estate, and condemned, in obscurity and exile, to select for his companions tradesmen and farmers; to be to-day the companion of cardinals, popes, and kings, and to sleep to-morrow on a heap of stones in the street, in the disguise of a livery servant; to be hidden during eight days in a burning fever in the midst of Austrian troops, who were eager to take his life; to fight as a common soldier and a rebel, in the hope of overthrowing a hateful form of despotism; to have his brother die in his arms; to wander about in sickness, hunger, and dejection; to take refuge in common taverns; to tread the soil of France, as an outlaw, at the peril of his life; to organise repeated insurrections; to lie in prison; to lie in a dungeon; to write treatises on pauperism, and the sugar question; to mingle with the haughty nobles of England at a tournament; to be the president of a republic; to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him to make himself emperor, with a revenue, according to report, of £200,000 a year more than was granted to Napoleon I.—and, in addition to this, this once poor man is now thought to be the wealthiest person in Europe, as he has been certainly among the most benevolent and bountiful; to be the ally, also, on terms of equality, of the strongest Government in Europe; and, in conjunction with Great Britain, to subdue the armies of Russia, and to compel her Czar to sue for peace in that capital which, forty-two years before, on that self-same day, he had entered as a conqueror.' Possibly it would be difficult to find, at least in modern times, any instance of the diversities of fortune equal to those embodied in the wonderful life of Napoleon III. It is quite clear, therefore, from the case quoted, that your father's old companion has rivals both in adversity and in prosperity."

"My anecdote and the common both end together. New scenes await us. Come along."

(To be continued.)

We have the pleasure to acknowledge further subscriptions for the Nestorians (see THE QUIVER, Nos. 33, 35, and 43) since our last:—J. Peacock, 5s.; A. J. (a soldier of the Queen), 1s.; F. K. N. M., 2s. 6d.; A. H. H., 5s.; Mary Bagley, 10s.

Short Arrows.

REAL RELIGION.—Real religion is a living principle. Any one may make a show, and be called a Christian, and unite himself to a sect, and be admired; but for a man to enter into the sanctuary to hold secret communion with God—to retire into his closet, and transact all his affairs with an unseen Saviour—to walk with God like Enoch, and yet to smite upon his breast in the language of the publican, having no confidence in the flesh, and triumphing only in Christ Jesus;—these are the life and acts of a new creature.

AFTER DEATH.—To the truly pious, the future eternity is radiant with happiness. The elect angels cannot fall. When they leave this lower creation, they know they will leave all turmoil, all war behind them. They will be transported to a region where they will have one rich, beautiful, unruffled repose; but, nevertheless, that repose, the repose of desire, all satisfied in God, and of powers all devoted to God. Such will be their portion, as it is and will be that of cherubim and seraphim, and the innumerable throng of burning spirits that wait upon the Lord.

CITIES OF THE DEAD.—A recent visitor to the catacombs near Rome details his descent into one of them—that of St. Sebastian—and says:—"To give some idea of the vast number deposited in this city of the dead, it has been reckoned there are upwards of 170,000 bodies in the crypts of St. Sebastian only. The atmosphere is close and stifling, and smelling of earth. Not a living thing, not an insect, not even a spider, is found therein. It is, in every sense, the abode of death. Many sad narratives have been related of persons who have ventured into these passages without proper guides, and who have been hopelessly lost!"

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude. Every day brings its burden. The husband goes forth in the morning to his accustomed duties; he cannot foresee what trial he may encounter; what failure of hopes, of friendships, or of prospects, may meet him before he returns to his home; but if he can anticipate *there* the beaming and hopeful smile, and the soothing attention, he feels that his cross, whatever it may be, will be lightened, and that his domestic happiness is still secure. In woman, a good temper is of more value than brilliant endowments; and especially in that tie which, though the nearest on earth, is not one of kindred, it is assuredly the most effectual cement of affection.

ONE SIN.—If thou yield thyself to the practice of any one sin, thou art undone. In vain dost thou hope for life by Christ, except thou depart from iniquity. For-sake thy sins, or thou canst not find mercy. Thou canst not be married to Christ except divorced from sin. Give up the traitor, or you can have no peace with heaven. Thou must part with thy sins, every one of them, or with thy soul; spare but one sin, and God will not spare thee. Thy sins must die, or thou must die for them. If thou allow of one sin, though but a little, a secret one, though thou mayest plead necessity, and have a hundred shifts and excuses for it, the life of thy soul must go for the life of that sin. And will it not be dearly bought?

"MAY SHE RULE IN THE LOVE AND FEAR OF GOD."—Royalty cannot be happy, nor make subjects happy, unless it have the love and fear of God. The following anecdote, related by W. Innes, the author of "The Church in the Army and Navy," is a touching illustration of the fact:—"During the last illness of her Majesty's honoured and lamented father, his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, when he felt he was approaching the termination of his earthly career, he desired

the infant princess to be placed before him, while he sat up in his bed. In this posture he offered a most affecting prayer over her, the last part of which was to this effect, if not in this very language, that 'if ever this child should become Queen of England, she might rule in the fear of God.' Having uttered these words, he said, 'Take away the child;' and this was, I think, the last time he ever beheld her."

SERVE GOD.—If you serve God, he will instantly bless you; and though the full of your blessedness shall be reserved till hereafter, yet God will give you no little things in hand. He will redeem you from your thralldom. He will pluck you from the paw of the lion. The serpent may bruise thy heel, but thou shalt bruise his head. He will deliver you from this present evil world. Prosperity shall not destroy you; adversity shall not separate him and you. He will redeem you from the power of the grave, and make the king of terrors a messenger of peace to you. He will take out the curse from the cross, and make affliction the refining pot, the fan, the medicine to blow off the chaff, purify the metal, and cleanse the mind. He will save you from the arrest of the law, and turn the curse into a blessing to you. He hath the keys of hell and of death, and shutteth and no man openeth; and he will shut its mouth, as once he did the lions', that you shall not be hurt of the second death.

DEATH OF AN IDIOT.—The editor of a Christian magazine gives the following touching example of the grace of God, exhibited to one of benighted intellect upon his death bed:—"He could never learn at school, although the utmost pains were taken with him; and the vacant expression of countenance betokened a weakened intellect. At length he was taken ill. His illness was lingering, but no symptoms appeared of any increase of intelligence, until one day it became evident, to the infinite astonishment of his parents, that he was aware of a future state of existence, for he inquired where they thought he would go to, and afterwards expressed a conviction that Jesus was coming for him. He sang till within five minutes of his death, and they distinctly heard the name of Jesus often repeated, but could make out nothing else. The mother's joy, at the ray of heavenly light vouchsafed to him at last, it was most touching to witness; tears of happiness and gratitude rolled down her cheeks as she dwelt upon it." Reader, pause, and admire the sovereignty and power of Divine grace, which can make even an idiot "wise unto salvation."

THE SINNER AND THE SAINT.—Visit the death-bed of the sinner and the saint, and each will read to you a powerful and irresistible homily on the profitableness of vital godliness. There it is where many a sceptic and caviller, many a despiser and rejecter of the great salvation, finds his courage fail, and is haunted with the fear of a peradventure of coming judgment and coming wrath; and the forebodings of his spirit, amid the weakness and decay of flesh, compel him to doubt his boasted creed, that death is an eternal sleep; and though some, with frenzied levity, when the spirit was quivering on the wing, could talk boastingly, yet the expression of their countenances portrayed a fear that *death was not an eternal sleep*. How changed is the scene where the dying saint, with calm composure and joyful hope, waits, and longs to be gone! You seem, as you bend over his couch, and listen to the faint echo of his dying lips, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," to catch the very melody of heaven; and when his eyes are closed in death, and the tear of affection is shed over all that is mortal, you would not, if you could, bring him back: the solemn, sacred scene forbids it; rather, for the moment, at least, the mind turns involuntarily upon itself, and the prayer throbs in the heart, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHAMBERLAIN."

CHAPTER XLVII.

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

HELSTONLEIGH could not recover its equanimity. Never had it been so rudely shaken. Incidents there had been as startling; crimes of as deep a dye; but, taking it with all its attendant circumstances, no occurrence in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had excited the interest that was attaching to the death and assumed murder of Anthony Dare.

The station in life of the parties, above that in which such unhappy incidents are more generally found; the conspicuous position they occupied in the town; and the very uncertainty—the mystery, it may be said—in which the affair was wrapped, wrought local curiosity to the highest pitch.

Scarcely a shadow of doubt rested on the public mind that the deed had been done by Herbert Dare. The police force, actively engaged in searching out all the details, held the same opinion. In one sense, this was perhaps unfortunate; for when strong suspicion, whether of the police or of the public, is especially directed to one isolated point, it inevitably tends to keep down doubts that might arise in regard to other quarters.

It seemed scarcely possible to hope that Herbert was not guilty. There was the ill feeling known to have existed between himself and his brother; the quarrel and violence in the dining-room not many hours before, in which quarrel Herbert had raised a knife upon him. "But for the opportune entrance of the servant Joseph," said the people one to another, "the murder might have been done then." Joseph had stopped ill consequences at the time, but he had not stopped the mouth of Herbert—the threat he had uttered in his passion—still to be revenged. Terribly those words told now against Herbert Dare.

Another thing that told against him, and in a most forcible manner, was the cloak. That he had put it on to go out; nay, had been seen to go out in it by the housemaid, was indisputable; and his brother was found lying on this very cloak. In vain Herbert protested when before the magistrates, and at the coroner's inquest that he returned before leaving the garden gates, and had flung this cloak into the dining-room, finding it too hot that evening to wear. He obtained no credit. He had not been seen to do this; and the word of an accused man goes for little. All ominous, these things—all telling against him; but nothing, taking them combined, as compared with his refusal to state where he was that night. He left the house between eight and nine, close upon nine, he thought; he was not sure of the exact time to a quarter of an hour; and he never returned to it until nearly two. Such was his account. But where he had been in the interim, he positively refused to state.

It was only his assertion, you see, against the broad basis of suspicion. Anthony Dare's death must have taken place, as testified to by Mr. Glenn, somewhere about half-past eleven; who was to prove that that was not the hour at which Herbert had gone home? "It was not," Herbert reiterated, when before the coroner. "I did not get home till between half-past one and two. The churches struck the half-hour as I was coming through the town, and it would take me afterwards some ten minutes to get home. It must have wanted about twenty minutes to two when I entered."

"But where were you? Where had you been? Where did you come from?" he was asked.

"That I cannot state," he replied. "I was out upon a little business of my own; business that concerns nobody; and I decline to make it public."

On that score nothing more could be got from him. The coroner drew his own conclusions; the jury drew theirs; the police had already drawn them, and very positive ones.

There were two points that excited the ire of Sergeant Delves and his official colleagues; the first was, that, with all their searching, they could find no weapon likely to have been the one used; the other was, that they could not discover where Herbert Dare had gone that evening. It happened that nobody remembered to have seen him passing in the town; or, if they had seen him, it had made no impression on their memory. The appearance of Mr. Dare's sons was so common an occurrence that no especial note was likely to have been taken of it. Herbert had declared that in passing through West Street, Turtle, the auctioneer, was leaning out at his open bed-room window, and that he, Herbert, had called out to him and asked whether he was star-gazing. Mr. Turtle, when applied to, could not corroborate this. He believed that he had been looking out at his window that night, and that it may have been about the hour named, getting on for two, for he was late going to bed, having been to a supper-party; but he had no recollection whatever of seeing Mr. Herbert pass, or of having been spoken to by him, or by anybody else. When pressed upon the point, Mr. Turtle acknowledged that his intellects might not have been in the clearest state of perception, the supper party having been a jovial one.

One of the jury remarked that it was very singular the prisoner could go through the dining-room, and not observe his brother lying in it. The prisoner replied that it was not singular at all. The room was in darkness, and he had felt his way through it on the opposite side of the table to that where his brother was afterwards found. He had gone straight through, and up to his chamber as quietly as possible, not to disturb the house; and he dropped asleep as soon as he was in bed.

The verdict returned was "Willful murder against Herbert Dare;" and he was committed to the county gaol to take his trial at the assizes. Mr. Dare's house was beyond the precincts of the city. Sergeant Delves and his men renewed their inquiries; but they could discover no trace, either of the weapon or of where Herbert Dare had passed the suspicious hours. The sergeant was vexed; but he would not allow that he was beaten. "Only give us time," said he, with a characteristic nod. "The Pyramids of Egypt war'n't built up but stone by stone."

Tuesday morning—the morning fixed for the funeral of Anthony Dare. The curious portion of Helstonleigh wended its way up to the churchyard; as it is the delight of the curious portion of a town to do. What a sad sight it was! That dark object, covered by its pall, carried by the attendants, followed by the mourners; Mr. Dare, and his sons, Cyril and George. He, the father, bent his face in his handkerchief, as he walked behind the coffin to the grave. Many a man in Helstonleigh enjoyed a higher share of esteem and respect than did Lawyer Dare; but not one present, in that crowded churchyard, but felt for him in his bitter grief. Not one, let us hope, but felt to his heart's core the fate of the unhappy Anthony, now, for weal or for woe, to answer before his Maker for his life on earth.

That same day, Tuesday, witnessed the return of Samuel Lynn and William Halliburton. They arrived in the evening, and, of course, the first news they were greeted with was the all-prevailing topic. Few things caused the ever-composed Quaker to betray much surprise; but William was half-stunned with the news. Anthony Dare dead—murdered—buried that very day; and Herbert in prison, awaiting his trial for the offence! To William the whole affair seemed more incredible than real.

"Sir," he said to his master, when, the morning following, they were alone together in the counting-house at the manufactory, "do you believe Herbert Dare can be guilty?"

Mr. Ashley had been gazing at William, lost in thought. The change which we are apt to see, or fancy we see, in a near friend, after a few weeks' absence, was visibly apparent in William. He had improved in looks; and yet those looks, with their true nobility, both of form and intellect, had been scarcely capable of improvement. Nevertheless, it was there, and Mr. Ashley had been struck with it.

"I cannot say," he replied, aroused by the question. "The facts appear most conclusive against him; but it appears incredible that he should so have lost himself. To be suspected and committed on such a charge is grief enough, without the reality of the guilt."

"So it is," acquiesced William.

"We feel the disgrace very keenly—as all must, who are connected with the Dares in ever so remote a degree. I feel it, William; feel it as a blow; Mrs. Ashley being the cousin of Anthony Dare."

"They are relatives of ours also," said William, in a low tone. "My father was the first cousin of Mrs. Dare."

Mr. Ashley looked at him with surprise. "Your father the first cousin of Mrs. Dare!" he repeated. "What are you saying?"

"Her first cousin, sir. You have heard of old Mr. Cooper, of Birmingham?"

"From whom the Dares inherited their money. Well?"

"Mr. Cooper had a brother and a sister. Mrs. Dare was the daughter of the brother; the sister married the Reverend William Halliburton, and my father was their son. Mrs. Dare, as Julia Cooper, and my father, Edgar Halliburton, both resided together for some time under their uncle's roof at Birmingham."

A moment's pause, and then Mr. Ashley laid his hand on William's shoulder. "Then that brings a sort of relationship between us, William. I shall have a right to feel pride in you now."

William laughed. But his cheek flushed with the pleasure of a more earnest feeling. His greatest earthly wish was to be appreciated by Mr. Ashley.

"But how is it I never heard of this relationship before?" cried Mr. Ashley. "Was it purposely concealed?"

"It is only within a year or two that I have known of it," replied William. "Frank and Gar are not aware of it yet. When we first came to Helstonleigh, the Dares were much annoyed at it; and they made it known to my mother in so unmistakable a manner, that she resolved to drop all mention of the relationship: she would have dropped the relationship itself if she could. It was natural, perhaps, that they should feel annoyed," continued William, seeking to apologise for them. "They were rich and great in the eyes of the town; we were poor and obscure."

Mr. Ashley was casting his recollections backwards. A certain event, which had always somewhat puzzled him, was becoming clear now. "William, when Anthony Dare—acting, as he said, for me—put that seizure in your house for rent, it must have been done with the view of driving you from the town?"

"My mother says she has always thought so, sir."

"I see; I see. Why, William, half the inheritance, enjoyed by the Dares, ought justly to have been your father's!"

"We shall do as well without it in the long run, sir," replied William, a bright smile illumining his face. "Hard though the struggle was, at the beginning!"

"Ay, that you will!" warmly returned Mr. Ashley.

"The ways of Providence are wonderful! Yes, William—

and I know you have been taught to think so—what men call the chances of the world, are all God's dealings. Reflect on the circumstances favouring the Dares; reflect on your drawbacks and impediments! They had wealth, position, a lucrative profession; everything, in fact, to aid them on, that can be desired by a family in the middle class of life; while you had poverty, obscurity, and toil to contend with. But now, look at what they are! Mr. Dare's money is dissipated; he is overwhelmed with embarrassment—I know it to be the fact, William; but this is for your ear alone. Folly, recklessness, irreligion reign in his house; his daughters are lost in pretentious vanity; his sons in something worse. In a few years they will have gone down—down. Yes," added Mr. Ashley, pointing with his finger to the floor of his counting-house, "down to the dogs. I can see it coming, as surely as that the sun is in the heavens. You and they will have exchanged positions, William; nay, you and yours, unless I am greatly mistaken, will be in a far higher position than they have ever occupied; for you will have secured the favour of God, and the approbation of all good men."

"That Frank and Gar will attain to a position in time, I should be worse than a heathen to doubt, looking back on the wonderful manner in which we have been helped on," thoughtfully observed William. "For myself I am not sanguine."

"Do you never cherish dreams on your own account?" inquired Mr. Ashley.

"If I do, sir, they are vague ones. My position affords no scope for ambition."

"I don't know that," said Mr. Ashley. "Would you not be satisfied to become one of the great manufacturers of this great city?" he continued, laughing.

"Not unless I could be one of the greatest. Such as—" William stopped.

"Myself, for instance?" quietly put in Mr. Ashley.

"Yes, indeed," answered William, lifting his ingenuous face, his earnest eyes to his master. "Were it possible that I could ever attain to be as you are, sir, in all things—in character, in position, in the estimation of my fellow-citizens—it would be sufficient ambition for me, and I should sit down content."

"Not you," cried Mr. Ashley. "You would then be casting your thoughts to the serving your said fellow-citizens in Parliament, or some such exalted vision. Man's nature is to soar, you know; it cannot rest. As soon as one object of ambition is attained, others are desired."

"So far as I go, we need not discuss it," was William's answer. "There's no chance of my ever becoming even a second-rate manufacturer; let alone what you are, sir."

"The next best thing to being myself, would perhaps be that of being my partner, William."

The voice in which his master spoke was so significant, that William felt his face flush to crimson. Mr. Ashley noticed it.

"Did that ambition ever occur to you?"

"No, sir, never. That honour is looked upon as being destined for Cyril Dare."

"Indeed!" calmly repeated Mr. Ashley. "If you could transform your nature into Cyril, I do not say but what it might be."

"He expects it himself, sir."

"Would he be a worthy associate for me, think you?" inquired Mr. Ashley, bending his gaze full on William.

William made no reply. Perhaps none was expected, for his master resumed.

"I do not recommend you to indulge that particular dream of ambition; I cannot see sufficiently far into the future. It is my intention to push you somewhat on in the world. I have no son to push," he added, an expression of sadness crossing his face. "All I can do for my boy is to leave him at ease after me. Therefore I may,

if I live, push you in his stead. Provided, William, you continue to deserve it."

A smile parted William's lips. "I will ever strive to do that, Heaven helping me!" was his low, earnest answer.

"My brave boy!" cried Mr. Ashley, again laying his hand on William, and gazing into his face, "I have had such an account of you from Samuel Lynn. And it is not often the friend launches into decided praise."

"Oh, have you, sir?" returned William, with simplicity. "I am glad he was pleased with me."

"He was more than pleased. By the way, I was charged with a message from Henry. He is outrageous at your not having gone to him last night. I shall be sending him to France one of these days, under your convoy. It may do him good, in more ways than one."

"I will come to Henry this evening, sir. I must leave him, though, for half an hour, to get round to East's."

"Your conscience is engaged, I see. You know what Henry accused you of, the last time you left him to go to East's?"

"Of being enamoured of Charlotte," said William, laughing, in answer to Mr. Ashley's smile. "I will come, at any rate, sir, and battle the other matter out with Henry."

On that same evening, before William went out to keep his appointment, he encountered Anna Lynn. She was in his mother's garden, bending over the flowers, examining, as it appeared, their relative merits.

Poor Anna! If it were a hopeless task attempting to describe the consternation of Helstonleigh at the death of Anthony Dare, far more difficult would it be to represent that of Anna Lynn. Believe Herbert guilty, Anna did not; she could scarcely have done that had an angel come down from heaven to affirm it. Her state of mind was not to be envied; suspense, sorrow, anxiety filled it, causing her to be in a grievous state of restlessness. She had to conceal this from the eyes of Patience; from the eyes of all the world. For one thing, she could not get at the correct particulars; newspapers did not come in her way, and she shrank, in her self-consciousness, from asking. Her whole being—if we may dare to say it here—was wrapt in Herbert Dare; father, friends, home, country; she could have sacrificed them all to save him. She would have laid down her life for his. Her good sense was distorted, her judgment warped: she saw passing events, not with the eye of dispassionate fact, or with any fact at all, but through the unhealthy tinge of fond, blind prejudice. The blow had nearly crushed her; the dread suspense was wearing her heart. She seemed no longer the same careless child as before; in a few hours she had overstepped the barrier of girlish timidity, and had gained the experience which is bought with sorrow.

William went up to her. "Tending the flowers, Anna?"

She turned to him, her fair young face utterly colourless. "I have been so wanting to see thee, William! I came here, hoping thee would come out. At dinner time I was here, and thee only nodded to me from the window. I did not like to beckon to thee."

"I am sorry to have been so stupid, Anna. What is it?"

"Thee hast heard what has happened—that dreadful thing! Hast thee heard it all?"

"I believe so. All that is known."

"I want thee to tell it me. Patience won't talk of it; Hester only shakes her head; and I am afraid to ask Gar. Thee tell it to me."

"It would not do you good to know it, Anna," he gravely said. "Better try and not think—"

"William, hush thee!" she feverishly exclaimed.

"Thee knew there was a—friendship between me and him. If I cannot learn all there is to be learnt, I shall die."

William looked down at the changing cheek, the eyes full of pain, the trembling hands, clasped in their eagerness. It might be better to tell her than to leave her in this state of suspense.

"William, there is nobody in the wide world that knows he cared for me, but thee," she imploringly resumed. "Thee must tell me; thee *must* tell me!"

"You mean that you want to hear the particulars of—of what took place on Thursday night?"

"Yes. All. Then, and since. I have but heard snatches of the wicked tale."

He obeyed her: telling her all the necessary facts, suppressing some few of the details. She leaned against the garden-gate, listening in silence; her face turned from him, looking through the wooden bars into the field.

"Why do they not believe him?" was her first comment, spoken sharply and abruptly. "He says he was not near the house at the time the act must have been done: why do they not believe him?"

"It is easy to assert a thing, Anna. But the law requires proof."

"Proof? That he must declare to them where he had been?"

"Undoubtedly. And corroborative proof must also be given."

"But what sort of proof? I do not understand their laws."

"Suppose Herbert Dare asserted that he had spent those hours with me, for instance; then I must go forward on the trial and confirm his assertion. Also any other witnesses who may have seen him with me, if there were any. It would be establishing what is called an *alibi*."

"And would they acquit him then? Suppose there were only one witness to speak for him? Would one be sufficient?"

"Certainly. Provided the witness were trustworthy."

"If a witness went forward and declared it now, would they release him?"

"Impossible. He is committed to take his trial at the assizes, and he cannot be released beforehand. It is exceedingly unwise of him not to declare where he was that evening—if he can do so."

"Where do the public think he was? What do they say?"

"I am afraid the public, Anna, mostly think that he was not out anywhere. At any rate, after eleven or half-past."

"Then they are very cruel!" she exclaimed in a tone of passion. "Do they *all* think that?"

"There may be a few who judge that it was as he says; that he was really away, and is, consequently, innocent."

"And where do they think he was?" eagerly repeated Anna, again. "Do they suspect any place where he might have been?"

William made no reply. It was not at all expedient to impart to her all the gossip or surmises of the town. But his silence seemed to agitate her worse than any reply could have done. She turned to him, shaking with emotion, the tears streaming down her face.

"Oh, William! tell me what is thought! Tell me, I implore thee! Thee cannot leave me in this trouble. Where is it thought he was?"

He took her hands; he bent over her as tenderly as any brother could have done; he read all too surely how opposite to the truth had been her former assertion to him—that she did not care for Herbert Dare.

"Anna, child, you must not agitate yourself in this way; there is no cause for it. I assure you I do not know where Herbert Dare was that night; neither, so far as can be learnt, does anybody else know. It is

the chief point—where he was—that is puzzling the town."

She laid her head down on the gate again, closing her eyes, as in very weariness. William's heart ached for her.

"He may not be guilty, Anna," was all the consolation he could find to offer.

"May not be guilty!" she echoed, in a tone of pain. "He is not guilty. William, I tell thee he is not. Dost thee think I would defend him if he could do so wicked a thing?"

He did not dispute the point with her, and they remained a few moments in silence. Presently Anna resumed.

"Why must he stop in gaol till the trial? There was that man who stole the skins from Thomas Ashley—they let him out, when he was taken, until the sessions came on, and then he went up for trial."

"That man was out on bail. But they do not take bail in cases so grave as this."

"I may not stay longer. There's Hester coming to call me in. I rely upon thee to tell me anything fresh that may arise," she said, lifting her beseeching eyes to his.

"One word, Anna, before you go. And yet, I see how worse than useless it is to say it to you now. You must forget Herbert Dure."

"I shall forget him, William, when I cease to have memory," she whispered. "Never before. Thee wilt keep my counsel?"

"Truly and faithfully."

"Fare thee well, William; I have no friend but thee."

She ran swiftly into their own premises. William turned to pursue his way to Mr. Ashley's, the thought of Henry Ashley's misplaced attachment lying on his mind like an incubus.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ONE DYING IN HONEY FAIR.

Mrs. Buffle stood in what she called her "backus," superintending a periodical wash. The day was hot, and the steam was hot, and as Mrs. Buffle rubbed away, she began to think she should never be cool again.

"Missis," shrieked out a young voice from the precincts of the shop, "Ben Tyrrett's wife says, will you let her have a gill o' vinegar? Be I to serve it?"

The words came from the young damsel who was had in to help on cleaning and washing days. Mrs. Buffle kept her hands still in the soapsuds, and projected her hot face over the tub to answer.

"Matty, tell Mary Ann Tyrrett as she promised faithful to bring me something off her score this week, but I've not seen the colour of it yet."

"She says as it's to put to his head," called back Matty, alluding to the present demand. "He's had a bed, and have fainted right off."

"Serve him right," responded Mrs. Buffle. "You may give her the vinegar, Matty. Tell her as it's a penny farthing. I heard he had been drinking again," she added to herself and the washing tub, "and laid himself down in the wet road, the night afore last, and was found there in the morning."

Later in the day, it happened that William was passing through Honey Fair, and met Charlotte East. She stopped him. "Have you heard, sir, that Tyrrett is dying?"

"Tyrrett dying!" repeated William, in amazement.

"Who says he is?"

"The doctor says it, I believe, sir. I must say he looks like it. Mary Ann sent for me, and I have been down to see him."

"Why, what can be the matter with him?" asked William. "He was at work the day before yesterday!"

"He was at work, sir, but he could not speak, they say, for that illness that has been hanging about him so long, and settling on his chest. That night, after leaving work, instead of going home and getting a basin of gruel, or something of that, he went to the 'Horned Ram,' and drank there till he couldn't keep upon his legs."

"With his chest in that state!"

"And that was not the worst," resumed Charlotte.

"It had been a wet day, if you remember, sir, and he somehow strayed into Oxlip Lane, and fell down there, and lay till morning. What with the drunk, and what with the exposure to the wet, his chest got dangerously inflamed, and now the doctor says he has not many hours to live."

"I am sorry to hear it," cried William. "Is he sensible?"

"Too sensible, sir, in one sense," replied Charlotte.

"The remorse upon him is dreadful. He is saying that if he had not misspent his life, he might have died a good man, instead of a bad one."

William passed on, much concerned at the news. His way led him past Ben Tyrrett's lodgings, and he turned in. Mary Ann was sobbing and wailing, in the midst of as many curious and condoling neighbours as the kitchen would contain. All were in full gossip—as might be expected. Mrs. Cross had taken home the three little children, by way of keeping the place quiet; and the sick man was lying in the room above, surrounded by several of his fellow-workmen, who had heard of his critical state.

Some of the women sidled off when William entered, rather ashamed of being caught chattering vehemently. It was remarkable the deference that was paid him, and from no assumption of his own—indeed, the absence of assumption may have partially accounted for it. But, though ever courteous and pleasant with them all, he was a perfect gentleman; and the working class are keen distinguishers.

"Why, Mrs. Tyrrett, this is sad news!" he said. "Is your husband so ill?"

"Oh, he must die, he must die, sir!" she answered, in a frantic tone. Uncomfortably as they had lived together, the man was still her husband, and there's no doubt she was feeling the present crisis; was shrinking with dread from the future. A widow with three young children, and the workhouse for an asylum! It was the prospect before her. "He must die anyways; but he might have lasted a few hours longer, if I could have got what the doctor ordered."

William did not understand.

"It was a blister and some phytic, sir," explained one of the women. "The doctor wrote it on a paper, and said it was to be took to the nearest druggist's. But when they got it there, Darwin said he couldn't trust the Tyrretts, and they must send the money if they wanted the things."

"It was not Mr. Parry, then, who was called in?"

"It were a strange doctor, sir, as was fetched. There was Tyrrett's last bout of illness owing for to Parry, and so they didn't like to send for him. As to them druggists, they be all a cross-grained set, unless you goes with the money in your hand."

William asked to see the prescription. It was produced, and he read its contents—which he was as capable of doing and understanding as the best physician in Helstonleigh. He tore a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote a few words on it in pencil, folded it with the prescription, and desired one of the women to take it to the chemist's again. He then went up to the sick room.

Tyrrett was lying on a flock mattress, on an ugly bedstead of brown wood, the four posts sticking up naked. A blanket and a checked blue cotton quilt

covered him. His breathing was terribly laboured, his face painfully anxious. William approached him, bending his head, that it might not strike against the ceiling.

"I'm a-going, sir!" cried the man, in a tone as anxious as his face; "I'm a-going at last."

"I hope not," said William. "I hope you will get better. You are to have a blister on your chest, and—"

"No, he aint, sir," interrupted one of the men. "Darwin won't send it."

"Oh, yes, he will, if he is properly asked. They are gone again to him. Are you in much pain, Tyrrett?"

"I'm in a agony of pain here, sir," pointing to his chest. "But that aint nothing to my in'ard pain, my pain of mind. Oh, Mr. Halliburton, you're good, sir; you haven't got nothing to reproach yourself with; can't you do nothing for me? I'm a-going into the sight of my Maker, and he's angry with me!"

In truth, William knew not what to answer. Tyrrett's voice was as one wail of anguish; and his hands were stretched out beseechingly.

"Charlotte East were here just now, and she told me to go to Christ—that he were merciful and forgiving. But how be I to go to him? If I try, sir, I can't, for there's my past life a-rising up afore me. I have been a bad man: I have never once in all my life tried to please God."

The words echoed through the stillness of the room; echoed with a sound ominously awful. *Never once to have tried to please God!* Throughout a whole life, and throughout all its blessings!

"I have never thought of God," he continued to reiterate. "I have never cared for him, or tried to please him, or done the least thing for him. And now I'm a-going to face his wrath, and I can't help myself! Sam Little, wipe my brow, will ye?"

"You may be spared yet," said William; "you may, indeed. And although your future life can never atone for the past, you may be forgiven if you seek to be forgiven."

"I shan't be spared, sir; I feel that the world's all up with me," was the rejoinder. "I'm a-going fast, and there's nobody to give me a word of comfort! Can't you, sir? I'm a-going away, and God's angry with me!"

William leaned over him. "I can but say as Charlotte East did," he whispered. "Try and find your Saviour. There is mercy with him at the eleventh hour."

"I have not got the time to find him," breathed forth Tyrrett, in an agony. "I might find him if I had the time give me; but I shan't have it."

William, shrinking in his youth and inexperience from the arguing of topics so momentous, was not equal to the emergency. Who was? He did what he could; and that was to despatch a message for a clergyman, who answered the summons with all speed.

The blister also came, and the medicine that had been prescribed. William went home, hoping all might prove as a healing balm to the sick man.

A fallacious hope. Tyrrett died the following morning. When William went round on his mission of inquiry, which he did early, he found him dead. Some of the men, whom he had seen with Tyrrett the previous night, were assembled in the kitchen.

"He is but just gone, sir," they said. "The women be up with him now. They have took his wife round a-screaching to her mother's. He died with that there blister on his chest."

"Did he die peacefully?" was William's question.

"Awful hard, sir, toward the last; a-moaning, and a-calling, and a-clenching of his hands in mortal pain. His sister, she come round—she's a hard one, is that Liza Tyrrett!—and she set on at the wife, a-saying it

was her fault that he'd took to go out a-drinking. That there parson couldn't do nothing with him," concluded the speaker, lowering his voice.

William's breath stood still. "No!"

The man shook his head. "Tyrrett weren't in a frame o' mind for it, sir. He kep' crying out as he had led a ill life, and never thought of God—and them was his last words. It aint happy, sir, to die like that. It have quite cowed down us as was with him: one gets a-thinking, sir, what sort of a place it may be, 'tother side, where he's a-gone to."

William lifted his head, a sort of eager hope on his countenance, speaking cheerily. "Could you not let poor Tyrrett's death act as a warning to you?"

There was a dead silence. Five men were present; every one of them leading careless lives. Somehow they did not much like to hear of "warning," although the present moment was one of unusual seriousness.

"Religion is so dreadful dull and gloomy, sir."

"Religion dull and gloomy!" echoed William—and at any other time he would have laughed at the men. "I don't think it is. I do not believe people were sent into the world to be gloomy: time enough for that when troubles come."

"What is religion?" cried one of the men.

"It is a sort of thing that's a great deal better to be felt than talked of," answered William. "I am no parson, and can't pretend to enlighten you. We might never come to an understanding over it, were we to discuss it all day long. I would rather talk to you of life, and its practical duties."

"Tyrrett said as he had never paid heed to any of his duties. It were his cry over and over again, sir, in the night. He said he had drunk, and swore, and beat his wife, and done just what he oughtn't to ha' done."

"Ay, I do fear it was so," replied William. "Poor Tyrrett's existence was divided into three phases—working, drinking, quarrelling: dissatisfaction attending all. I fear a great many more in Honey Fair could say the same."

The men's consciences were pricking them; some of them began to stand in an uncomfortable fashion on one leg. *They* tipped; they quarrelled: they *had* been known to administer personal correction to their wives on provocation.

"Times upon times I asked Tyrrett to come round in an evening to Robert East's. He never did come. But I can tell you this, my men; had he taken to pass his evenings there twelve months ago, when the society—as they call it—was first formed, he might have been a hale man now, instead of lying there, dead."

"Do you mean as he'd have grown religious, sir?"

"I do not say that he would have grown religious, but he would have made great progress towards it; for, had Tyrrett taken to like rational evenings, instead of public-houses, it would have made a wonderful difference in his mode of thought, and the difference in conduct would have followed. Look at his father-in-law, Cross. He was living without hope or aim, at loggerheads with his wife, and with the world, and rather given to wish himself dead; but all that's over. Do you think I should like to go about with a dirty face and holes in my coat?"

The men laughed. They thought not.

"Cross used to. But you see nothing of that now. Many others used to. Many do."

Rather conscience-stricken again. The men tried to hide their elbows. "It's true enough," said one. "Cross, and some more of 'em, be a-getting smart."

"Smart inside as well as out," said William. "They are acquiring self-respect; one of the best qualities a man can find. They'd not be seen in the street now in rags, or the worse for drink, or in any other degrading position; no, not if you bribed them with gold. The

coming round to East's has done that for them. They are beginning to see that it's just as well to lead pleasant lives here, as unpleasant ones. In a short while Croas will be gathering furniture about him again, towards setting up the home he lost. He—and many more—will also, as I truly believe, be beginning to set up furniture of another sort."

"What sort's that, sir?"

"The furniture that will stand him in need for the next life; the life that Tyrrett has now entered upon," replied William, in a deeper tone. "It is a life that *must* come, you know; our little span of time here, in comparison with eternity, is but as a tea-cup of water to the great river that runs through the town; and it is as well to be prepared for it. Now, the next five I am going to get round to East's, are you."

"Us, sir?"

"Every one of you; although I believe you have been in the habit of complimenting your friends who go there with the title of 'milksoys.' I want to take you this evening. If you don't like it, you know you need not return again. You will come to oblige me, won't you?"

They said they would. And William went out, satisfied. Though he hardly knew how Robert East would manage to stow the new comers. Not many steps from the door he encountered Mrs. Buffle. She stopped him to talk of Tyrrett.

"Better that he had spent his loose time at East's, nor at the public's," remarked that lady.

"It is the very thing we have been saying, I and some of the men," answered William. "I wish we could get all Honey Fair there; though, indeed, there's no room for more than we have now. I cast a longing eye sometimes to that building at the back, which they say was built for a Mormon stronghold, and has never been fitted up, owing to a dispute among themselves about the number of wives each elder might appropriate to himself."

"Disgraceful, greedy pollagists!" struck in Mrs. Buffle, apostrophising the Mormon elders. "One husband is enough to have at one's fireside, goodness knows, without being worried with 'em unlimited."

"That is not the question," said William, laughing. "It is how many wives are enough. However, I wish we could get the building. East will have to hold the gathering in his garden soon."

"There's no denying that it have worked good in Honey Fair," acknowledged Mrs. Buffle. "It isn't alone the men that have growed more respectable, them as have took to go, but their wives too. You see, sir, in sitting at the public-houses, it wasn't only that they drank themselves quarrelsome, but they spent their money. Now their tempers is saved, and their money's saved. The wives, they see the benefit, and in course they try to be better behaved themselves. Not but what there's plenty of room for improvement still," added Mrs. Buffle, in a tone of patronage.

"It will come in time," said William. "What we must do now is to look out for a larger room."

"One with a chimbley in it, as'll draw?" suggested Mrs. Buffle.

"Oh, yes. What would they do without fire on a winter's night? The great point is, to have things thoroughly comfortable."

"If it hadn't been for the chimbley, I might have offered our big garret, sir. But it's the crankiest thing ever built, is that chimbley; the minute a handful of fire's lighted, the smoke puffs it out again. And then again—there'd be the passing through the shop, obstructing of the custom."

"Of course there would," assented William. "We must try for that failure in the rear, after all."

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

GAUSSEN ON THE CANON OF SCRIPTURE.

The Canon of the Holy Scriptures, from the Double Point of View of Science and of Faith. By L. GAUSSEN, D.D. London: James Nisbet and Co.

DR. GAUSSEN has long been known for his zealous advocacy of evangelical doctrine, and for his ability in defending the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. In his capacity of Professor at Geneva, he has turned his attention to the subject of the canon, and inquired into the grounds on which we regard the separate books of our Bible as canonical. We accept these books as divinely inspired: what evidence have we that they were so regarded in ancient times? We reject a number of books which the Papists admit: is our rejection of them in accordance with the practice of the ancient Church? In a word, how far is our Bible the same as that which was received by the first Christians, and following ages? Such questions are of interest and importance to us, because it is desirable that we should know the truth in this matter. They are all the more important, that Rome accuses us of mutilating the Bible, by casting out of it books which were always admitted till the Reformation. Is this accusation true or false? If true, we ought to know the grounds on which the Reformers acted; and if false, we ought to be able to show that it is so.

In the volume before us we have a mass of information designed to instruct and confirm our faith, and to supply us with an answer to our adversaries, whom we, in our turn, accuse of adding the words of uninspired men to the true Word of God. The result of the inquiry is to show that there was no formal and authoritative decree in favour of the apocryphal books, placing them on a level with the rest of Scripture, till the audacious decree of the Council of Trent. At that council, three hundred years ago, the presumed representatives of the Church ventured formally to add the apocryphal books to the canonical. Now, if it was necessary for a so-called general council to decide which books were canonical, the Church remained for fifteen hundred years without knowing for certain what the Bible consisted of. This is a monstrous absurdity, and we may ascertain that the Church did know in all ages which books were canonical and which books were not canonical. There were, of course, always individuals who maintained that this or that apocryphal book was canonical, or that this or the other canonical book was apocryphal; but it is very possible to weigh and balance the evidence, and to find out what was the prevailing opinion. Dr. Gausсен has collected and examined the evidence, and shown clearly enough on which side the truth lies.

In his first part he proves that all the books of the New Testament are canonical. These books were written by different persons, at different times, and in different places. Hence it follows, that years must have elapsed before the collection was complete, and it is easy to understand that some of the books would be kept waiting in distant places, before they were admitted. Many men claimed Divine inspiration for what they wrote, and inasmuch as Christians were not infallible, some true books might be rejected for awhile, and some false books received. This is precisely what happened. Some inspired books were admitted at once, wherever they went, and some pretenders to inspiration were summarily ejected. Some inspired books were kept waiting and on probation till their claims were established, and some pretenders occupied a similar position till their claims were disproved. The claims of the candidates were in due time decided, and the canon of the New Testament was thus finally settled by general consent. We find no trace of any authoritative decree by apostles, bishops, or councils for centuries after the last book of the New

Testament was written; and when we do meet with a decision after this lapse of time, it is merely a statement of what had been already determined by the consent of the Churches.

It may be asked how we know that such and such books were received in the early Church. No one doubts that the Epistles of Paul and other books would be at once received by those to whom they were sent. Christians accepted, without hesitation, what Paul and Matthew, John and Peter addressed to them. Copies of these writings would be multiplied, and everywhere admitted in the same way. The consequence is, that the oldest uninspired writers quote them as authoritative and true. Of these writers, one or two go back to the first century; a much larger number occur in the second century, still more in the third, and yet more in the fourth. The quotations and references thus discoverable are so numerous and important, that besides giving us all the books of the New Testament, they include an immense number of extracts from the books themselves.

The earliest list of the New Testament books may be assigned to the second century. It is found in the ancient Syriac translation, but it does not contain every one of the books of the New Testament, for it wants 2 Peter, 2 and 3 John, Jude, and Revelation, which were added afterwards. There seems to have been in many minds a doubt about these books for a considerable time, and the same is true of the Epistle of James, and, to some extent, the Epistle to the Hebrews. The seven books in question were sometimes called *antilegomena*, or disputed books. Their claims, however, were known, and by some admitted at an early period, and in course of time they took their places with the rest. This hesitation shows how careful and anxious the early Church was to receive as Holy Scriptures none but the genuine writings of inspired men.

Origen, who lived about the year 200, and was by far the greatest scholar and writer of his day, gives us a list of the New Testament books in his commentary upon Joshua. Origen's catalogue is the same as ours, although he was quite aware that some were uncertain in regard to some of the seven books already named. Eusebius, also, the Church historian, a hundred years later, presents us with a list, in which he makes the distinction we have alluded to. According to him, the *antilegomena* were the Epistles of James and Jude, 2 and 3 John, and 2 Peter; but he admits the Revelation and the Hebrews. There is in existence part of a list of the New Testament books, which professes to have been written about the middle of the second century, or about A.D. 150, and called the "Muratorian Fragment." It is written in Latin, and full of grammatical errors, but it is, no doubt, extremely ancient. It only names thirteen Epistles of Paul; but it mentions the Revelation, and two Epistles of John, and one of Jude.

But we need not tarry longer on this point, and may proceed to the time when the Christian Church became more perfectly organised under Constantine the Great. This emperor invited Christian bishops from all parts of the world to meet and confer on some matters then in dispute, such as the heresy of Arius and the time of keeping Easter. A large number of bishops were in this way collected, and enabled to converse on their faith and practice. From Persia in the East, to France in the West, and from the Goths to the borders of Ethiopia, they came, and remained together for months. They necessarily in private talked over many things which formed no part of their public work. However that may be, after the Council of Nice we hear very little more of any exceptions being made to the books now in our New Testament.

Cyril of Jerusalem, who was born in 315, ten years before the Council of Nice, gives us a list, which con-

tains all the books in our New Testament, except the Revelation. Gregory of Nazianzus, who was born in 325, has left us a list, which agrees with that of Cyril; but Gregory is also known to have used the Apocalypse, though he left it out of his list. A third catalogue, by Philastrius, somewhat later, is like those of Gregory and Cyril. Hence it would seem that the Revelation was kept out longer than any other book. But many received it, as is shown by the fact that six other lists of this period contain it. Athanasius was at the Synod of Nice, and, among his works, drew up a list of the New Testament books, which is the same as ours. A second list, by an unknown author, who lived about the time of Athanasius, agrees with us. So does that of Epiphanius, who was a man of great learning and authority. The same is true of Jerome, who translated the New Testament into Latin. Rufinus also, the friend of Jerome, agrees with us, and so does the great Augustine. In the fourth century, therefore, we have nine lists, three of which do not contain the Revelation, and six which do, while all the nine contain the remaining twenty-six books. All these catalogues are admitted to be genuine. There are some other lists which claim to come before the year 400, but they are not all genuine. One of these is ascribed to Innocent I., Bishop of Rome, another to Damasus of Rome, and a third to Amphilochius of Iconium. They all agree with our New Testament, although critics reject them. One catalogue exists which professes to have been drawn up by the Synod of Laodicea, about the middle of the fourth century, and is accepted by Dr. Gausson as genuine. We cannot receive it, because it is unknown in the oldest records of the council. There is in the British Museum a manuscript written about the year 500, and not more than 150 years after the Synod of Laodicea, but it does not contain the list in question. However, we may notice that, whether genuine or not, this list is very ancient, and agrees with our New Testament. There is another list professing to have been adopted by a council at Carthage, in A.D. 397. It agrees with our New Testament, but admits several apocryphal books into the Old. There are very strong reasons for believing that this catalogue also is a forgery.

From all the preceding facts, and more might have been added, Dr. Gausson concludes that the canon of the New Testament was finally established before the close of the fourth century. From the first, he says, twenty books were universally received; James, Jude, 2 Peter, 2 and 3 John were at first only partially received; Hebrews and Revelation were first received and then disputed; but in the end all the twenty-seven books were admitted by all, and have so continued for fourteen hundred and fifty years.

Dr. Gausson makes some admirable remarks on the proofs in favour of the authenticity of the New Testament books. And let us say of this portion of the work, and indeed of the whole, that we scarcely know which to admire most—the extent of his acquaintance with the facts, the ability with which he reasons upon them, or the skill with which he has arranged and set forth what he knows and thinks. Nor can we fail to observe the fearless candour, the hearty reverence and faith, and the devout religious tone which pervades these admirable pages. The author says, then, that there is a series of great historical facts by which our belief is confirmed and justified. There is remarkable unity among the witnesses, and the witnesses are numerous and credible; and how could it be otherwise? The Apostles carried their instructions far and wide; churches were planted in many nations, the custom of reading the Scriptures was universal, and in a multitude of ways the knowledge of them was spread—by preaching, by writings, and by translations—over a vast extent of territory. Hence it comes to pass that we

have before our eyes venerable monuments, which carry us back at once to the early ages of the Church.

According to Dr. Gausson, these monuments are fourfold: first of all, the translations which were made of the Scriptures at that distant period; secondly, the Christian writers of the second century; thirdly, the writings of the enemies of the faith; and fourthly, the Apostolic writers, and some parts of the New Testament. These testimonies are all enumerated and described at length in the work before us; but there are too many of them for us to attempt to give any account of them. We will only say that, so far as demonstration can go, the authenticity of twenty books of the canon is demonstrated by these witnesses.

The third book of Dr. Gausson's work is devoted to an examination and statement of the case as it respects the Epistle to the Hebrews and the Revelation. He finds that the Apocalypse was both known and received from the earliest times; and he pursues a similar course with the Epistle to the Hebrews. In the fourth book, Dr. Gausson treats of the remaining five Epistles of James, Jude, 2 Peter, and 2 and 3 John. He examines with much care and learning most of the literary questions which have been raised respecting these books; he gives us the evidence of their being known and acknowledged in the Church at every period; and he shows that we are fully justified in admitting them to the high place they occupy among the oracles of God.

There yet remains the second great division of this admirable work. The first is called "The Method of Science;" and the second, "The Method of Faith." We propose to give some account of the second part in a subsequent article.

Temperance Department.

COMPARING NOTES.

THE much vaunted virtues of alcohol are never sufficiently robust to bear the blaze of day. Turn a strong light upon them, proceed to inspect them closely and honestly, and they straightway vanish in a dissolving view.

The Rev. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, writing to the Chairman of the Free Church Temperance Society, at an early stage of that society's existence, thus puts the matter to the test:—"The other day I was discussing the matter with a friend, if that could be called discussion which was none. I said to my friend that perhaps the best way of discussing the matter would be this: 'Setting aside the use of stimulants as medical prescriptions—the Timothy use of them—as a use we both approve of, you will open the case by relating all the good which these stimulants do, when I will follow up with telling, if not all, at least some of the ill they do. Now for the good; proceed, if you please.' My friend looked blank at me. 'Come away,' I said, 'with the good; for I have such a long tale to tell of the ill.' My friend looked at me, looked here, looked there, and at last broke silence by laughing, and very good-humouredly acknowledging that they did no good, and that there was not a good word could be said for them. . . . May the Lord direct your movements! I hope that we are the advanced guard of a great host."

That hope and that prayer have not been in vain. At the time the Doctor wrote that letter, the number of ordained ministers in his denomination who had joined the society was only thirty-three. Since then, within the brief space of a

triennium, the number of ministers, probationers, missionaries, and students of the Free Church, who have given in their adhesion to the good cause, has increased tenfold. A similar progress is discernible in other denominations; and who shall set a limit to that progress?

TEMPERANCE.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," is a maxim as self-luminous as it is authoritative. No microscopic scrutiny of facts, or laboured research among books, is necessary to demonstrate how invariable is that law of the moral world which loads the goodly tree of the Total Abstinence movement with "the fruits of righteousness," and the upas-tree of the drinking system with the deadly "grapes of Sodom and clusters of Gomorrah." The records of all missionary enterprise, home and foreign, of all revival effort, of all Sunday-school zeal, of all evangelistic and philanthropic exertion, testify to this fact with unmistakable and united voice.

We have not yet forgotten that direst of coal-pit catastrophes—the New Hartley Pit accident. It stirred the national feeling too profoundly to permit its affecting memories to pass very fleetly away. Some of those memories are pre-eminently sweet and sacred. Bright lights and celestial hues relieved that doleful shadow of death; and very interesting is their connection with the Temperance movement. Not a few of those sufferers were among "the excellent of the earth." Could anything be more affecting than that memorandum found on Amour, stating that so many of them had been taken ill, and that they had held a prayer-meeting, at which Tibbs and others had exhorted?

As one of the London journals at the time observed, "No orthodoxy was likely to be lacking to those rude humilies—no flowers of speech or far-fetched images were sought for, we think, by those solemn speakers: a funeral service celebrated by the dead for themselves! It is one more record of the noble resignation which Englishmen know how to show. We have the right to believe that, as each group turned away from the preachers, and took their places in those ranks of death where they were found, the same solemn patience sustained them."

In corroboration of this, very interesting are the following facts, as presented in the *Scottish Review* for April last, and surely most just are the comments at the close of the extract, to which we invite the special attention of our fellow-Christians of every name:

"William Tibbs, one of those exhorters, was a man of eminent piety, a leader in the Primitive Methodist Church, and the superintendent of the village Sunday-school. Many of the younger sufferers were scholars in that school. So large a number of the dead belonged to the Primitive Methodist Church, that the cause in that locality, it is said, has been nearly annihilated. Eleven of the sufferers belonged to the New Connexion, and are said to have been all very Christian men. It is a most affecting circumstance that Tibbs (and the same thing holds true of some others) ought to have been out of the pit that fatal morning, and would have been, but that they remained another 'shift,' in order to be able to attend a revival meeting in the evening. They were not without their revival meetings below—but in what awfully solemn circumstances! Thomas Watson, too, the brave fellow who slid down the pumps to his

dying companions, and remained, and prayed, and communed with them till they were silent in death, is said to have been an avowed sceptic a few months before, when he came to religious decision, and has since evinced the warmest zeal in all that is good. 'Tom,' asked his dying companion, 'what must I do?'—still the all-important question when eternity is near, as much as when it rang of old in the streets of Jerusalem and in the gaol of Philippi; and how true and suggestive Tom's reply: 'There is nothing but the Lord for us here.' In harmony with all this, and as a conjunction we might almost have predicted in such a case, the following gratifying testimony occurs in the *Times*:—

"The miners of New Hartley have the character of being a remarkably steady and orderly class of workmen. *There is not a public-house within a mile and a quarter of the village*, and several of the men were local preachers and class-leaders among the various Methodist communities, and very many of them were pledged abstainers from intoxicating drinks.' Go to, ye who have so much to say about the antagonism of total abstinence and the Gospel, and ponder this fact, and more of the same kind."

A NOBLE AND SUFFERING TESTIMONY.—

The Rev. George B. Cheever, author of "Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress," and one of the most eloquent men America ever produced, about the commencement of his ministry in Salem, Massachusetts, delivered in the *Salem Landmark* of February, 1835, a noble testimony against the drinking system, under the title of "Inquire at Amos Giles's Distillery." One of the four distillers of the place recognised so vividly his own establishment in Dr. Cheever's portraiture, that he sued him for defamation. The Doctor's defence was a model of calm, Christian, manly eloquence. Here is its key-note:—"I stand here accused of violating the laws of my country, in attacking a business whose direct, inevitable, supreme, and incessant result is the trampling under foot, and defiance, and destruction of all law, and of all obligation, human and Divine. I am here to answer to a charge of defaming the character, and wantonly and maliciously injuring the peace of families and individuals, in vividly depicting an employment which is nothing but ruin to the character, and death to the peace, temporal and eternal, of thousands of families, and hundreds of thousands of individuals. I am arraigned as a criminal at this bar for disturbing the peace of the commonwealth, and the domestic happiness of its households, in attacking a business whose positive, unchangeable operation is to fill the commonwealth with brawls, riots, robberies, murders, and its households with drunkenness, wrath, poverty, and anguish. You cannot show that the business of distilling is anything else. It tends to break up all social order, prostrate all barriers of law, set fire to all violent human passions, and whelm all institutions of blessedness—domestic, civil, and religious—in one fiery tide of ruin. It leaves no man's character, no man's property, no man's family safe. I stand here accused of crime in attacking this odious traffic, and painting its consequences in colours but too faithful to the life."

After making good this impeachment by some awfully telling statistics in regard to drunkards, the Doctor proceeds to say:—

"Their are the abodes of filth and raggedness, the

homes that they fill with guilt and anguish. Part people our alms-houses and prisons. Part line our canals, and crowd the hidden, impure, and almost subterranean streets of our cities. They inhabit the dens and caves of civilisation, the pest-haunts of sin, the cellars, the bar-rooms, and grog-shops. There they congregate; there they inflame their passions, and profane the name of God. But on every occasion of brawls and riots, whenever deeds of wickedness are in progress, or the elements of a mob have opportunity and space for combination, then they emerge from their darkness, and your sight is arrested by savage faces and haggard forms, reeling and reeking from the hot dens where the stream of the distillery is poured forth from a thousand fountains."

He next exposes the terrible loss of life, of money, and of intellectual energy which the system entails, and boldly asks, "Where rests the responsibility of this fearful accumulation of death and crime? It cannot be doubted that it rests upon those who make and sell ardent spirits; for they know that *that is the agent* by which all this misery is produced. They know its destructive tendencies; they know that it is rank poison; in the class of narcotic, vegetable poisons, as sheer poison as henbane; they know that it kills the body and kills the soul. They cannot help knowing it; amidst all the light poured upon the subject, there is not a dram-seller nor a distiller in the land but knows it."

The eloquent pleader closed with the following peroration:—

"Could the amount of misery in time and eternity which any one distillery in Salem has occasioned be portrayed before your honour, I should feel no solicitude for the result. Let the mothers who have been broken-hearted, the wives that have been made widows, the children that have been made fatherless, the parents borne down with a bereavement worse than death, in the vices of their children, be arrayed in your presence; let the families reduced to penury, disgraced with crime, and consumed with anguish, that the owners of one distillery might accumulate their wealth, be gathered before you. Let the prosecutor in this suit go to the grave-yards, and summon those whose bodies have been laid in the grave from that one distillery; let him call up, if he could, the souls that have been shut out from heaven and prepared for hell, through the instrumentality of the liquor manufactured there; and let him ask what is their verdict. Need I suppose their judgment? Surely it would be, Let the defendant be shielded. Even if he has overstepped the limits of exact prudence, in his efforts to portray the evils of intemperance, in the name of mercy, let the great object of the effort shield him, and let the law be turned against that *dreadful business* whose nature he has aimed to delineate."

For this most righteous testimony Dr. Cheever was condemned; but he was not silenced. Other productions of his genius followed in swift and telling succession. Nor did the Temperance cause fail to progress. On the contrary, the very State of Massachusetts which condemned him, passed, seventeen years after, a prohibitory law; and the very distillery which had triumphed over the Doctor became the occasional scene of Temperance festivals. A good encouragement, even in the darkest hour, to trust in God and dare to do right.

THE NESTORIANS IN LONDON.—IV.

CONCLUSION.

MANY interesting incidents have happened since we last wrote upon this subject. The sympathy which we asked has not been denied, and our Nestorian friends have found hospitality, confidence, and liberality. Several of the public prints have in different ways noticed the case; public lectures have in some instances been given; and, more frequently, private benevolence has been active. The pecuniary result is every way gratifying, as more than £250 has been contributed at the time we write. The greater part of this amount has, in various ways, been acknowledged in these pages, and we are happy to have had it in our power to facilitate Christian generosity for so good an object. It is not possible to enumerate all who have shown kindness in this case. Some we have already mentioned; and we will add that the Lord Bishop of London not only gave a donation, but wrote a kind and cordial letter to our friends, conveying most Christian messages to the Nestorian Church, its Patriarch and dignitaries. This letter was translated into Syriac for Yohanan and Yusef; and Yohanan has written a very appropriate, respectful, and Christian reply.

Advices were received to the effect that Dr. Perkins, the American missionary, a man whom God has wonderfully blessed in his work among the Nestorians, was returning from America to Oroomiah, by way of London. It was therefore resolved that the strangers should be committed to his care. On his arrival, a committee was formed, of which he was invited to become a member, and upon their meeting, all necessary arrangements were completed for the departure of the Nestorians.* We may state that Dr. Perkins, who had known Yohanan for twenty years, heartily entered into the measures of the committee, and rendered valuable assistance. It was with devout satisfaction that the strangers were placed in the hands of one so familiar with their speech, and in every way so competent to aid them. They carried with them not merely enough money to bear them home in comfort, but to leave a residuum which will be very useful, and for the prudent administration of which measures have been taken. They have also taken with them many little mementoes of their visit, and a letter to Mar Yohanan and Isaac, from whom they received the letter with which they came to England. We trust that God will give the winds and the waves charge concerning them, and bear them in safety to their far distant homes. May the things which have happened to them turn out for the furtherance of the Gospel in their land.

It will not be uninteresting to trace in a few words the route upon which our Nestorian friends are now passing homewards. They left the South-Eastern Railway Station, at London Bridge, on the 17th of

September, and were to proceed thence by Dover and Calais to Brussels. From Brussels they would advance to Cologne, and alongside the Rhine to Mayence, and thence on their way to Vienna—a long journey, but soon accomplished. From Vienna the way lies by rail, *viâ* Pesth, to Baziarch, on the Danube, where a steamer is found to convey passengers as far as Tchernavoda, and there is a railway station, at which places are taken for Kustendjie, on the Black Sea. From Kustendjie the Austrian Lloyd's steamers go to Constantinople, which, by this route, can be reached in seven days from London. After a little rest at Constantinople, our travellers embark again upon the Black Sea, on board a steamer for Trebizonde. At this point they furnish themselves with horses, of which they will require three. They will also have to provide themselves with sundry comforts and necessaries, for they are now beyond the dominion of steam, and must travel for at least a month over a wild and rugged country, more one of mountains, and ravines, and brooks, than of plains and valleys. Leaving Trebizonde, they pursue the main road for traffic towards the south-east, to Erzeroum. From Erzeroum they pass through the mountains of Armenia to Bayazia, where they cross the Turkish frontier, and enter Persian territory. Hence they proceed, bearing south-east, to Khoi, and then, turning south, traverse the well-known hills and valleys of Oroomiah, to the city of that name. The last month's journey will be laborious, painful, and perilous in some parts. There will be very inclement weather in Armenia; and Dr. Perkins says that if the "cold entered Yohanan's soul at Moscow, it will do so yet more among these mountains." Thankful we are that they have the means to provide whatever is needed for their comfort. We leave them in the hands of Him whom they have so honoured by their simple faith.

Before his departure, Yohanan gave us a letter which exhibits in a remarkable manner those features of Christian character and expression which remind us of apostolic men, and to which we have already alluded. Here it is:—

"To the Church of God which is in London; to all the faithful brethren, called and holy, who are sanctified in Jesus Christ our Lord; and to all those who call on the name of our Lord Jesus Christ in every place, their (Lord) and ours: Grace with you and peace, from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

"I praise my God at all times on your behalf, for the grace of God which is given unto you in Jesus Christ our Lord; that in everything ye are enriched in him: in all words, and in all knowledge, according as the testimony of Christ was confirmed among you; that ye come short in no one of his gifts, but wait for the revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall confirm you until the end: that ye may be without rebuke in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ. God is

* See Advertisement, page 1.

faithful, by whom ye have been called to the fellowship of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"I ask of you, my brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that there be one speech to all of you, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfect in one mind and in one thought, and in one pure heart. Moreover, may ye be gentle, and in everything may ye show kindness unto all men. Pray for your Christian brethren in Oroomiah. Perhaps our Lord Jesus Christ will hear your prayers, and bring times of rest to your Christian brethren in Oroomiah, whom the Ishmaelites oppress.

"For we also—all the Christians in Oroomiah—were formerly without understanding, and disobedient, and in error, and were subject to various lusts, and had our conversation in wickedness and in envy; and were hated, and hated one another. When the kindness and mercy of God our Life-giver was revealed, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but by the mercy of his Son, he sent apostles (missionaries) from America, who came and reached Oroomiah. The two apostles who first came to Oroomiah were Mr. Perkins and Dr. Grant. They taught everything that is written in the Old and in the New (Testaments). They taught the true doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ; and the beginning of the preaching of Mr. Perkins was in Oroomiah. Our Lord Jesus Christ blessed it with his Spirit. Through the preaching of Mr. Perkins there was a regeneration. Our Lord Jesus Christ made us alive by the washing of regeneration, and by the renewing of the Holy Spirit, which he shed on us abundantly through our Lord Jesus Christ, our Life-giver; by whose grace we have been justified, and have become heirs in hope of life for ever, since he opened the door of preaching, by means of the American apostles in Oroomiah. So may our Lord Jesus Christ open the door for the Gospel in all lands. Amen.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ bless all the Churches which are in London. May the love of our Lord Jesus Christ abound among you. May peace and rest dwell in your hearts all the days of the world. Amen.

"Ye have shown great love to us strangers. Our Lord Jesus Christ reward your love in the kingdom of heaven. Amen. Every one who believeth in our Lord shall not be ashamed. Unto you is given the honour of those that believe in him. But those that do not obey the Word of God—Now if a man shall not find his name written in the book of life, he will be cast in that lake of fire' (Revelation of John the Apostle, chap. xx. 15). For these are the faithful and true words of God: 'And he said unto me, I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending. I will give to him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely' (see Rev. xxi. 6—9).

"Grace be with you, and peace from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, be with you all. Amen.

"We ask thy peace, brother. Ask the peace of thy wife, our sister in the Lord. Ask the peace of all the brethren who love us in the faith. Grace and love be with you all. Amen. From the brethren and strangers, Priest Yohanan, and Yusaf, sons of Oroomiah. In the month Tabah, the 24th in it (September 5th), in the year of our Lord, 1862.

"Unto the brethren of London."

Such is the parting legacy to his Christian friends which Yohanan has placed with us, in the hope that publicity would be given to it. We cheerfully make

known the affectionate sentiments of Christian faithfulness which our interesting strangers cherish for the land where they have seen the beautiful fruits of true religion. They naturally give especial prominence to London, because they have scarcely left it during their stay in England. By word and writing they have endeavoured in every way to excite an interest in that afflicted remnant of the Lord's people to whom they belong. In every way they have sought to express their gratitude to all who have shown kindness to them and their people. They leave us overwhelming us with benedictions, and uttering their most ardent prayers for our Queen and nation. We hope, and believe, that many will pray for them; and that out of this singular visit Providence may evoke a closer and more frequent intercourse with the Persian Church. May that ancient Church soon cover the land, and proclaim a pure Gospel in the regions beyond.

We subjoin a statement of the amounts received and expended on behalf of the Nestorians:—

FUND FOR AID OF THE NESTORIANS.

Dr. 1862.		£	s.	d.
Sept. 24.				
To Subscriptions per Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, as follow:—				
Per Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (including £8 ss. from Rev. C. Marshall)	£72	15	7	
Per Syme, Scott, and Co., Southborough	24	13	6	
Sundry smaller sums	48	8	7	145 17 8

(The above sums have been acknowledged in THE QUIVER.)

To Subscriptions per Lieut.-Col. Hughes	78	5	9
To Cash collected by Mr. Salter	1	0	0
To Subscriptions per Evangelical Alliance	21	16	8
To Amount received for Portraits	7	13	6
Total	£254	13	7

Cr. 1862.		£	s.	d.
Sept. 24.				
By 19 weeks' and 8 days' Board of the Nestorians at the Strangers' Home for Asiatics	...	20	8	0
By Wearing Apparel for the Nestorians	...	14	11	2
By Miscellaneous Articles for Ditto	...	4	8	10
By Travelling Expenses with Ditto	...	7	2	0
By Amount paid for Interpreters, and various assistance	...	20	0	0
By Postage Stamps and Sundries	...	2	14	5
By advertising Accounts of the Fund	...	2	11	3
By paid for Portraits	...	6	10	0
By Cash sent to Oroomiah, for Yohanan's family	...	10	0	0
By amount per Dr. Perkins, to pay Travelling Expenses of the Nestorians to Oroomiah	...	81	0	0
By Amount for remittance per Ottoman Bank, to be administered by a Christian Committee at Oroomiah	...	85	7	11
Total	...	£254	13	7

THE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

MARTYRS IN PERSIA, ABOUT A.D. 345.

SOZOMEN, an ancient author, who wrote a history of the Church in Greek, has left an account of the persecutions which the disciples suffered in Persia, under the reign of Sapor. From his narrative the following particulars have been taken. He thinks that Christianity was introduced into Persia by persons who carried on traffic with the neighbouring regions of Armenia and Osroene. In course of time believers were greatly multiplied, and began to hold meetings for worship and to appoint ministers and deacons.

This thing greatly offended the Magians, who presided over the religious affairs of Persia. It also offended the Jews, who were everywhere very hostile to Christianity; and they accused Simeon, the Archbishop of Seleucia, and Ctesiphon, of being a friend to the Roman emperor, and an informer. Sapor believed these accusations, and first of all imposed unbearable taxes upon the Christians. He committed the collection of these taxes to harsh and unfeeling men, in order that, driven by want and cruelty, the disciples might be induced to abandon their religion, to the delight of the monarch.

After this he ordered that the ministers of God should be slain with the sword, that the churches should be demolished, and their contents confiscated, and that Simeon should be brought forth as a traitor to the Persian Government and religion. The Magi, therefore, with their helpers the Jews, very soon threw down the houses of prayer, and brought Simeon in chains to the king, where he showed himself to be a good and a brave man; for when Sapor commanded that he should be tortured, he neither feared nor prostrated himself: whereupon the king, in great anger, asked why he did not bow down to him now as he had done before.

"I have not been brought in before," said Simeon, "as a prisoner, and to become a betrayer of the true God; and, besides, I did not refuse to render due honours to the king; but now it is not right for me to do it. I am here to contend for religion and for our principles."

When he had said this, the king commanded him to worship the sun, and promised to give him many gifts if he obeyed, and hold him in great honour; but if he disobeyed, he threatened to destroy both him and the whole body of Christians. Because, however, he could neither move Simeon by threatenings nor by promises—for he continued steadfast in his resolve not to adore the sun, nor to seem to be a traitor to his religion—he commanded that he should continue in chains. He thought, perhaps, that he would repent. As Simeon was led away to prison, he was seen by Ustazanes, an old eunuch, who had been tutor to Sapor, and was steward of the palace. This Ustazanes happened to be sitting before the palace doors; so he arose and saluted Simeon standing. Simeon answered him with a rebuke, and loudly expressed his anger, turning his head away, and passing on. The reason of this was that Ustazanes had been a Christian by profession, but had some time before yielded to force, and worshipped the sun. The eunuch forthwith began to weep and lament, and stripped himself of the fine clothes he wore. Like a man mourning, he clothed himself in black, and sat before the palace weeping and groaning.

"Woe unto me!" he exclaimed; "what ought I to expect God, whom I have denied, to be to me? This is why my long-known friend Simeon has not deigned to speak to me, but turned his head away and passed along."

As soon as Sapor heard of this, he sent for him, asked him the cause of his sorrow, and whether some calamity had befallen him at home. So Ustazanes answered, and said—

"O king, no misfortune has happened to me here. I would that instead of what has befallen me, I had been overtaken with accidents of all sorts, for I could have borne them easily. I lament because I live, and that I who ought to have died long since still see the

sun, which, to favour thee, and not from conviction, I in appearance worshipped. On two accounts, therefore, I deserve to die, having been a traitor to Christ, and a deceiver towards thee."

Having said these words, he called the Maker of heaven and earth to witness that he would not henceforth abandon his conviction.

Sapor was astounded at the extraordinary change in the eunuch, and became yet more enraged against the Christians, as though they did such things by magic. But he seemed gentle towards the old man at one time, and at another time angry, for he wished to spare him, and tried with all his might to persuade him. However, when he availed nothing, because Ustazanes vowed he would never be so foolish as to worship the creature instead of the Creator, moved with fury, he commanded that his head should be cut off with a sword. When he was led out for punishment by the executioners, he asked them to delay a little while, as he wished to send a message to the king about something; and having called one of the eunuchs, in whom he had the greatest confidence, he bade him speak thus to Sapor:—

"O king, the good will which I have had from my youth until now towards thy house, and the zeal I have shown for thy father and myself, I do not think I need declare to thee, for thou knowest these things well. But now, in return for all that I have ever rendered to you, grant me this reward, that I should not appear to those who know it not to suffer punishment as unfaithful to the kingdom, or otherwise caught doing evil. And in order to make this known, let a herald cry and signify to all, that Ustazanes has his head cut off, not because he has been convicted of any crime in the palace, but because he is a Christian, and has not been persuaded by the king to deny his God."

And the eunuch delivered this message, and Sapor, according to the request of Ustazanes, ordered a herald to make the proclamation, for he thought that others would readily renounce their Christianity, if they became persuaded that he would spare no one who was a Christian, after putting to death his old tutor and private friend. But Ustazanes was anxious that the cause of his punishment should be proclaimed, because he thought that, as through fear he had worshipped the sun and had made many Christians afraid, so now, if they learned how he had been taken away for religion's sake, he should have many imitators of his constancy.

In this honourable manner Ustazanes gave up his life; and when Simeon, who was in prison, heard what had happened, he gave thanks to God on his behalf. On the following day, which happened to be the sixth day of the week, or the Friday, when the annual commemoration of the Saviour's sufferings takes place, before the feast of the resurrection, the king determined that Simeon also should be put to death with the sword. The reason of this was, that having been brought again before the king, the prisoner had spoken to him very nobly in defence of the faith, and had refused to do obeisance either to him or to the sun. On the same day also, a hundred others who were in prison were ordered to be put to death. Simeon was slain the last of them all, after having seen every one of them die. Among them were bishops, presbyters, and other ministerial orders. Now when they were all brought out to be taken to the place where they were to suffer, the chief Magian came up to them, and asked them, if they wished to

live, to follow the same religion as the king, and to worship the sun.

There was not one of them who chose to live on such conditions, so they were at once taken to the place where they were to be put to death. The executioners began their work, and laboured at the slaughter of the martyrs, while Simeon stood by, exhorting those who were being slain to be of good cheer—discoursing to them of death, and of the resurrection, and of godliness. He confirmed what he said by texts out of the Holy Scriptures, showing that it was truly life thus to die; but that to be a traitor to God was death indeed. He showed them that, even if no one killed them, they would necessarily die, for this is an end which cannot be avoided by any mortal born. "But," said he, "the things which happen after death, and are eternal, do not happen alike to all. They will have to give an exact account of their life in this world, and, when weighed as it were in a balance, each will receive the immortal reward of what he has done well, or suffer vengeance for the contrary. Now, of all that is good, the greatest and most blessed is to be willing to die for the Lord."

In this way did Simeon encourage them, and, like the teacher and director in the games, show to them how they should come to the conflict. His brethren listened to him with joy, and each of them came cheerfully to the slaughter. As we said, when the executioners had put to death the hundred who were brought to lay down their lives for Christ, he took off the head of Simeon. Among those who suffered with him were Abdechala and Hanina, both of them aged men, and presbyters of the Church over which he presided. They were taken with him, and cast into prison at the same time, and they were alike honoured with the martyr's crown.

Now there happened to be standing there at the time, Pusices, who was over all the workmen of the king; and he, seeing that Hanina trembled as he was preparing for the slaughter, exclaimed—

"For a little while, O aged man, close thine eyes; and be of good courage, for thou shalt without delay behold the light of God."

He had scarcely uttered the words when he was laid hold of, and led away to the king, before whom he confessed himself a Christian. But, inasmuch as he had spoken very freely in the presence of the king, in defence of the principles of the martyrs, as if he had dared to do something or to say something evil, orders were given that he should die in some unusual and most dreadful manner. The executioners, therefore, pierced his neck and pulled out his tongue through the wound. His daughter also, a pious maiden, was at the same time falsely accused, condemned, and put to death.

We shall give the remainder of the story of the persecutions in Persia on another occasion, but in the meantime we wish to make a remark or two. In the first place, that in all ages the grace of Christ has sustained his persecuted people, whatever the country they have lived in. In the next place, we observe that in this narration there is nothing unsriptural and superstitious. There is no calling upon angels and saints, and no praying for the dead. There is no mention of purgatory and of masses, and nothing about images, crucifixes, or relics. At that time men believed in Christ, and their faith was counted unto them for righteousness. Finally, let us be thankful that, although Persia is still opposed to the Gospel,

and oppresses the faithful who are found there, the faithful are there still, as the seed of that kingdom which shall prevail in all the world. The persecutions of Sapor were very terrible, but the Lord helped his servants, and they willingly laid down their lives in his name. To him be all the glory for their faithfulness!

The Editor and his Friends.

To R. S., G. D., W. M. W., AND OTHER FRIENDS.

F. What authority is there for stating that Peter was at Rome?

E. We cannot do better than reply to this question in the words of a learned and pious Nonconformist:—"Though members of the Romish Church make so much of this point, Protestants have no reason to deny it. His being at Rome is a very different thing from his being Primate of the whole Church, and bequeathing supremacy and prerogative to those who succeeded him. Traditions that can be traced up to the very age in which the Apostle lived, tend to confirm the belief of his residence at Rome for several years. Papias, Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Caius, Origen, and Eusebius agree in the report that Peter was at Rome, and was martyred there, and there is no counter-tradition. Where an event that must soon have been generally known is so unanimously attested, there is no reason to call its authenticity in question."

Moreover, we must not forget that Tertullian, who could not be otherwise than well informed on this point, asserts that Clemens Romanus succeeded St. Peter as Bishop of Rome—the date generally assigned is A.D. 66, which would give about twenty-four years for Peter's pastoral office in connection with that city.

If any one wishes to see the evidence from antiquity on which Peter's having been at Rome rests, he will find it fully and ably set forth in the writings of Dr. Lardner, the celebrated author of "The Credibility of the Gospel History." Dr. Nathaniel Lardner was a learned Dissenting divine, born in 1684. "The Credibility of the Gospel History" is spoken of as a production deserving of the highest praise, for its learning, faithfulness, and candour. He concludes his inquiry about Peter's having been at Rome as follows:—"This is the general, disinterested testimony of ancient writers in the several parts of the world—Greeks, Latins, Syrians. As our Lord's prediction concerning the death of Peter is recorded in one of the Gospels, it is very likely that Christians would observe the accomplishment of it, which must have been in some place. Never any other place was named besides Rome, nor did any other city ever assert that Paul's martyrdom occurred within its precincts. It is not for our honour, nor for our interest either, as Christians or Protestants, to question the truth of events ascertained by early and well-attested tradition. If any make an ill use of such facts, we are not accountable for it. We are not, from a dread of such abuses, to overthrow the credit of all history, the consequences of which would be fatal."

Therefore, you perceive, that although we may feel unconvinced by the evidence, still, as lovers of truth, we are not justified in saying that there is no evidence or authority to show that Peter was ever at Rome.

No. 288.—W. A. C.—"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."—Matt. xvi. 18, 19.

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church."

Theophilus, Bishop of Antioch, A.D. 170, Chrysostom, patriarch of Constantinople, born at Antioch, A.D. 347, as well as some of the early bishops and popes of Rome, particularly Gregory the Great, and also several able modern commentators, such as Glassius, Erasmus, Poole, Scott, Clarke, Horsley, Benson, and others, understand the words "upon this rock I will build my church," as denoting the profession of faith made by Peter, that Jesus was "the Christ, the Son of the living God;" the Christ, that is, the Messiah; the anointed One, that is, the Prophet, the Priest, and the King of his Church; the Son of man and the Son of God—God and man in one Christ.

Upon this profession of faith, the Saviour declared he would build his Church. He does not say, "On thee, Peter, I will build my Church."

Peter signifies a stone; and the stone may in some degree partake of the nature of the rock, but it is not the rock itself; and that we may not assign an unscriptural importance to the appellation given to Peter, namely, that of a stone, we must remember that all the Levites were called stones of the temple. Many able writers maintain that our Lord meant to point out Peter himself as the foundation of the Church. Wonderfully honoured as was this eminent apostle, yet we can hardly reconcile it to our minds that he was to be the foundation on which the Church was to be erected, when within the space of a few verses our Lord speaks of this erring disciple as "*Satan*," that is, an adversary, an evil counsellor; and also as "an offence," that is, an obstacle and a hindrance. "He turned and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." Nor can we lose sight of the fearful manner in which this apostle denied his Master; nor that St. Paul deemed it needful to say of Peter, "I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed."

In the words, "upon this rock I will build my church," we see no authority for the assertion of the Romish Church that the rock was Peter. The Romanists, in claiming St. Peter as their first pope, have selected the apostle whose ministry was, in an especial manner, directed to the Jews, and not to the Gentiles, and who, by his own example, denied the papal right to forbid priests to marry.

"The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

In ancient cities an open space was usually preserved adjoining the entrance, and at this spot, near to the gates of the city, the elders and men in authority were accustomed to meet, to deliberate upon important matters, and there to take counsel together. "The gates of hell," we understand, therefore, as implying the power and crafty devices of Satan and his angels; and we are assured by God himself that these designs against the Church of God shall not be permitted to triumph.

"I will give unto thee the keys."

A term used in the East to denote appointment to office. The key was either borne on the shoulder or embroidered on the dress. God says by his prophet Isaiah—

"I will call my servant Eliakim (Azariah) the son of Hilkiah, and the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder; so he shall open, and none shall shut; and he shall shut, and none shall open."

"The keys of the kingdom of heaven."

The announcement of that Gospel which prepares men for the dominion of the King from heaven.

Peter was therefore the first to preach this Gospel to both Jew and Gentile.

"Whosoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whosoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

By this we understand the power and authority of

making laws for the government of the Church, sometimes spoken of by theologians as "the power of the keys."

To bind and to loose, in Jewish phrase, signifies to declare anything lawful or unlawful. This power was exercised, when the time arrived, in abolishing that which had hitherto been regarded as most binding upon men's consciences, and as a sacred duty. Hence the apostles bound, that is, forbade circumcision to the recipients of the Christian faith; and they loosed, that is, allowed purification to Paul, which was declaring by their authority that the ceremonial law was no longer in force, and this binding and unloosing was in accordance with the will of God, and therefore had the Divine sanction.

Whatever power was given to Peter was also conferred upon all the apostles, and the working of miracles and the discerning of spirits, and other peculiar honours vouchsafed to these first preachers, must be regarded as gifts bestowed upon apostolic men for the requirements of apostolic times.

No. 289.—J. (Birkenhead).—WHICH OF CHRIST'S DISCIPLES SUFFERED MARTYRDOM? WHAT DEATH DID THEY DIE? AND WHAT ARE THEIR EMBLEMS?

There are various accounts. We can only offer that which appears to be the best supported by historic testimony.

Paul.....	Beheaded	at Rome.
Peter	Crucified	Rome.
Andrew	{ Bound to a cross till he died	Patras.
James the Less	{ Thrown from a pinnacle of the Temple, and beaten to death by clubs	Jerusalem.
John	Banished to	Patmos.
Philip	Hanged against a Pillar	Phrygia.
Thomas	Run through the body	Coromandel.
Matthew	By the sword	Ethiopia.
Matthias	{ First stoned, and then beheaded	Colchis.
James the Elder	Beheaded	Jerusalem.
Simon	{ Supposed to have suffered martyrdom in	Mauritania.
Jude	Shot to death with arrows	Persia.
Bartholomew.....	Flayed alive	Albania.

The emblems by which the figures of the Apostles may be identified are said to be—

Paul, a sword.	Philip, a staff, the upper end forming a cross.
Peter, the keys.	Matthew, a hatchet.
Andrew, a saltier, i. e. a St. Andrew's cross.	Matthias, a battle-axe.
James the Less, a fuller's pole.	James the Elder, a pilgrim's staff and a gourd bottle.
John, a cup and winged serpent.	Simon, a saw.
Thomas, a lance.	Jude, a club.
	Bartholomew, a knife.

The truth of Holy Writ is confirmed by the deaths of the Apostles, as not one of them died by poison, although the administering of poison was at that period so prevalent a crime.—Mark xvi. 18.

Heracleion, who is quoted by Clemens Alexandrinus, maintains that Matthew, Thomas, Philip, and Levi were exempt from martyrdom.

It may be well to observe, that Levi was one of the names given to Judas, to distinguish him from the apostate. He is therefore called Jude, Judas, Levi, Lebbeus, and Thaddeus.

Peter is also known by the names of Simon and of Cephas.

Simon is sometimes spoken of as Simon the Canaanite, and as Simon Zelotes.

Bartholomew is supposed to be the same person who is elsewhere called Nathanael; for St. John never mentions Bartholomew in the list of the Apostles, and the other Evangelists in their lists make no mention of Nathanael.

No. 290.—G. E. C. (Hadfield).—HOW AM I TO RECONCILE THE CONTRADICTION RESPECTING THE AGE OF KING AHAZIAH WHEN HE BEGAN TO REIGN?—In 2 Kings viii. 26, it says he was twenty-two years old; in 2 Chron. xxii. 2, that he was forty-two.

Numbers were formerly expressed by letters, and not by figures, and the difference between these two accounts of the same monarch is supposed to have arisen from one letter having been mistaken for another which it very closely resembled. In this case the letter *caph* was taken for the letter *mem*. The numerical power of *caph* is twenty, but *mem* stands for forty. 2 Kings viii. 26 gives the correct reading.

Moreover, the Jews at an early period began to express numbers by certain marks to denote figures, and the seeming contradiction of some passages where numbers are given may sometimes be accounted for from the transcribers having by mistake omitted or added a slight stroke, which denoted a cipher, but which would increase or diminish the number expressed tenfold. This will reduce the 40,000 stalls for horses mentioned in 1 Kings iv. 26, as belonging to King Solomon, to 4,000, as mentioned in 2 Chron. ix. 25. The smaller number is considered to be correct.

[We have to thank one or two of our correspondents for calling our attention to an oversight in the insertion of the tale called "Hannah Bailey," in No. 49, in respect to which we have adopted such precautions as, we hope, will prevent a recurrence of anything of the kind.]

A DISTURBED WORLD.

THE world is full of antagonisms between truth and error, godliness and iniquity, power and weakness, with their endless modifications. It is certainly not a peaceful world, and although inhabited by people of a common origin, they manage to keep up the great family quarrel, nation against nation, and these, in their subordinate divisions, even those of a religious character, warring with each other. Man even wars against himself, and the good and evil principles within him are brought into fierce conflict, so that every one is contending for the mastery against his innate corruptions, or for a conquest over his better convictions. The world, too, is at enmity with God, and man's puny arm of defiance is raised against his Maker. Why is it that the earth, so fair and beautiful, where there is room for all, and so much which might be made to minister to enjoyment, should be thus marred? It all results from a broken covenant of friendship with God. Human ambition has asserted its right to be independent of God, and the trial has been made with these disastrous results. A world without God is a world at war with itself, and hence the contests to which we have referred. If godliness and goodness live at all, it must be by a life struggle, and if any alleviation to otherwise intolerable evils is to be effected, it must be through the power of goodness. Sin must have its counteractive, or the world would become a pandemonium; and little as the Gospel is esteemed, its very defamers are at least incidentally indebted to it for their comparative happiness. It affords the check upon human passions which, without such restraint, would precipitate the catastrophe of the earth's desolation. Blessed are those who know and avail themselves of this refuge in a time of trouble, who, amidst the fierce contentions around them, can peacefully stay themselves on God. If the Christian cannot be entirely exempt from the belligerent spirit which pervades the earth, he should

earnestly endeavour to stand aloof from all unholy contentions, and strive only for a virtuous mastery over himself, and against the "evil which is in the world through sin." Let his weapons be turned against the rebellious passions of his own heart, and, in the meek and unflinching spirit of his Master, war against the devil and all his works.

There is no cure for the strifes which have ever disfigured the world's history, except the universal prevalence of the spirit of the Gospel; when this occurs, there will be a millennium of glory, so happily predicted in God's word, and strongly prefiguring that heavenly state of purity and peace which shall never be disturbed by human infirmity and sin. How wonderful will then be the contrast between a world at strife and a world of holiness, and how jubilant will be the saints of God, who, having fought the good fight, have been recalled to their rest and reward!

LETTER TO AN IMPENITENT FRIEND.

THE long years which elapsed between our first meeting and the few brief hours we lately passed in each other's society, neither diminished my friendship for you, or abtracted ought from the interest awakened in my heart for your welfare. It was life's early morning with us then, and the rainbow hues of hope, gilding our pathway, had lost nothing of their brilliancy or ideal beauty. But when we stood hand in hand so lately, the summer flush of life's morning had dawned upon our paths, and we stood side by side, changed in many things—in all, perhaps, except our friendship's truth. I felt most deeply, while I looked for a few times upon your changed face, that while we both have taken more than one sup of sorrow, you had sipped the deepest, for I stood by your side peaceful and happy, in my religious hope, while you were not a Christian! After we separated, and our widely divergent paths had led me far from you, it pleased God, in his infinite mercy, to call me to be one of his people. Some time, if we meet again, I will tell you about the path he led me through. Now, I have not space to tell you of the dread season I stood under Mount Sinai, with heart and faith too weak to turn to Mount Zion, and there, under the blessed shadow of the Rock of Salvation, lose all dread of Sinai's thunders. I have not time to describe how it was at an evening service, in an old-fashioned, dimly-lighted, village church, the real awakening came, as a solemn, deep-toned voice seemed to utter warnings to me, and me alone, from the text, "Quench not the Spirit;" how the next evening, in one corner of a far back choir-pew, I sat, while the same voice poured upon my heart such a blessing as only our divine religion can impart, from the words, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" There I found the true balm, which has softened every after ill of life.

It is to recommend this blessed peace to you that I now write these lines. As I sit here and write, the sweet sunlight of Nature pours gloriously around me, winds whisper through the trees, the matin songs of birds go up tunefully to God, the breath of sweet flowers lingers on the air, and my spirit is lifted above the anxieties, cares, and sorrows which often weigh it down. And I thought of you, of our recent brief meeting, and hasty parting—I thought of you, my orphan friend, in your far-away home in the city, circumstanced so that these voices of Nature cannot

reach or speak with their thrilling power to your heart—of the very few you have to understand or love you; and the saddening reflection was forced upon me that you are still trying to find something in the world to still the craving of your higher nature. There is one Voice, sweeter than all the voices of Nature, and it says to your tired, wandering, saddened heart, "Come unto me." The same Voice comes gently over the spirit, breathing these words, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you." You have suffered deeply, and suffered long; you have grieved over lost ones, and broken ties; you feel that there is scarcely a heart to which your own can turn for sympathy or appreciation. Dear friend, why not seek the abiding Comforter? Why not turn from the "broken cisterns" to the Waters of Life—the fountain and source of all peace?

Have you suffered? The few parting lines your farewell hand-clasp left in mine are the record of a wounded spirit. Oh! why not turn to the Friend of friends? His friendship will compensate you for all you ever lost. Do you grieve, in the depths of your sensitive spirit, over your orphaned lot, brotherless and alone? Let me remind you of the Elder Brother, of his unutterable love, before which the attachments of this life pale out, as stars before the noon-day sun. Jesus has said, "I will not leave you comfortless." And perhaps, through all those years, when you have been wearing the heavy chain of sorrow upon your heart—when sorrow has darkened your life—it may be that he has dried up the rivulets of this present existence to win you to come to the Fountain of Life. Do you feel that your lot is sad? Oh, "consider Him that endured!" Do you think despairingly of your sinfulness? Remember the blessed words, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Let me beg of you to turn your thoughts away from the contemplation of your sad life, and "think of these things," and do not deny yourself the only abiding peace, the blessed religion of Jesus. You have but to ask, to receive. Go to your quiet chamber, and pray. Pray often, pray faithfully, pray earnestly; and be sure you will obtain pardon, peace, and acceptance. Join yourself with God's people, occupy regularly your seat in the divine service of the sanctuary, teach in the Sabbath-school, heed not "the world's dread laugh," and a peace, like nothing the world can give, will descend upon your life. Oh! that I could but express to you something of the comfort and consolation of the religion I so much wish you to enjoy and profess! Will you not, for the sake of the "long ago," unclose your neglected Bible, bow the knee of prayer in your silent chamber, and turn from clinging to the world and seeking there for something to make you happy?

PATCHED GARMENTS.—To the mind of the observer, there is a great deal in the patched and mended garments of a poor man. They speak whole volumes of patient poverty. They tell of the unrepining and industrious wife, and of her long hours spent with the weary needle; of the striving endurance of her who, with humble pride, would turn the best side outward. Never scorn the patched coat of a poor labourer; for that labourer, maybe, has one *at home* who loves him; and that is more, alas! than many a rich man has.

Mothers' Department.

BRITAIN is pre-eminently the land of homes, and the Royal matron on the British throne worthily represents and crowns this best of national distinctions. Such, in brief, are two leading thoughts we would now hold up to the view of the mothers of England.

BRITAIN IS THE LAND OF HOMES.

Home is truly a sanctuary, the seed-bed alike of all piety and of all patriotism, the nursery of all the virtues, the source of all that is pure in sentiment, holy in aspiration, self-sacrificing in endurance, and great, heroic, and magnanimous in deed. As sure as the father grows insensibly into the patriarch and ruler, and the family expands into the nation, home is the root or inclosing bud of all patriotism. The love of country is rooted in the holy affections of home—it is, in short, the love of "fatherland." Long may it be ere the proverbial phrase, "the happy homes of England," lose its present grand and indisputable significance! Our familiar word "home" has in it a depth and affluence of meaning which some of the neighbouring languages could not represent. Kossuth, in one of his public lectures, some years ago, remarked, that while matrimonial alliances are often contracted in France on the principle of "limited liability," in our country the sanctity of nuptial vows is, as it ought to be, profoundly realised. We sometimes hear British reserve unfavourably contrasted with French sociality. May it be long before we lose our character for reserve! That reserve, as has been justly remarked, "is, in truth, but a synonym for domesticity, for a life spent among the quiet joys and sacred sympathies of home; while the intense and much-lauded sociality of the French is too often but the name of a false and feverish substitute for home." "What does France most need?" asked the first Napoleon, of a lady. True and significant was the reply—"Mothers!" When the patriot fights for his country, he fights for his hearth, for his wife, for his children—dearer to him than life. The presiding and sanctifying genius in this home sanctuary is *woman*, and that especially in the endearing relation of *mother*.

VICTORIA WORTHILY RULES OVER THIS LAND OF HOMES.

Our Queen is a true mother. Her late lamented consort,

"Illustrious father of our kings to be,"

was the model of a father. The royal family is, in consequence, to a degree never surpassed in those high social altitudes, a home—as we can read in the gushing affections and disconsolate sorrow of the royal family, when Death entered the palace—a sorrow which no seclusion or royal restraint could possibly conceal; an auspicious omen for the future occupant of the throne.

Never did our Queen shine forth more queenly than when, in touching strains of true sympathy, she consoled with the widows and orphans of the New Hartley sufferers. Probably few read without dropping a tear of sympathy with Victoria the woman, and of just pride for Victoria the queen, those brief but eloquent telegrams, glowing from the royal heart, the first of which breaks through all conventionalism into the clear azure of our great common humanity, and says—"The Queen's heart bleeds for the sufferers." By-and-by, when the worst was known, the irrepressible sentiment finds expression—"Her Majesty commands me to say that her tenderest sympathy is with the poor widows and mothers, and that her own misery only makes her feel the more for them." This royal letter proved truly a word in season. It sent a thrill through all Northumberland, and through all the nation.

It was read by the clergy from house to house; it was also printed on mourning paper and inclosed in appropriate envelopes, and left in this permanent form at each house of mourning. The Queen's subscription of £200 came as the gift of a widow to widows, and the Prince of Wales's £100 as the gift of a fatherless orphan to fatherless orphans. Such examples do the heart good. They show our great humanity—a thing greater than royalty—rising to its rightful level, and asserting its supremacy above the mere accident of birth and position. The rank is but the guinea stamp: the man under all remains the man. In the great ocean-deep of common human experiences and aspirations—"of joyances and high tides, of weeping and of woe"—in the still profounder deep of the Divine mercy revealed to our race, all such distinctions are merged and lost. Here, as in the grave, the prince and the peasant "meet together;" "the small and the great are there, and the servant is free from his master." Deep among these common experiences is sorrow, especially that of bereavement. Such was the experience of our Queen. Sorrow is a sacred thing, and, therefore, in the retirement of Osborne she was disciplining her crushed heart to bear its own bitterness, when the sad tidings came. No mere public event would have been likely to call her out from that silence. A Cabinet complication, an American difficulty, a European crisis, might have spent their thunder in the political heavens, without any audible response from the stricken heart of royalty. But the moment this coal-pit accident reaches her ear, it pierces to her more than royal—to her *womanly*—heart, and the result is a response which has touched every heart in the land. It is a morally healthful and beautiful spectacle. It is not Victoria sinking the Queen to exalt the woman: it is Victoria asserting the woman, and thereby exalting, ennobling, and glorifying the Queen.

SHADOWS FROM HEAVEN.

Mourning mothers—Rachels weeping over the graves of their deceased children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not—might do worse than ponder the fact that it is *heavenly* objects and experiences that they are thus permitting to project such shadows upon them. Such was the idea suggested to a mourning parent by a very simple incident; and may every mourning parent learn, like him, to turn from the dark shadows that lie on the earth, to the bright objects that exist in heaven, and soon that mourning would be turned into joy. The Rev. J. S. Meissner, Moravian missionary in Labrador, observes:—"We have known what it is to mourn over the loss of beloved children, having accompanied two to their resting-place during our service in this distant land. I was once standing by the grave of my departed children, under a brilliant sun and cloudless sky, when a light shadow passed over the green turf. Looking up for the cause, I beheld a snow-white gull winging her lofty flight through the air. The thought immediately struck me, 'Thus it is with the dear objects of my mournful remembrance. Here, indeed, lies the shadow, but above is the living principle.' Nor was the reflection without comfort to my wounded spirit, since 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

ENGLISH DOMESTICITY.

Few foreigners have more clearly discerned and warmly appreciated the characteristic virtues of Englishmen than the distinguished French writer, M. Guizot. In a production of his that has just appeared, though not blind to our colder or harder features, he bears hearty testimony to the generous warmth that underlies our reserve, and shows how radically our sterling qualities are associated with that intense home-life which is so characteristic of the nation. This is but one of hundreds of testimonies to the social and national, as well as in-

dividual, importance of HOME, and to the high and holy significance that attaches to the mission and function of the foreground figure in the domestic sphere—THE MOTHER.

LINES ON THE DYING WORDS
OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE SAINT'S EVERLASTING REST."

"The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick."—Isaiah xxxiii. 24.

He lay upon a bed of pain,
From whence he ne'er should rise again;
Pain that exhausted by its power,
Pain still increasing hour by hour.

Though well he knew death would be gain,
He could not say, "Pain is not pain:
God wrought for him no miracle,
Day after day he suffered still!"

But was the love to him denied,
Which in the furnace stood beside
The saints of old, with watchful care,
Nor let its hot flames singe one hair!

Which shut the mouths of lions wild,
Lest they should harm His captive child;
Nor let the viper's venom'd sting
To His beloved servant cling?

Oh, no! that love was still the same,
Although pain shook the wrecking frame;
Not yet to bid all suffering cease,
But to infuse a hidden peace.†

And more than that, a hope so bright
In joys not yet revealed to sight;
A trust so steadfast and so sure
In his Physician's promised cure,
That, when one asked him, "How fare you?"
(Oh! precious words both just and true!)
With gladness inexpressible,
He promptly answered, "ALMOST WELL!"‡

Anticipations bright and blest,
Brought to his soul a present rest—
A foretaste of the rest of heaven,
Soon to the weary pilgrim given;
Like streaks of glory ere the tide
Of sunset hues spread far and wide,
Till lake and mountain, wood and field,
Glow like a burnish'd, golden shield;
Or like the lull before the storm
Assumes its most tremendous form,
Sweet presage of an after-peace,
More perfect, when its tumults cease.

Faith saw the land of glorious rays;
Faith fixed upon the King its gaze;
And, looking up from suffering's dale,
Scanned the blest heights beyond the veil.

Prophetic were his parting words,
Sweet echoes from celestial chords,
Whose music, falling on his ear,
None else were privileged to hear,
Till, with a joy too deep to tell,
They caught his dying "Almost well!"
Scarcely said, ere his calm eyelids close
Upon earth's many sins and woes,
To open in a home above,
Upon his Father's smile of love!

There, in full joy, and glory bright,
Crown'd with a coronet of light;
All pain forgotten, as a dream
Dispelled by morning's rising beam;
Admitted with his Lord to dwell,
Not almost now, but wholly well;
The bliss his pen sought to pourtray
In time's oft dark and cloudy day;
Then but imagined, now possessed,
His is "The Saint's Eternal Rest!"

* "I have pains," said the Rev. Richard Baxter, when near the close of his earthly life; "there is no arguing against sense."

† "I have pains," he said, "but I have peace. I HAVE PEACE."

‡ The words uttered.

Youths' Department.

THE TRUE SISTER.

The house felt like a tomb.

Oh, what a miserable, miserable, lonely day it was. Dark, too; for it had rained and rained until it seemed as if it never would stop. The younger children were fretful—they hardly knew why, for they were not old enough to feel their loss. Charley and Albert—one twelve, the other fourteen—wandered disconsolately here and there, their hair awry, their hands in their pockets, sometimes trying to whistle, at others looking straight ahead, in that strange, absent way that indicates deep mental anguish. Mattie, a girl of sixteen, very small of her age, but possessing a face that told of latent energy and strong good sense, was in the chamber, the sad room that had been tenanted so long, and was now, oh, so sorrowfully empty! She had been sitting in her mother's rocking-chair; now she came blindly forward, fell upon her knees by the side of the deserted bed, and cried in a voice broken by tears, "Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

Not all the evidences of recent illness were yet removed from the darkened room. There stood the little table, placed now against the wall, half filled with phials, cups, and glasses. There stood the sick chair: sacred now, because her loving head had lain against it for the last time. The footstool yet remained where her feet had last pressed it. Oh, how desolate! how desolate! those alone know who have lost a mother.

"Pray," a voice seemed to whisper to the disconsolate girl. "No, I can't pray; I can't feel right; I can't feel reconciled!" sobbed the young creature, almost convulsively. "I can't feel it was right for her to be taken when we all needed her so. What can we do without you, mother?" and lifting her hands, and with streaming eyes, she seemed indeed inconsolable.

A few moments after the bell rang for breakfast. The poor girl, feeling that much devolved upon her now, wiped her eyes, arranged the folds of her hair hastily, and composing her feelings as best she could, went slowly down-stairs. The nurse met her, a babe in her arms, a little child clinging to her disengaged hand.

"Try to be as cheerful as possible, for your poor father's sake," she whispered. This had nearly upset the little calmness the young girl had acquired; but she managed to keep down the tears, and returning her father's "good morning," took the place that had not long been vacant. She tried, sitting opposite her father there, to drink her coffee, to taste her bread, but she could do neither. Strive against it as she might, the tears would come, and when she saw her brother's lips tremble with emotion, she broke down, and burst into tears.

Almost instantaneously the table was deserted. Mr. Mansfield hurried from the room; so did the boys, and Mattie was left alone.

"Poor man! he hasn't ate anything," said the sympathising girl who had been waiting at the table: "what with his walking about all night, and then going without his meals so, it's enough to break him down, and I shouldn't wonder if it did."

"How can we eat," murmured Mattie, "when we

know where poor mother is? My food chokes me."

"But it's bad for him who has to go to his business, and work on as if nothing had happened," continued the girl; "it's a pity but that he'd eat something. Besides, isn't the soul of your mother at home, and at rest? It don't signify anything that the body's in the grave, you know; for that wasn't all of her. No, no, Miss Mattie; I expect to see my blessed mistress in heaven."

Mattie was silent. She was not sure but she was selfish in thus intruding her grief upon her father. She did not remember him then, but thought only of herself. However, during the day her grief was uppermost. The house looked not only desolate, but everything was in disorder. Mattie could not see to do anything but weep and sigh. At dinner she scarcely restrained her tears, and the supper was still more wretched and uncomfortable.

Usually there had been a fire made in the large and handsome sitting-room; but to-night Mattie said there was no need of it. Where was the use of sitting in gloomy silence, alone? for without the mother, whose cheerful face had always smiled upon them, from her accustomed seat, though there were four of them, there seemed no life, no movement. Mr. Mansfield arose from the supper-table, walked listlessly into the sitting-room, looked sadly around, and feeling the pressure of that unearthly stillness, he returned as moody, and hurrying to his chamber, began to pace the floor again. The boys, after whispering a moment, took their hats. This roused Mattie.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Only into cousin Will's," was the reply.

As their cousin lived in the house adjoining, the children were often allowed to visit there, but seldom on an evening. Mattie, however, was too listless and too sorrowful to hinder them, so they hurried off, glad to be out of the gloom. And there was the elder daughter alone, still asking of her heart the bitter question, "Oh! what shall I do?"

Tired of weeping, it suddenly occurred to her that she should go into the nursery and see the babe, the helpless creature whose lot was even more to be pitied than her own. She went slowly up the stairs, and summoning up her fortitude, entered. For a moment her heart stood stiff. In the dimness she saw a form bending over the babe's cradle, so like her mother, that she dared scarcely breathe.

"It's Miss Matherson; come in," whispered the nurse. "I told her I thought you couldn't see any one, but made bold to take her up here, that she might look at the baby."

Mattie hesitated for a moment, then went forward, and put out her hand. The lady took it in silence. A minute after she said, "The dear little cherub! how sweetly he sleeps!"

"Oh, to think he is motherless!" sobbed Mattie.

"You are in her stead, now," whispered Miss Matherson, who was Mattie's Sunday-school teacher.

"I can never do as she would," cried the young girl, half choked by her grief.

"No, but you can do your best, my dear; you have her example before you: you may be a second mother to these two dear children."

"Home will never seem like home to me again," murmured the young girl.

"It depends upon you, my love, very much, whether this pleasant place may be restored to the harmony and beauty of a family home," replied Miss Matherson. "Oh, how much depends upon you! how your father and your elder brothers will learn to lean upon you!"

"But I am of no earthly use," sobbed Mattie.

"You think so, because you have given yourself utterly to grief. Suppose now you think and plan for the comfort of others. Study how best you can fill your mother's place by making everything cheerful for those she loved. Your father needs great and kind attention. He was used to seeing her smile, to receiving her little offices of love. You can do much towards cheating his sorrow of its bitterness, by doing what she has done hitherto. Besides, you are a Christian, Mattie; you believe your mother has not wholly gone; only the poor clay that suffered here. She is not lost; you may think of her as bright and beautiful in the kingdom of our Father. Why mourn, then, as those without hope?"

Mattie was silent; but she was thinking. As she gazed on the babe, her heart yearned to love and teach it as her mother would. She thought of her father, alone in his desolate chamber, feeling almost, perhaps, as if he had no one to love him. Could she not sacrifice something more for him than merely her feelings? She would try; and first, after the resolve was made, after the good Christian teacher was gone, she went to God, to know what to do. It was the first time that prayer seemed sweet in trouble, and she rose from her knees calm and more resigned to prepare for her duties.

The next morning the sun shone goldenly, and Mattie, having risen betimes, had taken care to secure some of its brightest beams. Softly they lay across the dining-room floor, which, with the furniture, had been carefully attended to, till both shone again. Late flowers were still blooming, and Mattie had cut a few, and arranged them in a bouquet for the breakfast table. Wisely discarding her sombre garments, she made herself attractive, in a neat, light morning dress; and when her pale father entered, instead of greeting him with a tearful "good morning," she went to his side, and busied herself about him in little tender offices of love. The breakfast table was cheerful; the boys felt the difference, and for the first time spoke of matters pertaining to their studies and their sports. Mattie joined them, and soon beguiled her father into a few words of quiet chat. She saw that the change affected him pleasantly, though he perhaps was unconscious of the fact—saw also that he was induced to sit longer, and that he seemed more refreshed by the meal.

So when he had gone, Mattie still kept busy. Her brothers found it good to look into her pleasant face, and began to come to her as they had to their mother, with their wants and wishes. It was very sweet to feel that she was acting for one who had been the angel by the hearth; and the young girl strove to remember all her mother's fond words and winning ways, that she might seem to fill her place to those around her.

Both at dinner and tea, Mr. Mansfield perceived the something different; that something seemed to make his home pleasanter; and when Mattie, after the latter meal, said, "Father, you'll sit with us to-night, won't you?" and he went into the cheerful apartment, where the lamps were bright, and the

blaze on the earth reddened the room; where the green study-table was drawn up near the little work-table where she had sat, and where Mattie now reverently took her seat—though the tears blinded him, and his heart ached with intensity of pain, yet he felt the thoughtfulness of his noble daughter, and thanked God who had left her to fill the cherished place.

Ever after, Mattie worked on the hint thrown out by her Sunday-school teacher. The boys felt that she made home attractive for them, and repaid her thoughtful kindness, her patience, her motherly gentleness, by striving in all ways to be worthy of her love. They came to consult her on all matters; she was, as her father often expressed it, his right arm. Especially did he feel grateful that his little children had not been left to the mercy of servants. She it was who taught them to pray—who guarded them from rude companions, and led them in the way of wisdom. And so judicious was her conduct, that she was the admiration of all who knew her. While other young girls possessed of her opportunities and attractions were wasting their time in worse than useless idleness, giving their minds to frivolous pleasures, considering for weeks over the purchase of some perishable luxury, weeping over imaginary sorrows, and sometimes feeling that life was only a sham and a burden, she was doing her part towards rightly training immortal souls, finding more true happiness in sowing good seed in the minds committed to her charge than adorning herself for the admiration of a thoughtless world.

THE LITTLE BOASTER.

WALTER THORNDIKE was a little boy who was never satisfied with telling a plain, straightforward story. He was always obliged to invent a little to add to it, so that it might sound rather more wonderful. For instance, if he passed through a field in which there were one or two cows feeding, he would come home and say, "Oh, mother! I came through a whole herd of cattle this morning, and there did not one of them touch me!"

Thus, you see, he told a story which was almost entirely untrue, although he only meant to make his mother think that he was a very brave boy; and I dare say he would have been very much displeased, if any one had told him that he had told a falsehood.

His parents tried in a great many ways to cure him of this bad habit, but they did not succeed very well. One day, however, his father had given his elder brother Johnny some work to do out in the barn. It was to sort over a large box of nails, laying the different kinds in separate piles.

"I think, Johnny," said his father, "that you can get it done in an hour, if you keep on steadily."

"Oh, father!" cried Walter, "I wish you had told me to do it instead. I could do it in ten minutes, I know."

"Very well," said Mr. Thorndike; "you shall do it; but if it is not all done in ten minutes, I shall not take you with me to your grandfather's; to spend the day, as I expected to."

Of course Walter could not finish the nails in so short a time, and so he lost his pleasant visit. For a long time after that, whenever he wished to exaggerate a little, he remembered his disappointment, and only said what was actually true.

Short Arrows.

THE PILGRIM'S MANNA.—Every Zion-bound pilgrim should have his wallet well stored with Scripture precepts and promises, for they will be meat and drink to him on his journey homeward.

CHARACTER.—The most trifling actions that affect a man's character are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at your work, he sends for his money the next day.

TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.—"To shake off trouble," says Howard, the philanthropist, "we must set about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat, and go and visit the poor; inquire into their wants, and administer unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolation of religion. I have often tried this, and found it the best medicine for a heavy heart."

PRAYER STRENGTHENS.—"Prayer always strengthens me," replied Sir Isaac Newton, to one of the learned sceptics of his day, who had inquired of him what good he derived from prayer. "And it not only strengthens me in fulfilling my duties, but it calms all waves of passions, and produces a serenity of feeling that I never know until I learned to pray to my God. Prayer makes me enjoy earth, and hope for heaven."

A GOOD CAUSE.—We think that soldier fortunate, who, fighting in a good cause, perishes on the battlefield; no traveller treads upon his grave with sorrow, for his grave is his monument! And what shall we say, then, of the soldier of Christ buckling on his armour and wielding his sword, though with an arm on which death has set his mark; and keeping his ground and his station, till the voice of the bridegroom calls out to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord!"

TIME IS PRECIOUS.—The learned Salmasius departed this world with these words, "Oh! I have lost a world of time—time, that most precious thing in the world, whereof had I but one year longer, it should be spent in reading David's Psalms and Paul's Epistles." "O sirs," said he to those that were present with him at his death, "mind the world less and God more. All the learning in the world, without piety and the true fear of the Lord, is worth nothing. 'The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding.'"

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.—They tell us that the Christian separates himself from the rest of the world. But in this they err; the Christian only separates himself from that which is evil in the world. He has a heart, and sympathises with all those who bear the same image. It is true, while in the flesh, he lives not according to the flesh; and though he inhabits the world, he acknowledges that his whole being is the property of One who ruleth the skies. Nevertheless, you will find him ever submissive to the laws, and obedient, and honest to the earthly magistrate. Behold this despised and calumniated creature! though poor, he strives to make many rich; though evil spoken of, he returns for answer blessings. He is accounted the dung and dross of this world; and this appellation is to him a source of happiness, for he rejoices to suffer for the name of Christ. He is condemned with opprobrium, and dragged to death with ignominy. But death is to him the beginning of a new and never-ending life.

CHRIST THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.—It was a saying of Heraclitus, that neither moonlight, starlight, nor candlelight can make a day, if the sun be wanting; and that they are all drowned and disappear, when the sun is up in his greater glory. And so, it is not the moonlight of reason, the starlight of ordinances, nor

the dim candlelight of creature comforts that can make day in the soul, if Christ be wanting. And as all the creatures are sensible of the sun's absence—for the marigolds droop and wrap up themselves, as unwilling to be viewed by an eye but his, and the birds refuse to sing their pleasant notes—so it is with the soul; there is no comfort should Christ withdraw. The spouse is even sick and dying, when Christ does not beam forth the rays of his love upon her. In such a case, the believer hangs his harp upon the willow, and refuses to be comforted by other lovers. Bring music, and friends, and contentment, it is all but as the white of an egg, if Christ be absent; there is no true relish or sweetness in anything without Christ.

THE FAMILY OF GOD.—The fact that God's children in heaven and on earth are but one family, should fill the hearts of those who sojourn below with confidence in their heavenly Father's care, and in their Saviour's love and protection. Do saints in heaven ever distrust their Father's love? Are they ever harassed with doubts and fears respecting the continuance of their Redeemer's kindness? Have not you the same Father, the same Saviour, and the same home? Whence, then, should doubts and fears arise? That Father is not less loving to his children upon earth, than to those in heaven. He loves both with an everlasting love. The Saviour is not less mindful of his flock, than of his friends above. If, as the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, he leads them in heaven unto living fountains of waters, as the chief Shepherd, he maketh those on earth to lie down in green pastures, and leadeth them beside the still waters. Think, then, of the day, the great, illustrious day, when you shall join your kindred in the skies, when time shall have rolled away its latest care, when foes shall have spent their last effort, and victory and heaven become at the same moment yours. Think of joining the family above. How blissful the union, how numberless its blessings, and how eternal its duration! Till that blissful day arrives, listen to Him who has ransomed this family, and who speaks to you as from heaven: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S PILOT.—"I have often seen," says Jeremy Taylor, "young and unskilful persons sitting in a little boat, when every little wave sporting about the side of the vessel, and every motion and dancing of the barge, seemed a danger, and made them cling fast unto their fellows; and yet all the while they were as safe as if they sat under a tree, while a gentle breeze shook the leaves into a refreshment and cooling shade. And the unskilful and inexperienced Christian shrieks out whenever his vessel shakes, thinking it always a danger, that the watery pavement is not stable and resident like a rock; and yet all is in himself, none at all from without, for he is indeed moving upon the water, but fastened to a rock. Faith is his foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his harbour, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country; and all the evils of poverty, or affronts of tribunals and evil judges, of fears and sad apprehensions, are but like the loud wind blowing from the right point; they make a noise, but drive faster to the harbour. And if we do not leave the ship, and jump into the sea; quit the interest of religion, and run to the securities of the world; cut our cables, and dissolve our hopes; grow impatient and hug a wave, and die in its embraces, we are safe at sea, safer in the storm which God sends us, than in a calm when we are befriended by the world."

We have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums for the Nestorians since our last (see QUIVER, Nos. 33, 35, and 43):—J. G., 3s.; J. C. F., 3s.; Sir Culling E. Eardley, £2; Mr. Johnson, 5s.; J. L. P., 5s.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANKINGS."

CHAPTER XLIX.

FRUITS COMING HOME TO THE DARES.

THE Pyramids of Egypt grew, in the course of time and by dint of dense labour, became pyramids—as was oracularly remarked by Sergeant Delves; but that official's exertions, labour as hard as he would, grew into nothing—when applied to the cause to which he had compared the pyramids. All the inquiry, all the searching brought to bear upon it by him and his co-adherents, did not bring to light aught of Herbert Dare's movements on that fatal night. Where he had passed the hours remained an impenetrable mystery; and the sergeant had to confess himself foiled. He came, not unnaturally, to the conclusion that Herbert Dare was not anywhere; so far as the outer world was concerned—that he had been at home, committing the mischief. A conclusion which the sergeant had drawn in the first onset, and it had never been shaken. Nevertheless, it was his duty to put all the skill and craft of the local police force into action; and very close inquiries were made. Every house of entertainment in the city, of whatever nature—whether it might be a billiard room, whether it might be an oyster-shop, a grand hotel, or an obscure public-house—was visited and keenly questioned; but nobody would acknowledge to having seen Herbert Dare on the particular evening. In short, no trace of him could be unearthed.

"Just as much out as I was," said the sergeant to himself. And Helstonleigh held to the same conviction.

Pomeranian Knoll was desolate: with a desolation it had never expected to fall upon it. A shattering blow had been dealt to Mr. and Mrs. Dare. To lose their eldest son in so terrible a manner, seemed, of itself, enough of agony for a whole lifetime. Whatever may have been his faults—and it cannot be denied that he was somewhat rich in faults—he was dear to them; dearer than her other children to Mrs. Dare. Herbert had remarked, in conversing with Anna Lynn, that Anthony was his mother's favourite. It was so: she had loved him deeply, she had been blind to his faults. Neither Mr. Dare nor his wife was amongst the religious of the world: religious reflections, they, in common with many others in Helstonleigh, were content to leave to some remote deathbed. But they had been less than human, worse than heathen, could they be insensible to the fate of Anthony—hurled away with his sins upon his head. He was cut off suddenly from this world, and—what of the next? It was a question, an uncertainty they dared not follow: and they sat, one on each side their desolate hearth, and wailed forth their vain anguish.

This would, in truth, have been tribulation sufficient to have overshadowed a life; but there was more beyond it. Hemmed in by pride, as the Dares had been, playing at great and grand in Helstonleigh, the situation of Herbert, putting aside their fears or their sympathy for himself, was about the most complete checkmate that could have fallen upon them. It was the cup of humiliation drained to the dregs. Whether he should be proved guilty or not, he was thrown into prison as a common felon, awaiting his trial for murder; and that disgrace could not be wiped out. Did they believe him guilty? They did not know themselves. To suspect him of such a crime was painful in the last degree to their feelings; but—why did he persist in refusing to state where he was on the eventful night? There was the point that staggered them.

A deep gloom overhung the house, extending to all its inmates. Even the servants went about with sad faces and quiet steps. The young ladies knew that a

blow had been dealt to them from which they should never wholly recover. Their star of brilliance, in its little sphere of light at Helstonleigh, had faded into dimness, if not wholly gone down beneath the horizon. Should Herbert be found guilty, it could never rise again. Adelaide rarely spoke; she appeared to possess some inward source of vexation or grief, apart from the general tribulation. At least, so judged the Signora Varsini; and she was a shrewd observer. She, Miss Dare, spent most of her time shut up in her own room. Rosa and Minny were chiefly with their governess. They were getting of an age to feel it in an equal degree with the rest. Rosa was eighteen, and had begun to go out with Mrs. Dare and Adelaide: Minny was anticipating to go. It was all stopped now—visiting, gaiety, pleasure; and it was felt as a part of the misfortune. The first shock of the occurrence subsided, the funeral over, and the family settled down in its mourning, the governess exacted their studies from her two pupils, as before. They were loth to re-commence them, and appealed to their mamma. "It was cruel of Mademoiselle to wish it of them," they said. Mademoiselle rejoined that her motive was anything but a cruel one: she felt sure that occupation for the mind was the best counteraction to grief. If they would not study, where was the use of her remaining? she demanded. Madame Dare had better allow her to leave. She would go without notice, if Madame pleased: she should be glad to get back to the Continent. They did not have murders there in society: at least, she, Mademoiselle, had never endured personal experience of such. Mrs. Dare did not appear willing to accede to the proposition: the governess was a most efficient instructress; and six or twelve months more of her services would be essential to the turning out of her pupils, if they were to be turned out as pupils ought. Besides, Mr. Sergeant Delves had intimated that the Signora's testimony would be necessary on the trial, and therefore she could not be allowed to depart. Mr. Dare thought if they did allow her to depart, they might be accused of wishing to suppress evidence, and it might tell against Herbert. So Mademoiselle had to resign herself to remaining. "Très bien," she equally said, "she was willing; only the young ladies must resume their lessons." A mandate in which Mrs. Dare acquiesced.

Sometimes Minny, who was given to be incorrigibly idle, would burst into tears over the trouble of her work, and then lay it upon her distress, touching the uncertain fate of Herbert. One day, upon her doing this, the governess broke out sharply.

"He deserves to lie in prison, does Monsieur Herbert?"

"Why do you say that, Mademoiselle?" asked Minny, in a resentful tone.

"Because he is a booby," politely returned Mademoiselle. "He say, does he not, that he was not home at the time. It is well; but why does he not say where he was? I think he is a very great booby."

"You may as well say out right, Mademoiselle, that you think him guilty!" retorted Minny.

"But I not think him guilty," said Mademoiselle. "I have said from the first that he was not guilty. I think he is not one capable of doing such an injury, to his brother or to any one else. I used to be great friends with Monsieur Herbert once, when I gave him those Italian lessons, and I never saw to make me believe his disposition was a cruel."

In point of fact, the governess, more explicitly than any one else in the house, had declared all along her belief in Herbert's innocence. Truly and sincerely she did not believe him capable of so grievous a crime. He was not of a cruel or revengeful disposition: certainly not one to lie in wait, and attack another savagely and secretly. She had never believed that he was, and would not believe it now. Neither had his family. Sergeant

Delves's opinion was, that whoever had attacked Anthony *had* lain in wait for him in the dining-room, and had sprung upon him as he entered. It is possible, however, that the same point staggered Mademoiselle that staggered the rest—Herbert Dare's refusing to state where he was at the time. Believing, as she did, that he could account for it, if he chose, she deemed herself perfectly justified in applying to him the complimentary epithet you have just heard. She expressed true sympathy and regret at the untimely fate of Anthony, lamenting him much and genuinely.

Upon Cyril and George the punishment also fell. With one brother not cold in his grave, and the other thrown into jail to await his trial for murder, they could not, for shame, pursue their amusements as formerly; and amusements to Cyril and George Dare had become a necessity of daily life. Their friends and companions were growing shy of them—or else they fancied it. Conscience is all too suggestive. They fancied people shunned them when they walked along the street: Cyril, even, as he stood in Samuel Lynn's room at the manufactory, thought the men, as they passed in and out, looked askance at him. Very likely it was only imagination. George Dare had set his heart upon a commission: one of the members for the city had made a half promise to Mr. Dare, that he would "see what could be done at the Horse Guards." Failing available interest in that quarter, George was in hopes his father would screw out money to purchase one. But, until Herbert should be proved innocent (if that time should ever arrive) the question of his entering the army must remain in abeyance. This state of things altogether did not give pleasure to Cyril and George Dare. But there was no remedy for it, and they had to content themselves with sundry private explosions of temper, by way of relief to their minds.

Yes, the evil fell upon all, upon the parents and children. Of course, they, the latter, suffered nothing in comparison to Mr. and Mrs. Dare. Unhappy days, restless nights, were their portion now: the world seemed to be growing too miserable to live in.

"There must be a fate upon the boys!" Mr. Dare exclaimed one day, in the bitterness of his spirit, as he paced the room with restless steps, his wife sitting moodily, her elbow on the centre table, her cheek pressed upon her hand. "Unless there had been a fate upon them, they never could have turned out as they have."

Mrs. Dare resented the speech. In her unhappy frame of mind, which told terribly upon her temper, it seemed a sort of relief to resent everything. If Mr. Dare spoke against their sons, she stood up for them. "Turned out!" she repeated angrily.

"Let us say, as things have turned out, then, if you will. They appear to be turning out pretty badly, as it seems to me. The boys have had every indulgence in life; they have enjoyed a luxurious home; they have ruined me to supply their extravagances—"

"Ruined you!" again resented Mrs. Dare.

"Ay; ruined. It has all but come to it. And yet, what benefit has the indulgence, or have the advantages brought them? Far better—I begin to see it now—that they had been reared to self-denial; made to work for their daily bread."

"How can you give utterance to such things!" rejoined Mrs. Dare, in a chafed tone.

Mr. Dare stopped in his restless pacing, and confronted his wife. "Are we happy in our sons? Speak the truth."

"How could any one be happy, overwhelmed with a misfortune such as this?"

"Put that aside: what are they without it? Rebellious to us; of ill conduct in the sight of the world."

"Who says they are of ill conduct?" asked Mrs.

Dare, an under-current of consciousness whispering that she need not have made the objection. "They may be a little wild; but it is a common failing with those of their age and condition. Their faults are but faults of youth and of uncurbed spirits."

"I wish, then, their spirits had been curbed," was the reply of Mr. Dare. "It is useless now to reproach each other," he continued, resuming his walk, "but there must have been something radically wrong in the bringing of them up. Anthony gone. Herbert perhaps to follow him by almost a worse death, certainly a more disgraceful one. Cyril—" Mr. Dare stopped abruptly in his catalogue and went on more generally. "There is no comfort in them for us: there never will be any."

"What can you bring against Cyril?" sharply asked Mrs. Dare. It may be, that these complainings of her husband chafed her temper; chafed, perhaps, her conscience. Certain it was, they rendered her irritable; and Mr. Dare had latterly indulged in them frequently. "If Cyril is a little wild, it is a gentlemanly failing. There's nothing else to urge against him."

"Is theft gentlemanly?"

"Theft!" repeated Mrs. Dare.

"Theft. I have concealed many things from you, Julia, to spare your feelings. But it may be as well now that you should know a little more of what your sons really are. Cyril might have stood where Herbert will stand—at the criminal bar; though for a crime of less degree. For all I can tell, he may stand at it now."

Mrs. Dare looked scared. "What has he done?" she asked, her tone growing timid.

"I say that I have kept these things from you. I wish I could have kept them always; but it seems to me that exposure is arising in many ways, and it is better you should be prepared for it, if it must come. I awake now in the morning to apprehension; I am alarmed throughout the day at my own shadow, dreading what unknown fate may not be falling upon them. Herbert in peril of the hangman; Cyril in peril of a forced voyage to the penal colonies."

A sensation of utter fear stole over Mrs. Dare. For the moment, she could not speak. But she rallied her powers to defend Cyril.

"I think Cyril is hardly used, what with one thing and another. He was to have gone on that French journey, and, at the last moment, he was pushed out of it for Halliburton. I felt more vexed at it, almost, than Cyril could, and I spoke a word of my mind to Mrs. Ashley."

"You did?"

"Yes. I did not speak of it in the light of disappointment to Cyril, the actual fact of not taking the journey, so much as of the vexation he experienced at being supplanted in it by one whom he—whom we all—considered inferior to himself, William Halliburton. I let Mrs. Ashley know that we regarded it as a most unmerited and uncalled-for slight; and I took care to drop a hint that we believed Halliburton to have been guilty in that cheque affair."

Mr. Dare paused. "What did Mrs. Ashley say?" he presently asked.

"She said very little. I never saw her so frigid. She intimated that Mr. Ashley was a competent judge of his own business."

"I mean as to the cheque?" interrupted Mr. Dare.

"She was more frigid over that than over the other. She preferred not to discuss it, she answered; who it might be stole it, or who not."

"I can set you right on both points," said Mr. Dare. "Cyril came to me, complaining of being superseded in this French journey, and I complied with his request that I should go and remonstrate with Mr. Ashley—being a simpleton for my pains. Mr. Ashley informed

me he never had entertained the slightest intention of dispatching Cyril, and why Cyril should have taken up the notion, he could not tell. Mr. Ashley continued to say that he did not consider Cyril of sufficiently steady conduct to entrust abroad alone.

"Steady conduct!" echoed Mrs. Dare. "What has steadiness of conduct to do with executing a commission of business? And as to being alone, the Quaker Lynn went."

"But, at the first onset, which was the time I spoke, Mr. Ashley's intention was to dispatch only one—Halliburton. He said that Cyril's want of steadiness would always have been a bar to his thinking of him. Shall I go on and enlighten you on the other point—the cheque?" Mr. Dare added, after a pause.

"Yes," she answered, a nervous dread causing her to speak with hesitation. Had she a foreshadow of what was coming?

"It was Cyril who took it," said Mr. Dare, dropping his voice to a whisper.

"Cyril!" she gasped.

"Our son Cyril. No other."

Mrs. Dare took her hand from her cheek and leaned back in the chair. She was very pale.

"He was traced to White's shop, where he changed the cheque for gold. He had put on Herbert's cloak, the plaid lining outside. When he began to fear detection, he ripped the lining out, and left the cloak in the state it is; now in the possession of the police. Some of the jags and outs have been sewn up, I suppose by one of the servants; I made no close inquiries. That cloak," he added, with a passing shiver, "might tell queer tales of our sons, if it were able to speak."

"How did you know it was Cyril?" breathed Mrs. Dare.

"From Delves."

"Delves! Does he know it?"

"He does. And the man is holding the secret out of consideration for us. Delves has a good heart at bottom. Not but what I spoke a friendly word for him when he was made sergeant. It all tells."

"And Mr. Ashley?" she asked.

"There's little doubt that Ashley has some suspicion: the very fact of his not making a stir in it proves that he has. It would not please him that a relative—as Cyril is—should stand his trial for felony."

"How harshly you put it!" exclaimed Mrs. Dare, bursting into tears. "Felony!"

"Nay, what else can I call it?"

There ensued a pause. Mr. Dare resumed his restless pacing; Mrs. Dare sat with her handkerchief to her face. Presently she looked up.

"They said it was Halliburton's cloak that the person were who went to change the cheque."

"It was not Halliburton's. It was Herbert's, turned inside out. Herbert knew nothing of it, for I questioned him: he had gone out that night, leaving his cloak hanging in his closet. I asked him how it happened that his cloak, on the inside, should resemble Halliburton's, and he said it was an accidental coincidence. I don't believe him. I entertain little doubt that it was so contrived with a view to the enacting of some mischief. In fact, what with one revelation and another, I live, as I say, in perpetual dread of new troubles turning up."

Bitter, most bitter were these revelations to Mrs. Dare; bitter had they been to her husband. Too swiftly were the fruits of their children's rearing coming home to them, bringing their recompense. "There must be a fate upon the boys!" he reiterated. Possibly. But, had neither parents nor children done ought to invoke it?

"Since these evils have come upon our house—the fate of Anthony, the uncertainty overhanging Herbert, the certain guilt of Cyril," resumed Mr. Dare, "I have

asked myself whether the money we inherited from old Mr. Cooper may not have wrought ill for us, instead of good."

"Have wrought ill?"

"Ay. Brought with it a curse, instead of a blessing."

She made no remark.

"He warned us that if we took Edgar Halliburton's share, it would not bring us good. Do you remember how eagerly he spoke it? We did take it," Mr. Dare added, dropping his voice to the lowest whisper. "And I believe it has just acted as a curse."

"You are fanciful!" she cried, her hands shivering, as she raised her handkerchief to wipe her pale face.

"No; there's no fancy in it. We should have done well to attend to the warning of the dying. Heaven is my witness that, at the time, such a thought as appropriating it to ourselves never crossed my mind. We launched out into expense, and the other share became a necessity. It is that expense which has ruined our children."

"How can you say it?" she rejoined, lifting her hands in a passionate sort of manner.

"It has been nothing else. Had they been reared more plainly, they would not have acquired these extravagant notions which have been their bane. Without that inheritance, and the style of living we allowed it to entail upon us, the boys must have understood that they would have to earn money before they spent it, and they would have put their shoulders to the wheel. Julia," he continued, halting by her and stretching forth his troubled face until it nearly touched hers, "it might have been well now, well with them and with us, had our children been obliged to buffet with the poverty to which we condemned the Halliburtons."

CHAPTER I.

SERGEANT DELVES "LOOKS UP."

MR. DARE had not taken upon himself the legal conduct of his son Herbert's case. It had been entrusted to the care of a solicitor in Helstenleigh, Mr. Winthorne. This gentleman, more forcibly than anybody else, urged upon Herbert Dare the necessity of declaring—if he could declare—where he had been on the night of the murder. He very clearly foresaw that, if his client persisted in his present silence, there was no chance of any result but the worst.

He could obtain no response. Deaf to him, as he had been to others, Herbert Dare would disclose nothing. In vain Mr. Winthorne pointed to consequences; first, by delicate hints; next, by hints not delicate; then, by speaking out broadly and fully. It is not pleasant to tell your client, in so many words, that he will be hanged, and nothing can save him, unless he compels you to it. Herbert Dare compelled Mr. Winthorne. All in vain. Mr. Winthorne found he might just as well talk to the walls of the cell. Herbert Dare declared, in the most positive manner, that he had been out the whole of the time stated; from half-past eight o'clock, or thereabouts, till nearly two, and from this declaration he never swerved.

Mr. Winthorne was perplexed. The prisoner's assertions were so uniformly earnest, bearing so apparently the stamp of truth, that he could not disbelieve him; or rather, sometimes he believed, and sometimes he doubted. It is true that Herbert's declarations did wear an air of entire truth; but Mr. Winthorne had been engaged for criminal offenders before, and knew what the assertions of a great many of them were worth. Down deep in his heart, he reasoned very much after the manner of Sergeant Delves. If he had been absent, he'd confess it to save his neck. He said so to Herbert.

Herbert took the matter, on the whole, coolly; he had done so from the beginning. He did not believe

that his neck was really in jeopardy. "They'll never find me guilty," was his belief. He could not avoid standing his trial; that was a calamity from which there was no escape; but he steadily refused to look at its result in a sombre light.

"Can you tell me where you were?" Mr. Winthorne one morning impulsively asked him, when June was drawing to its close.

"I could if I liked," replied Herbert Dare. "I suppose you mean, by that, to throw a shaft of discredit on what I say, Winthorne; but you are wrong. I could point out to you, and to all Helstonleigh, where I was that night; but I will not. I have my reasons, and I will not."

"Then you will fall," said the lawyer. "The very fact of there being no other quarter, save yourself, on which to cast a shadow of suspicion, will tell against you. You have been bred to the law, and must see these things as plainly as I can put them."

"There's the point that puzzles me—who it can have been who did the injury. I'd give half my remaining life to know."

Mr. Winthorne thought that the whole of it, to judge by present appearances, might not be an inconveniently prolonged period; but he did not say so. "What is your objection to speak?" he asked.

"You have put the same question about fifty times, Winthorne, and you'll never get any different answer than the one you have got already—that I don't choose to state it."

"I suppose you were not committing murder in another quarter of the town, were you?"

"I suppose I was not," equally returned Herbert.

"Then, failing that crime, there's no other in the decalogue that I'd not confess to, to save my life. Whether I was robbing a bank, or setting a church on fire, I'd tell it out, rather than be hanged by the neck until I was dead."

"Ah, but I was not doing either," said Herbert.

"Then there's the less reason for your persisting in the observance of so much mystery."

"My doing so is my own business," returned Herbert.

"No, it is not your own business," objected Mr. Winthorne. "You assert that you are innocent of the crime with which you are charged—"

"I assert nothing but the truth," interrupted Herbert.

"Good. Then, if you are innocent, and if you can prove your innocence, it is your duty to your family to do it. A man's duties in this life are not owing to himself alone: above all, a son's. He owes allegiance to his father and mother; his consideration for them should be above his consideration for himself. If you can prove your innocence, it will be an unpardonable sin not to do it; a sin inflicted on your family."

"I can't help it," replied Herbert, in his obstinacy. "I have my reasons for not speaking, and I shall not speak."

"You will surely suffer the penalty," said Mr. Winthorne.

"Then I must," returned the prisoner.

But it is one thing to talk, and another to do. Many a brave spirit, quite ready and willing to undergo hanging in theory, would find his heart fail and his legs shake, and his bravery altogether die out, were he really required to reduce it to practice. Herbert Dare was but human. After July had come in, and the time to that fixed for the opening of the assizes might be counted by hours, then his courage began to flinch. He spent a night in tossing from side to side on his pallet (a wide difference between that and his comfortable feather-bed at home), during which a certain ugly apparatus, to be erected for his especial benefit within the

walls of the prison some fine Saturday morning, on which he might figure by no means gracefully, had mentally disturbed his rest. He arose unrefreshed. The vision of that possible future was not a pleasant one. Herbert remembered once, when he had been a college boy, the Saturday morning's occasional drama had been enacted for the warning and edification of the town, and of the country people flocking into it for market. The college boys had determined, for once in their lives, to see the sight—if they could accomplish it. The ceremony was invariably performed at eight o'clock; the conclusion of it at nine: and the difficulty of the boys was, how to arrive at the scene in time, considering that it was only at the striking of the latter hour that they were let loose down the steps of the school. They had tried the time between the cloisters and the county prison; and found that by dint of taking the short way through the back streets, tearing along at the fleetest pace, and knocking over every obstruction—human, animal, or solid—that might unfortunately be in their path, they could do the distance in four minutes. Arriving rather out of wind, it's true: but that was nothing. Four minutes! they did not see their way clear. If the curtain descended at nine, sharp, as good be forty minutes after the hour, as four, in point of practical fact. But the Helstonleigh college boys—as you may sometime have heard remarked before—were not wont to allow difficulties to overmaster them. If there was a possible way of getting through obstacles, they were sure to find it. Consultations had been anxious. To request the head master as a favour to allow them to depart five or ten minutes before the usual time, would be worse than useless. It was a question whether he ever would have acceded to it; but there was no chance of it on that morning. Neither could the whole school be taken summarily with stomach-ache, or with any other excruciating malady, necessitating compassion and an early dismissal. They came to the resolve of applying to the official who had under his charge the cathedral clock; or, as they phrased it, "coming over the clock-man." By dint of coaxing, or bribery, or some other element of persuasion, they got this functionary to promise to put the clock on eight minutes on that particular morning. And it was done. And at eight minutes before nine by the sun, the cathedral clock rung out its nine strokes. But, instead of the master lifting his finger—the signal for the boys to tear forth—the master sat quiet at his desk, and never gave it. He sat until the eight minutes had gone by, when the other churches in the town gave out their hour; he sat *four minutes after that*; and then he nodded them their dismissal. The twelve minutes had seemed to the boys like twelve hours. Where the hitch was, they never knew: they never have known to this day; as they would tell you for themselves. Whether the master got an inkling of what was in the wind; or whether, by one of the extraordinary coincidences that sometimes occur in life, he, for that one morning, allowed the hour to slip by unheeded—had not heard it strike—they could not tell. He gave out no clue, then, or afterwards. The clock-man protested that he had been true; had not breathed a hint to anybody living of the purposed advancement; and the boys believed him. However it might have been, they could not alter it. It was four minutes past nine when they clattered *pèle-mêle* down the school-room steps. Away they tore, full of fallacious hope, out at the cloisters, through the cathedral precincts, along the nearest streets, and arrived within the given four minutes, rather than over it. Alas, for human expectations! The prison was there, it is true, formidable as usual; but all trace of the morning's jubilee had passed away. Not only had the chief actor been removed, but also that ugly apparatus which Herbert Dare had dreamt of. That

might have afforded them some gratification to contemplate, failing the great sight. The college boys, struck dumb in the first moment with their disappointment, gave vent to it at length in three dismal groans, the echoes of which might have been heard as far as the cathedral. Groans not intended for the unhappy mortal, then beyond hearing that, or any other earthly sound; not for the officials of the county prison, all too quick-handed that morning; but given as a compliment to the respected gentleman at that time holding the situation of head master.

Herbert Dare remembered this; it was rising up in his mind with strange distinctness. He himself had been one of the deputation chosen to "come over" the clock-man, had been the chief persuader of that functionary. Would the college boys hasten down if he were to— In spite of his bravery, he broke off the speculation with a shudder; and calling the turnkey to him, he despatched a message for Mr. Winthorne. Was it the remembrance of his old schoolfellows, of what they would think of him, that effected what no other consideration had been able to do?

As much indulgence as it was possible to allow to a prisoner, was accorded to Herbert Dare: indeed, it may be questioned whether any previous prisoner, incarcerated within the walls of the county prison, had ever enjoyed so much. The governor of the prison and Mr. Dare had lived on intimate terms. Mr. Dare and his two elder sons had been familiar, in their legal capacity, with both its civil and criminal prisoners; and the turnkeys had often bowed Herbert in and out of cells, as they now bowed out Mr. Winthorne. Altogether, what with the governor's friendly feeling, and the turnkeys' reverential one, Herbert Dare obtained more privileges than the common run of prisoners. The message was at once taken to Mr. Winthorne, and it brought that gentleman back.

"I have made up my mind to tell," was Herbert's brief salutation when he entered.

"A very sensible resolution," replied the lawyer. Doubts, however, crossed his mind as he spoke, whether the prisoner was not about to set up some plea which never had place in fact. Like Sergeant Delves, Mr. Winthorne had arrived at the firm belief that there was nothing to tell. "Well?" said he.

"That is, conditionally," resumed Herbert Dare. "It would be of little use my saying I was at such and such a place, unless I could bring forward confirmatory testimony."

"Of course it would not."

"Well; there *are* witnesses who could give this satisfactory evidence; but the question is, will they be willing to do it?"

"What motive or excuse could they have for refusing?" returned Mr. Winthorne. "When a fellow-creature's life is at stake, surely there is no man so lost to humanity, as not to come forward and save it, if it be in his power."

"Circumstances alter cases," was the curt reply of Herbert Dare.

"Was it your doubt as to whether they would come forward that caused you to hesitate at calling on them?" asked Mr. Winthorne, something not pleasant in his tone.

"Not altogether. I foresaw a difficulty in it; I foresee it still. Winthorne, you look at me with a face full of doubt. There's no cause for it—as you will find."

"Well, go on," said the lawyer; for Herbert had stopped.

"The thing must be gone about in a very cautious manner; and I don't quite see how it can be done," resumed Herbert, slowly. "Winthorne, I think I had better make a confidant of you, and tell you the whole story from beginning to end."

"If I am to do you any good, I must hear it, I expect. A man can't work in the dark."

"Sit you down there then, and I'll begin. But, mind—I tell it you in confidence. It's not for Helstonleigh. But you will see the expediency of being silent when you have heard it."

Herbert Dare entered upon his story, whatever it may have been, and Mr. Winthorne listened in silence. Then they talked together, and concerted their measures; which don't regard us.

The next Saturday was the day fixed for the opening of the commission at Helstonleigh. It soon came round, and the streets in the afternoon wore their usual holiday appearance. The high sheriff's procession went out to meet the judges, and groups stood about, waiting and watching for its return. Amongst other people, blocking up the way, might be observed the portly person of Sergeant Delves. He strolled along, seeming to look at nothing, but his keen eye was everywhere. It suddenly fell upon Mr. Winthorne, who was picking his way through the crowd as fast as he could pick it, apparently in a hurry. Hurry or not, Sergeant Delves stopped him, and drew him to a safe spot beyond the reach of curious ears.

"I was looking for you, Mr. Winthorne," cried Delves, in a confidential tone. "I say—this tale, that Dare will succeed in establishing an *alibi*, is it reliable?"

"Why—who the mischief can have been setting that afloat?" returned the lawyer, in a tone of the utmost astonishment, not unmixed with vexation.

"Dare himself was my informant," replied the sergeant.

"I was in the prison just now, and saw him in the yard with the turnkey. He called me aside, and told me he was as good as acquitted."

"Then he is an idiot for his pains. He had no right to talk of it, even to you."

"I am dark," carelessly returned Delves. "I don't wish ill to the Dares, and I'd not work it to 'em; as perhaps some of them could tell you," he added, in a significant tone. "What about this acquittal that he talks of?"

"There's no doubt he will be acquitted. He will prove an *alibi*."

"Is it a got-up *alibi*?" asked the plain-speaking sergeant.

"No. And, as far as I go, I would not lend myself to the getting up of a falsity," observed the solicitor. "He has said from the first, you know, that he was not near the house at the time, and so it will turn out."

"Has he confessed where he was, after all his standing out?"

"Yes; to me. It will be disclosed at the trial."

"He was after no good, I know," nodded the sergeant, oracularly.

Mr. Winthorne raised his eyebrows, and slightly jerked his shoulders. The movement may have meant anything or nothing. He did not reply in words.

Sergeant Delves fell into a reverie. He roused himself from it to take a searching gaze at the lawyer. "Sir," said he, and he could hardly have spoken more earnestly had his life depended on it, "tell me the truth out-and-out. Do you, yourself, from the depths of your own judgment, believe Herbert Dare to have been innocent?"

"Delves, as truly as that you and I now stand here, I honestly believe that he had no more to do with his brother's death than we had."

"Then I'm blest if I don't take up the other scent!" exclaimed Mr. Delves, slapping his thigh. "I did think of it once, but I dropped it again, so sure was I that it was Master Herbert."

"What scent is that?"

"Look here," said the sergeant; "but now it's my turn to warn you to be dark. There was a young woman met

Anthony Dare the night of the murder, when he was going down to the 'Star and Garter.' It's a young woman he did not behave genteel to, some time back, as the ghost says in the song. She met him that night, and she gave him a bit of her tongue; not much, for he wouldn't stop to listen. But now, Mr. Winthorne, it has crossed my mind many times, whether she might not have watched for his going home again, and followed him; followed him right into the dining-room, and done the mischief. I'll lay a guinea it was her! I shall look up again now."

"Do you mean that young woman up in Honey Fair?" asked Mr. Winthorne.

"Just so. Her, and nobody else. The doubt has crossed me; but, as I say, I was so certain it was the brother, that I did not follow it up."

"Could a woman's feeble hand inflict such injuries?" debated the solicitor.

"Feeble be bothered!" politely rejoined the sergeant. "Some women have got the fists of men; and the strength of 'em, too. You don't know 'em as we do. A desperate woman 'll do anything. And Anthony Dare, remember, had not got his strength in him that night."

Mr. Winthorne shook his head. "That girl has no look of ferocity about her. I should question its being her. Let's see?—what is her name?"

"Look!" shouted the sergeant. "When you have had half as much to do with people as I have, you'll have learnt not to go by looks. Her name's Caroline Mason."

At that moment the cathedral bells rang out, giving token of the return of the procession, the advent of the judges. As if the sound reminded the lawyer of the speed of time, he hastily said "Good afternoon," and departed on his way; leaving the sergeant to use his eyes and ears at the expense of the crowd.

"I wonder how the prisoners in the jails feel?" remarked a woman, whom the sergeant recognised as being no other than Mrs. Cross. She had just come out of a warehouse with her supply of work for the ensuing week.

"Ah, poor creatures!" responded another of the group, and that was Mrs. Brumm. "I wonder how young Dare likes it?"

"Or how old Dare likes it—if he can hear 'em all the way up at his office. They'll know their fate soon, them two."

In the close vicinity of this colloquy was a young woman, drawn against the wall, under the shelter of a projecting doorway. Her once good-looking face was haggard, and her clothes were sooty: for this reason, perhaps, it was that she appeared to shun observation. Sergeant Delves, apparently without any other design than that of working his way leisurely through the throng, edged himself close to her.

"Looking out for the show, Miss Mason?"

Caroline turned her spiritless eyes upon him. "I'm waiting till there's a way cleared for me to get myself through, without pushing against folks, and contaminating of 'em. What's the show to me, or me to it?"

"At the last assizes, in March, when the judges came in, young Anthony Dare made one in the streets, looking on," resumed the sergeant, chatting affably. "I saw him and spoke to him. And now he is gone where there's no shows to see."

She made no reply.

"The women there," pointing his thumb at the group of talkers hard by, "are saying that Herbert Dare won't like the sound of the college bells. Hey, me! Look at them young toads of college boys, just let out of college!" broke off the sergeant, as a tribe of some twenty of the king's scholars came fighting and elbowing their

way through the throng to the front. "They are just like so many wild colts! Maybe the prisoner, Herbert Dare, is now casting his thoughts back to the time when he made one of the band, and was as free from care as they be. It's not so long ago."

Caroline Mason asked a question somewhat abruptly. "Will he be found guilty, sir, do you think?"

The sergeant turned the tail of his keen eye upon her, and answered the question by asking another. "Do you?"

She shook her head. "I don't think he was guilty."

"You don't?"

"No, I don't. Why should one brother kill another?"

"Very true," coughed the sergeant. "But somebody must have done it. If Herbert Dare did not, who did?"

"Ah! who did? I'd like to know," she passionately added. "He had got folks in this town that owed him grudges, had Mr. Anthony Dare."

"If my vision didn't deceive me, I saw you talking to him that very same night," carelessly observed the sergeant.

"Did you see me?" she rejoined, apparently as much at ease as the sergeant himself. "I had to do an errand at that end of the town, and I met him, and told him what he was. I hadn't spoke to him for months and months; for years, I think. I had slipped down entries, or anywhere, to avoid him if I saw him coming; but a feeling came over me to speak to him then. I'm glad I did. I hope the truths I said to him went along with him to enliven him on his journey!"

"Did you see him after that, later in the evening?" resumed the inspector, putting the question affably, and stretching his neck up to obtain a view of something at a distance.

"No, I didn't," she replied. "But I would, if I had thought it was going to be his last. I'd have bade him remember all his good works where he was going to. I'd almost have went with him, I would, to have heard how he answered for them up there."

Caroline Mason glanced upwards to indicate the sky, when a loud flourish of trumpets from the advancing heralds sounded close upon them. As they rode up at a foot pace, they dropped their trumpets, and the mounted javelin men quickly followed them, bearing their javelins in rest. A carriage or two; a few more officials; and there advanced the beautiful equipage of the high sheriff, its horses caparisoned with silver. Only one of the judges was in it; he was fully robed: a fine man, with a benign countenance. A grave smile was on it as he spoke with the sheriff, who sat opposite to him, his chaplain by his side.

Sergeant Delves's attention was distracted for an instant, and when he looked round again, Caroline Mason had disappeared. He just caught sight of her in the distance, winding her way through the crowd, her head down.

"Did she do it, or not?" cried the sergeant, in self-soliloquy. "Go on, go on, my lady, for the present; you are a-going to be a bit looked after."

How did the prisoners feel, and Herbert Dare amongst them, as the joyous sounds outside fell upon their ears: the blast of the trumpets, the sweet melody of the bells, the stir of life: penetrating within the walls of the city and county prisons? Did they feel that the pomp and show, run after as a holiday sight, was but a cruel advent to them?—that the formidable and fiery vision who sat in the fine carriage, in the scarlet robe and flowing wig, bending his serene face upon the mob, collected to stare and shout, might prove the pronouncer of their doom?—a doom that should close the portals of this world upon them, and open those of eternity!

(To be continued.)

Progress of the Truth.

INDIA.

A MISSIONARY at Madura writes:—

"During the past year, fifteen persons were received to the churches connected with the station, on profession of their faith. Of these, three were residents of Madura, eight were from the villages, and four were connected with the girls' boarding school. There are now one hundred and twenty-nine members in good standing connected with the two churches at this station. Thirty-four of these are connected with the church at Keelamattur. You will thus see that, by the blessing of God, there is a steady increase in additions to the number of professing Christians. There is reason for encouragement and thankfulness on this account, and the Lord, who has given us the first fruits, will certainly grant the coming harvest."

Another missionary, labouring at Satara, thus records his experience:—

"The most trying thing has been the want of a stated congregation to whom to preach. During my first year at Satara, the people, for some reason, seemed stirred up to come and hear the Gospel. I not only had a good congregation, both on the Sabbath and week days, but great numbers came to my room for private conversation. But during some months of the past year it has been very different, especially on week days. Only a very few have been present, and on some occasions I have been to my preaching place and remained the whole hour and a half, when not one came in to hear the truth. People were constantly passing, and many would look in and then go on. It is heart-rending and heart-sickening, to sit thus and see the multitude rushing down to death, not one stopping for a moment to listen to the words of eternal life."

CHINA.

AN American missionary in Cheefoo thus writes from China:—

"I have now five or six persons whom I consider as applicants to enter the Church, or, as they express it, 'enter the doctrine.' Of this number are my teacher and two men-servants, the remainder are persons, residents of this village. From Sunday to Sunday I have had this little class in my house, instructing them as well as I could with my imperfect speech. For several weeks I had only five, or at most six; lately the number has increased, and altogether without any invitation from me."

"Last Sunday, most unexpectedly, more than thirty persons presented themselves. The room was so crowded that there was no space for more. It was a most delightful sight to me, and I was filled with gratitude. I endeavoured, with the aid of my teacher, to keep them attentively listening, for more than an hour. It was the most gratifying thing that I have experienced since I have been in China, and now more than ever I yearn for the ability to expound the word of God's truth to them."

"The case of my two servants, and one or two others, is very interesting. They seem to hunger and thirst for instruction, and are ready at any hour to listen to me. Of course they have received but a very little of the truth, but that little seems to have found a lodgment, and to have created a longing for more. May God grant to teach them by his Spirit!"

"I have been trying, lately, to make a translation of some prayers, and have succeeded so well that I have attempted the morning service in the Prayer-Book. The Shanghai version has been of incalculable help to me, for much of that needs only to be transposed into the dialect of this province. It will be long, perhaps,

before we can use it among us as a Church, but I take pleasure in trying to prepare it, that, when the time does come, we may have it ready. Oh! that the day when our Church might be numbered by hundreds and thousands through this province were at hand."

JAPAN.

THIS American mission to this interesting country quietly pursues its operations, but, as might be expected, it is very restricted in its action. The Rev. C. M. Williams writes:—

"My time has, of course, been almost entirely occupied with study, and I hope some progress has been made, though in a language so difficult, of which there is neither dictionary nor grammar, and with indifferent teachers, it cannot be otherwise than slow. As a beginning in the work of translation, I have rendered the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments into the book style. Like all first translations, however, as further insight into the language is gained, they will be found, most probably, very imperfect. Future revisions, corrections, and improvements will be necessary to prepare them for publication."

"A larger number of Testaments and tracts have been given away, and religious conversations held with my visitors more frequently than in the previous six months. Generally they receive the books without hesitation, but at times they are politely declined. One old Buddhist priest, who is a frequent visitor and has always a number of questions to ask about Christianity, will never consent to accept a book as a present. He has borrowed and read nearly every book I have, and one on the evidences of Christianity he has taken several times, but he invariably returns them—saying, that as the law does not permit Japanese to have such books, he brings them back after reading them, so that, should there be any investigation made by the authorities, the books will not be found in his possession."

"You will have already learned that Dr. Schmid has been compelled by ill-health to retire from the mission, and to return home. This is greatly to be regretted, as his skill was highly appreciated by the Japanese, and his practice would have increased to any extent that his time and strength would have allowed. His labours would have done much good in removing the fears that may be felt of missionary labours among the people, and would have proved an important aid in our future work in Japan."

We cannot withhold the concluding sentences of this letter:—

"It is indeed 'the day of small things' in Japan; but in the review of the past year some progress is seen, and faith and hope look forward to a bright future. There is no cause for discouragement; though little, very little has been done, compared with what we all wish to see accomplished, yet enough has been done to carry light, and life, and liberty to many benighted, dying souls—if the rich blessing of God is added. He only can give the increase. And he can effect his purpose of mercy by few means and instruments, as well as by many. May I not beg that the prayers of the people of God may ascend, supplicating a blessing on the little that has been attempted—that the Holy Spirit may cause the seed sown to spring up and bear fruit, and that God would open a 'wide and effectual door' for proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation throughout the length and breadth of this heathen land?"

EGYPT.

AN address has been recently presented to the Pasha, thanking him for his interference on behalf of a native Christian suffering from a fanatical outbreak at Siyut, and also for the facilities of free railway travelling afforded to missionaries in Egypt. The address, though

signed by various distinguished Protestants at the instance of the Evangelical Alliance, was not an address from the body itself. His Highness has replied, "I am happy that my conduct in regard to the Christians of different communities has been judged worthy of the approbation of the illustrious personages whose names appear at the foot of your address. Although it has always been a principle with me to grant an equal protection to all forms of worship without distinction, the approbation of the distinguished members of your association will be an additional motive with me to persevere in the course which I have traced out for myself." His Highness concludes with a cordial response to the good wishes towards himself expressed in the address.

Musical Notices.

I Built a Bridge of Fancies.—By Anne Ericker; words by Miss Mylne. An agreeable melody, of the drawing-room type.

Birds that in Yon Pine-tree Sing.—By Frans Abt. An expressive and beautiful melody, requiring great compass of voice, and delicacy of execution; the English words are by George Linley.

The Dear Old Songs of Home.—By Franz Abt. A simple, rather plaintive melody, likely to be popular with amateurs. The above are published by R. Dicks and Co., New Burlington Street.

The Maiden's Prayer.—This is a charming arrangement, as a sacred song, by W. West, of Bardarzewski's exquisite piece, under the same title. It deserves to be widely known, and, wherever it is known, is certain to secure favour.

I Watch for Thee in Starless Night.—By Alexander D. Roche. An effective serenade, that will find many admirers.

Das Stille Abendlufchen.—By E. Bennett. A valuable contribution to thoroughly good pianoforte music.

Stray Thoughts for the Harmonium.—By Henry Farmer. Very pleasing, and not difficult of execution.

Rosalia.—Transcribed for the pianoforte by G. H. Morine. This is a very pretty arrangement, as a fantasia, of the popular melody; it is effective, and not difficult.

All the above are published by J. Williams, 123, Cheap-side.

Anthem.—Written on the lamented death of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by Rev. Newman Hall. Mr. Hall's lines are arranged for the National Anthem.

Gentle Annie.—W. Smallwood has "transcribed" this well-known air with admirable tact for the pianoforte; the arrangement is simple, but very effective.

Even-song.—For the pianoforte, by W. Smallwood. A creditable addition to our drawing-room music.

Even so, Father, Let it Be.—This is a sacred song by S. E. Younge, and words and music alike breathe the spirit of Christian resignation.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.—Charles Glover, after so many composers have wedded these well-known words to music, has given us his version; and, in our opinion, it is unsurpassed by any of its predecessors. It would, however, be injudicious to institute comparisons.

The above are published by B. Williams, 11, Paternoster Row.

Russian Hymn.—An arrangement of the National Air of Russia, by J. Krause. It is neither so simple nor sublime as our own "God Save the Queen," but there is in it a grandeur and majesty that is well adapted for expressing a national prayer.

Sublimation.—This is a sacred song, the words by Cornelius Witheby, the music by Robert Fieldwich. The air is simple and appropriate.

Solitude.—By Bennett Gilbert. Pretty and effective.

J. H. Jewell, 104, Great Russell Street.

The Hundred Pipers.—This is a capital rendering, by Brinley Richards, of an old Jacobite air; it is lively and effective, and thoroughly characteristic.

Brewer and Co., 23, Bishopsgate Street.

We have also received—*Introduction and March for the Pianoforte*, by W. Smallwood (B. Williams). *Maid of Merry England*, arranged for the pianoforte by J. T. Stone (J. Williams).

Temperance Department.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

He comes not; I have watched the moon go down,
But yet he comes not; once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
Oh, how I love a mother's watch to keep
Over those sleeping eyes—that smile which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, bright and deep.

"SOMEBODY'S BOY."

Ah, yes! the veriest wreck that skulks along the by-paths of society once belonged to somebody; and human nature, selfish though it be, is too much bound into one family, and interwoven into a network of common sympathies and feelings, not to thrill under this consideration, if faithfully pondered and applied. "The good man," says an eloquent preacher, "does not ask who the sufferer is, what is his name, or religion; he sees that he is a man, he feels that he is a neighbour, and he lifts him up upon his knee, and dresses his wounds, and relieves his wants; and the Saviour says to us, every one, 'Go thou and do likewise.' I love the spirit of the good woman who was running to help some poor boy that was flung well-nigh lifeless upon the road, and her neighbours said, 'Why do you run thus? he is not your boy.' 'No,' she said, 'but he is somebody's boy.' That is as it should be. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' And this principle," adds the writer, "should be kept in view pre-eminently with the young. Look back to the Israelites. It was one of the chief accusations brought against them in their idolatries, that they caused the children to pass through the fire to Moloch. We all remember how, when the Lord of life and glory was upon earth, he gathered the children around him, those whom his disciples would have kept back, and said, 'Suffer the children to come unto me, and forbid them not.'"

TOO PERTINENT AND PARALLEL.

What a bundle of inconsistencies is poor human nature! Let some new business set itself up in the midst of English society, its express object being to destroy, by some secret process, the opening buds of youth, to stunt their growth and paralyse their strength, would not every right-minded person in the land raise his voice against this atrocity? Would not every parent "rush to the rescue?" What indignation would fire his soul! "Fiends!" he would exclaim, "ten thousand times worse than Herod's troops in Bethlehem of old! Your deeds tend to ruin the soul as well as the body. Panderers to the devil, are there none to ruin but these children? Can you look upon them, and listen to them, and work your foul design? Hence with you, spreading your nets around their feet, and your fascinations before their eyes! Back to the hoary-headed and rocky-hearted multitudes that are already bound in your thralldom! But these lambs we will take to the good Shepherd, and entreat him to carry them in his bosom to the fold above. These little ones, their souls shall be filled with his love, and they shall pour out their hosannas in his train, and none shall silence their song. No, the Lord himself shall look upon

them with a smile, and out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he shall perfect praise."

TOO TRUE A TALE.

"I know that I am going into hell," said a drunkard within a few hours of eternity, "*but I must have some drink.*" Such is the power which this demon exercises over its votaries! Nor is this a solitary case. Would to God that it were! Multitudes rush into the presence of their Judge, in the hours of drunkenness and unholy revelry. Alas! men drown themselves in perdition, in spite of warning.

How awful the fate of the drunkard! On earth he has few comforts—his friends are fewer still; most of those who profess to be so being his deadliest enemies. Is he happy? Far from it. Is he respected? No. After dragging on a weary existence, he at last leaves the world, and enters upon the dark, the unseen future. We follow his soul to the gates of heaven; but instead of gaining a ready admittance, he hears a voice saying, "The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Awful words! What do they mean? What is it *not* to inherit the kingdom of God? It is to lose the crown of life; it is to be shut out of heaven, with its honours, glories, and felicities; it is to lose that favour of God which is the life of all his people; it is to be shut out from his presence, where there is "fulness of joy."

But this is only part of the doom which awaits the drunkard. The sentence has gone forth: "Take ye the unprofitable servant, and cast him into outer darkness." But there is something more awful still prepared for the enemies of God, where hope never dwells.

But let not a penitent despair. Would you escape from hell? Would you rise to heaven? Then, *be reconciled to God.* See the sinner's Advocate. Put your case into his hands. "He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him." If you would come unto God, you must come through his Son. Plead his infinite atonement, and you need not fear, for he has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Let this be the language of your heart:—"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm, in mercy look on me."

OUR "MARCHING ORDERS," AND THE DIVINE POWER THAT LIES BEHIND THEM.

When we see the world's spacious highway everywhere strewn with the havoc caused by intemperance, it is little marvel if, for the moment, under the sickening sight, our hands should hang down, and our knees wax feeble. But such misgivings and faint-heartedness ill beseem the Christian. It is a renunciation of that faith which should remove mountains; and it is a mistrust of that God, and a contempt of that commission, whose stern language to us is—"Go ye into all the world," and conquer it to the Cross.

"Here is the world-wide city, in which you are citizens," eloquently exclaims the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, "and its inhabitants are all about their work or pleasure, and most of them around you are well to do; but down in the byways, courts, and alleys, and still more out in the lanes, fields, and hedges beyond, there are poor, ragged, shivering creatures, and they bear the marks of want, poverty, and wretchedness on their brow. You are sitting down in the mansion, feasting on what

is before you, and you ask—'Well, am I responsible for those?—am I their keeper?' and we say, 'Yes;' because you are charged with the message of the Master that has never yet crossed your lips, and it is your duty to go and 'compel them to come in, that his house may be filled.' There is the valley of dry bones, and the valley is very broad and the bones are very dry, all sapless and marrowless; and as you look upon it you feel what a scene of ruin and desolation it is; the very winds seem to mourn over it, as they hover and flutter around; and you say, 'Who is responsible for it, that these are not living, stalwart men, a noble army for God?' and we say, 'You are.' 'What, I!' says the man. 'Yes; you are charged with the message God has given you, to prophesy to these dry bones.' 'But,' says the man, 'that would be useless; I might as well prophesy to the stones by the way side.' 'Perhaps so, but you have another power entrusted to you, and that is, to bring down the Spirit of God, who shall breathe upon the bones and fill them with life, and it is thus you are the keeper of those whose bones lie scattered before you, and are responsible for the desolation over which you grieve.' I do not for a moment put Temperance instead of the Gospel, or Temperance Societies instead of the Church of Christ; no man who understands either of them will. It seems to me as though the Gospel were the great standard around which we should all gather, and which we should bear onwards through the world; and that is our duty, and we are to a great extent responsible for those parts of the world where the Gospel is not. And then grouped around this great centre standard there are other smaller ones, that borrow their power and blessings from the Cross; and on one there is 'Peace,' on another there is 'Liberty,' on another there is 'Temperance;' and these lesser banners are to be scattered among the people, and to be hung up in their houses, as they follow the great standard of the Gospel. We all remember how the late Iron Duke looked upon the principle we are now trying to illustrate, when a professedly religious man was complaining about the fanaticism of those who talked of sending the Gospel to the heathen in India, and was asking what good would spring of it. 'Why,' said the duke, 'what are your marching orders? Are they not, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature?" Obey your marching orders.' We have our marching orders, and we must obey them. Take your Band of Hope Union, and in the principle enshrined within it, you have a power whose influence no thought can conceive, no tongue can tell; not an ordinary power, but a power that shall work miracles of beneficence, and love, and blessing, that shall fill eternity with joy—a power like one of the fabled sunbeams of the Thracians, that shall melt the sea of ice into an ocean of water of life, shall soften the rock into Paradise soil, and wake up the very dead to new life and immortality—a power that shall go forth like the apostles of old, in the name of Christ, to cast out the legion spirits of evil that have taken possession of men."

A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.—There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love for ever smiles, and where Religion walks, a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centred in the soul; no storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor.

TO OUR READERS.

We publish this week the concluding number of Volume II. of THE QUIVER, and we take the opportunity of congratulating ourselves and our readers upon the interest which our journal has excited, and upon the steady improvement to be observed in its position. We can only say that we will endeavour to render it still further acceptable. We have, indeed, already made important arrangements, which, we believe, cannot fail to lead to this result; and we rely upon our subscribers, and upon those who feel an interest in the circulation of religious literature, to kindly make known the objects and character of the journal in every direction, so as to obtain for us a considerable accession of strength. This will enable us to realise that amount of success which will secure to the journal the highest efficiency, and enable us to overcome the peculiar difficulties which, as we have before pointed out, attend the establishment of a periodical exclusively devoted to religious advocacy. The First Volume is kept in print (see Advertisement).

BISHOP JEWELL'S TESTIMONY TO THE BIBLE.

BISHOP JEWELL was born in 1522, and died in 1571; he therefore lived during one of the most exciting and momentous periods of English history. It is reported of him that he had an amazingly retentive memory, was well acquainted with the historians, poets, and orators of antiquity, and well read in most other departments of literature. It may be interesting, therefore, to hear his opinion of the Bible, respecting which few men of his day were better fitted to speak. He had studied this book, and was therefore no stranger to it. He had studied many other books, and could compare them with this. He had seen the effects of taking the Bible away from the people; and also the results of its free and constant use. In a moment of weakness, the fear of the stake had induced him to subscribe the Popish creed; but his conscience re-asserted its rights, and he became an exile for the faith. From that time he was, like Peter after his fall, a courageous defender of Gospel truth, and his writings show that he was as skilful as he was bold. Soon after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, he came back to England, and was made Bishop of Salisbury. Among other things, he preached a sermon at St. Paul's Cross, in which he gave a challenge to the Papists, which, it is affirmed, they have never ventured to accept. He specifies twenty-seven articles of Popish faith and practice, and calls upon the most learned men to prove them, if they can, from the Holy Scriptures and the practice of the early Church.

The estimation in which the Bible was held by Bishop Jewell may be gathered from his own writings, and we shall therefore avail ourselves of them for our present purpose. In his "Treatise of the Holy Scriptures," he says they are the bright sun of God, which bring light unto our ways, and comfort to all parts of our life, and salvation to our souls. In them is made known unto us our estate, and the mercy of God witnessed in Christ our Saviour. How can it be otherwise? the Scriptures are the Word of God.

What title can be of greater value than this? What can be said of them, to make them of greater authority, than to say, "The Lord hath spoken them?" that they came not by the will of men, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost? If we should have a revelation, and hear an angel speak unto us, how careful should we be to mark, and remember, and to be able to declare the words of the angel? Yet an angel is but a glorious creature, and not God. The word of the Gospel is not as the word of an earthly prince, and it is of more majesty than the word of an angel. It is the word of the living and Almighty God, of the God of hosts, who hath done whatsoever pleased him, both in heaven and in earth.

By this word he maketh his will known. This word is the true manna, it is the bread that came down from heaven; the key of the kingdom of heaven; the savour of life unto life, and the power of God unto salvation. In it God shows to us his might, his wisdom, and his glory. By it he will be known to us, and honoured of his creatures. The words of the Lord are pure words, as silver tried in the furnace; there is no dross remaining in them. They are the storehouse of wisdom and of the knowledge of God, in respect of which all the wisdom of this world is vain and foolish.

The Word of God has passed by many dangers of tyrants, of Pharisees, of heretics, of fire, and of sword, and yet continueth and standeth until this day, without altering or changing one letter. It was a wonderful work of God, that having so many and such great enemies, and passing through so many and such great dangers, it yet continueth still. He preserveth it, that no tyrant should consume it, no tradition choke it, no heretic maliciously corrupt it. For his name's sake, and for the elect's sake, he would not suffer it to perish; because in it he hath ordained a blessing for his people, and by it he maketh covenant with them for life everlasting. Tyrants, and Pharisees, and heretics, and the enemies of the cross of Christ have an end, but the Word of God hath no end. No force shall be able to decay it. The gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Cities shall fall, kingdoms shall come to nothing, empires shall fade away as the smoke; but the truth of the Lord shall continue for ever. Burn it, it will rise again; destroy it, it will appear again; cut it down by the root, it will spring forth into new life.

The wonderful power of God's word is seen in its effects upon many nations, persuading them to abandon paganism, and to mould their institutions after the Gospel pattern. When the fulness of time arrived, God sent his word to these nations. Error fell down and truth stood up, men forsook their idols and went to God; the kings, and priests, and peoples were changed. They forsook their gods, their kings, and their priests; they forsook their antiquity, customs, and consent, their fathers, and themselves. It was the word of the Lord which led captivity captive,

and threw down every high thing that lifted itself up against the Lord, and brought all powers under subjection to the Lord. This word is the image, the power, the arm, the sword, and the glory of God. It is so mighty, and has such force and virtue, such authority, majesty, and glory, because it is the Word of God.

The Holy Scriptures are the mercy seat, the registry of God's mysteries, our charter for the life to come, the holy place where God shows himself to the people, the Mount Sion where he dwelleth for ever. The more comfort there is in them, the more greedily let us desire them; the more heavenly and glorious they are, the more reverently let us come to them. The Word of God is not written for angels, or archangels, or heavenly spirits, but for the sons of men; for us and for our instruction, that by them we may receive strength and comfort in all our adversities, and have hope of the life to come. Hereby God openeth his mouth to guide us into all truth, to make us prompt and abundant in all good works, that we may be perfect men in Christ Jesus, and so rooted and grounded in him, as not to be driven to and fro with every tempest.

Good men in all ages, apostles and prophets, and even Christ himself, have declared the excellency of the Scriptures. By them Christ confounded the Scribes and Pharisees, and the devil. They have confounded all heresies. By them sinners like Augustine have been converted. Cyprian, Chrysostom, and the best of the fathers extol them, as the way of truth and the touchstone of doctrine. Now, the master of a ship at sea used to watch the pole-star and steer by it; and so must we in this voyage of life ever steer by the Word of God, that we may be guided without danger, and safely arrive at the haven of rest. This is the rule of our faith; and faith without it is but fancy, for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Like David, we must pray to understand this word, and it will direct our judgment, and make us bold and constant in the defence of the truth. The Apostles were hated of all men for the name of Christ, and despised, yet they continued faithful and constant; they armed their hearts with the comfort of God's word; thereby they were able to resist in the evil day; they were faithful unto death, and therefore God gave them a crown of glory. So constant is he that hath learned the Word of God, and hath set his delight upon it, and through it is assured of the will of God. Heaven shall shake, the earth shall tremble, but the man of God shall stand upright. His feet shall not fail, his heart shall not faint, he shall not be moved; such a ground, such a foundation, such a rock is the Word of God.

Blessed is the man whose hope is in the name of the Lord. He shall build upon a sure place; he lays his foundation upon the corner-stone; he needs no army to make him strong; he needs no friends to comfort him in adversity; his strength is within; the gates of hell shall not prevail against him; his comfort is inwardly within his heart; he speaks to God, and God unto him; his eyes behold the kingdom, and power, and glory of God.

The early fathers agree to declare the competency of God's Word. Thus Augustine says:—"Whether it be of Christ, or of his Church, or of anything else whatever, pertaining either to our life or to our faith, I will not say if I myself, but, if an angel from heaven shall teach otherwise than ye have received in the

books of the law, and in the gospels, let him be accursed." (Gal. i. 8.) Basil, also, says:—"The Scripture of God is like an apothecary's shop, full of medicines of sundry sorts, that every man may there choose a convenient medicine for his disease."

The Scriptures are fitted for all men. Art thou a king? Read the Scriptures; thou shalt find who established thine estate, and what duty thou owest to God. Art thou a subject? Read the Scriptures; they will teach thee to know thy duty. Art thou a minister? Read the Scriptures; they will teach thee thy duty. Art thou a father? Read the Scriptures; they will teach thee. Art thou a child? Read the Scriptures; they will teach thee. Art thou rich? Read the Scriptures; they will teach thee. Art thou poor? Read the Scriptures; they will teach thee. Art thou a merchant? Read the Scriptures; they will teach thee. Art thou a usurer? Thy case is hard, yet hear the Scriptures; they will teach thee. Art thou living in sin? Read the Scriptures; they will teach thee. Art thou a servant? or art thou proud? or art thou in adversity? or dost thou despair of mercy? or art thou about to die? Read the Scriptures, and they will teach thee. What more should I say of them? In adversity and in prosperity, in life and in death, they are our special comfort. If we must fight, they are a sword; if we hunger, they are meat; if we thirst, they are drink; if we have no dwelling-place, they are a house; if we be naked, they are a garment; if we be in darkness, they are a light. They are comfortable to kings and to subjects; to old and young; to husband and wife; to parent and child; to master and servant; to captain and soldier; to preacher and people; to the learned and unlearned; to the wise and the simple. They are a comfort in peace and war; in heaviness and joy; in health and sickness; in plenty and poverty; by day and night; in the town and in the wilderness; in company and in solitude. They teach faith, hope, and patience, charity, sobriety, and humility, righteousness and all godliness. They teach us to live, and they teach us to die.

Therefore St. Paul saith, that "all divinely-inspired Scripture is profitable." It makes the man of God perfect unto all good works: perfect in faith, hope, and love, in life and death. So great, so large, so ample, and so heavenly is the profit which we reap by the Word of God. Its value is also shown by the state of those who are without it, and by the comforts it brings to those who possess it. It sets forth the wars of the Lord, and his works, and his mercy; the Gospel and its history; the saints, the apostles, and Christ. Our natural understanding is dull, and therefore the Holy Spirit himself becomes our teacher. To read the Bible is every man's right and duty; and if we avail ourselves of this right, and discharge this duty in a proper manner, God shall look down upon us, the Spirit of wisdom will rest upon us, we shall be perfect in good works, we shall rejoice in the salvation of Christ, and glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus.

Such are some of the ideas of the excellent Bishop Jewell, and it is easy to see that principles like his laid at the foundation of our Protestant history have, by God's blessing, greatly contributed to give among us that reverence and love for the Word of the Lord which distinguish us as a nation. May these noble, wise, and holy sayings stimulate our zeal for the study and honour of the Scriptures, which are able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus!

FAULT-FINDING.

ONE of the most common vices that we meet with among men is that of fault-finding. Its prevalence is so extensive that almost everybody seems to be infected with it. It is found among all descriptions of people. Those who make no pretensions to a religious character practise it without compunction, and even with a sort of malignant delight; while those who profess and call themselves Christians are frequently and sometimes habitually guilty of it, apparently without imagining that it is incompatible with their avowed principles.

The practice is as odious as it is common. Indeed, few things are more disgusting and repulsive to a right-minded person. The individual who is addicted to it renders himself in the highest degree offensive to men and women of reflection and sensibility. Such a one becomes a nuisance in society—a sort of plague-spot, spreading moral contamination and disease wherever he goes. He may be tolerated where he cannot be avoided, but he can never be respected and loved. Full-blown specimens of this character may not be very numerous. But it is quite easy to find an abundance of those which are sufficiently developed to prove at once loathsome and noxious.

The habit of fault-finding is an exceedingly pernicious one. Its reflex influence upon him who is guilty of it, is in the highest degree injurious. Hatred, envy, jealousy, censoriousness, and all those malignant dispositions and tendencies which lead to the practice, are daily strengthened by exercise, and eventually acquire an almost uncontrollable power, rendering the individual sour, uncharitable, and misanthropic. Accustomed to the display of his ingenuity in the detection of what is faulty in human characters and actions, and habituated to dwelling upon what is deformed and unlovely in spirit and conduct, he acquires a morbid appetite for that which is morally diseased and unwholesome. He becomes insensible to the presence and charms of the virtuous and lovely. Like an unclean bird he fattens upon the corrupt and putrescent, and nurses that which is sound and health-giving. In addition to this, he renders himself distasteful to the virtuous and truly refined, and forfeits the possession of that kind of society which would tend to cure him of his unhappy propensity to fault-finding.

Besides this, the habitual fault-finder inflicts untold pain and injury upon others. He does a vast deal of mischief. He is truly a sinner who destroys much good. No one can estimate the amount of agony which he produces in many a sensitive mind. Long experience has given him consummate skill in the work of lacerating the feelings. Now, the unnecessary infliction of moral pain is an evil, which engenders other evils, and is not easily or readily remedied. The fault-finder alienates the affections of friends from each other. He sows discord in families and among brethren. He creates confusion, division, and strife, among those who, but for him, might have lived in continued and delightful harmony. His function is, not to unite, but to sever and disorganise—to produce not peace and good-will, but contention and bitterness. Such an individual is the bane of any church or community, and no organisation can be prosperous which harbours such a member within its bosom.

We would by no means condemn indiscriminately all kinds of fault-finding. In a world where there

is so much that is wrong and blameworthy, in ourselves and others, it would be impossible not to perceive many faults, and it would not be improper occasionally to notice and denounce them. But we must unhesitatingly pronounce as unjustifiable the disposition which finds pleasure in incessantly exposing them for no good and valid reason, and chiefly with a view to the wounding of the feelings and reputation of others. There is a warrantable species of fault-finding which lays bare the fault in order to its correction. It wounds in order to heal. It applies the caustery, and yet pities the invalid. There are times certainly when it becomes an imperative duty, though a painful one, to point out with the greatest particularity and faithfulness the faults of those whom we respect and love. But it is a task which requires to be performed with the utmost skill and delicacy, the utmost tenderness and judgment. If the work is bunglingly done, more evil than good will be the inevitable result. Indeed there is scarcely anything in the whole circle of human duties which demands so much ability of every kind as the management of the faults of others. And in nothing, perhaps, is there displayed so much of unskillfulness, unkindness, and consequent ill-success. We have read of a couple of college students, who, desirous of improving themselves both morally and intellectually, resolved mutually that they would tell each other of their failings. They entered upon the prescribed work with youthful alacrity, and with a zeal which was not tempered by prudence. The result of their injudicious dealing with each other's faults was, that each became so uncomfortable in his companion's society, that they both came to the conclusion that it would be better for them to occupy separate rooms. This resolution, which might have been anticipated, they carried into execution.

One of the best remedies for a fault-finding disposition is a thorough knowledge of our own imperfections. A good degree of self-acquaintance will always prove a certain corrective of any tendency that we may have to harp upon the shortcomings of others. He who knows himself with any just amount of accuracy, must perceive that he will find enough to occupy his attention and call forth his exertions, in his own frailties and errors. A just rigour towards his own faults will be accompanied with charity towards those of others. We should therefore strive to become better cognisant of ourselves, more truly acquainted with everything within us that is wrong and defective. Especially should we hold up before ourselves the bright mirror of the divine law, and seek from above that light, which, let into our souls, will reveal to ourselves what we are. Thus learning our own moral turpitude, we shall be made more anxious to eradicate the evils which we clearly perceive in ourselves, than to expurgate the faults of others, of which we must necessarily have but a partial and inadequate knowledge.

THE DISTRESS IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.—In accordance with the suggestion of many correspondents, we propose to submit to the readers of THE QUIVER, next week, a plan which has been already successfully adopted in connection with another of our publications, with a view to promote the relief of the distress in the cotton districts.

CONTRIBUTIONS received since our last, for the Non-unionists in London (see Nos. 33, 35, 43, and 51 of "THE QUIVER") :—Few Friends in Aberdeen, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Andrew Armstrong, £2 0s. 8d.; F. B., 2s. 6d.

Scripture Illustrations.

(Acts viii. 27-40.)

VERSE 27. "A man of Ethiopia." The Ethiopia to which allusion is here made was, no doubt, that part of Africa which the Hebrews called Cush, and which we now call Abyssinia. It is not easy to define its exact limits, but its northern boundary was Egypt.

"A eunuch of great authority, under Candace, the queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem to worship." The Ethiopian was either a Jew or a Jewish proselyte, and he both had and enjoyed the free profession of his religion, although at that time the Ethiopian court must have been pagan. He is called a eunuch and a man of great authority, who had charge of all the treasure of the queen. In the East it is even now not uncommon for eunuchs to be intrusted with high offices, but it is to be observed that the word often means merely persons in confidential situations; hence, in the Syriac, it signifies one who is faithful or trustworthy—a confidential person. This man was high treasurer of Candace. Now we gather from various sources, that Ethiopia was, at the time in question, ruled by queens who were all called Candace, just as the kings of Egypt were called Pharaoh, and those of Rome, Cæsar. It was therefore not so much a proper name as a title. In a well known passage of Pliny, the Roman historian, who lived in the Apostles' days, we read that a woman called Candace reigned in Meroë, which name had been given to the queens for many years. The Greek writer Strabo also speaks of a Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, in the reign of Augustus, and describes her as a very warlike lady. Eusebius, the Church historian, tells us that even in his time the government of Ethiopia was in the hand of queens, according to the national custom. Dion Cassius confirms the statement made by Strabo. The country in which these queens governed was for a long time the centre of commercial intercourse between Africa and the south of Asia, and became one of the richest districts in the world. As far back as the time of Isaiah (xlv. 14) we read of the merchandise of Ethiopia, and the treasures of the country were almost proverbial. With regard to the Candace mentioned in our text, it is affirmed that her real name was Lacasa, and of the eunuch tradition says that his name was Judich. According to Irenæus and Eusebius, the eunuch carried his Christianity to court, where the queen herself became a convert, and favoured the promulgation of the Gospel throughout her dominions. The story goes on to say that the eunuch carried the Gospel into Arabia Felix, and then into Ceylon, where he suffered martyrdom. Of the truth of these statements we can say nothing, but we must believe that the converted eunuch was anxious for the spiritual welfare of his countrymen. The conversion of Ethiopia generally is ascribed to the labours of Frumentius, in the fourth century.

Verse 30. "Heard him read." The custom of reading aloud still obtains among the Orientals when they read alone, or, as we say, to themselves. Dr. Kitto quotes Mr. Jowett as observing that "they usually go on reading aloud, with a kind of singing voice, moving their heads and bodies in time, and making a monotonous cadence at regular intervals, thus giving emphasis, although not such an emphasis,

pliant to the sense, as would please an English ear. Very often they seem to read without perceiving the sense, and to be pleased with themselves merely because they can go through the mechanical art of reading in any way."

"The prophet Esaias." The passage which the eunuch was reading was Isaiah liii. 7, 8, and as St. Luke copies the ancient Greek version, called the Septuagint, it seems very likely that that was the translation which was in his hands. It is interesting to remark that Philip applied the passage from Isaiah to the Lord Jesus, thus justifying our belief that it is an inspired prophecy concerning him. The eunuch may have heard something of Christianity at Jerusalem, and hence he would be aware of the light in which baptism was regarded. No sooner did he receive the truth into his heart than he wished to be baptised, and with this wish Philip at once complied.

Verses 39, 40. "The Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip," and he "was found at Azotus." There is some difficulty in these two verses. It is by no means clear from the original whether the Spirit conveyed Philip bodily away through the air by a miracle, or whether the Spirit impelled him at once to proceed to Azotus. We are inclined to think there was not a miracle, because the true translation of the passage is—"Now, when they went up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord snatched away Philip, and the eunuch saw him no more, for he went on his way rejoicing. And Philip was found at Azotus," &c. By a Divine impulse, then, we think Philip was hurried away to Azotus.

"Azotus" is the Greek form of the Hebrew name Ashdod, a city in Judea, as old as the time of Joshua, when it belonged to the Philistines. We learn from Isa. xx. 1, that about 714 years before Christ the Assyrians came and took Ashdod. The place was famous for the worship of Dagon, who had there an image and a temple. Dagon, or the Fish-god, was represented with the head and hands of a man, and the rest of his body like a fish. A similar idol, called Derceto, was worshipped at Ashkelon, and the Babylonians also worshipped a fish-god. The men of Ashdod seem to have been obstinate idolaters, for we read that about 164 B.C. Judas Maccabeus went to Azotus, "and when he had pulled down their altars, and burned their carved images with fire, and spoiled their cities, he returned into the land of Judea." The town was afterwards destroyed, but the Romans rebuilt it, and it still exists under the name of Esdud. We may observe that the name of Azotus was applied not only to the city, but to the country round it. The modern Esdud, or Usdud, is an ordinary Turkish village, with few or no traces of ruins, except a large artificial hill. The interest of the place lies in its history, and we will therefore add the brief but expressive summary of Dr. Thomson in regard to it. "This high and ample mound, I suspect, constituted that impregnable acropolis which it took Psammethichus of Egypt twenty-nine years to subdue. Herodotus says this was the longest siege that any city ever sustained. Ashdod, like Jammia, had had a port, which, like that also, has entirely disappeared. The sea is some two miles distant, and the intervening space is a desert of moving sand, which has reached the outskirts of the town. If you are anxious to see what vicissitudes this city of Dagon has passed through, and on what occasions it has played a part in the great drama of history, you can consult

Joshua, and 1 Samuel, and 2 Chronicles, and Nehemiah, and the Maccabees, and Josephus, and Luke, who calls it Azotus in the eighth chapter of Acts. The Greek and Roman historians and geographers often speak of it, as also Eusebius, Jerome, and other Christian Fathers, under the same name. It figures likewise largely in the Crusades, and indeed in nearly all other wars that have ever desolated the country of the Philistines. This long and eventful story proclaims its inherent importance and the tenacity of its life; but it has finally fallen under the heavy 'burden' of prophecy, and sunk to the miserable village from which you have just escaped." There was a Christian church at Azotus, with a bishop, at an early period. Silvanus of Azotus was one of the bishops at the Nicene Council, in A.D. 325, and another is mentioned two centuries later.

"Passing through, he preached in all the cities till he came to Cæsarea." Philip journeyed northward, and upon or near his route lay Jamnia, Ramleh, Lydda, Joppa, Antipatris, and Apollonia. He traversed the whole length of the plain of Sharon, making known the salvation of Christ. We will not now pause to describe the places he may have visited, but will confine ourselves to a few words about Cæsarea. This place is often called Cæsarea of Palestine, to distinguish it from Cæsarea Philippi. The ancient name still clings to the spot, with but slight alteration, but travellers tell us that the town itself is a heap of ruins. Dr. Clarke says, "Perhaps there has not been, in the history of the world, an example of any city that in so short a space of time rose to such an extraordinary height of splendour as did this of Cæsarea, or that exhibits a more awful contrast to its former magnificence, by the present desolate appearance of its ruins. Its theatres, once resounding with the shouts of multitudes, echo no other sound than the nightly cries of animals roaming for their prey. Of its gorgeous palaces and temples, enriched with the choicest works of art, and decorated with the most precious marbles, scarcely a trace can be discerned. Within the space of ten years after laying the foundation, from an obscure fortress (called the Tower of Strabo, as it is said, from the Greek who founded it), it became the most celebrated and flourishing city of all Syria." It was named Cæsarea by Herod, in honour of Augustus, to whom it was dedicated. It was afterwards called Colonia Flavia, in consequence of privileges granted it by Vespasian, who made it a Roman colony. It is about thirty miles from Jaffa or Joppa, and sixty-two from Jerusalem. The situation of the town was good for trade, but the harbour was never convenient, although Herod expended large sums upon its improvement. The remains of its ancient magnificence are, for the most part, now mere heaps of ruins; the aqueducts are better preserved. The walls are said to have been built in the time of the Crusades by Louis IX., King of France. At one part there are the ruins of a very strong castle, which was apparently built by the Crusaders from the scattered relics of the older town. The wild bear out of the wood now frequents this solitary spot.

In the New Testament, Cæsarea is several times mentioned. Not only did Philip preach here, but here Cornelius the centurion resided. Here also Paul long remained a prisoner; here he uttered his eloquent defence before Felix and Agrippa, and hence he started on his memorable voyage to Rome.

Cæsarea was long famous in the history of the Church. The celebrated Church historian, Eusebius, was bishop of Cæsarea; and nine other bishops of the city are recorded between A.D. 198 and A.D. 553. Josephus and many other authors speak of Cæsarea, which was captured by the Saracens after a siege of seven years, in A.D. 653. In 1102 it was captured by the Crusaders under Baldwin. After retaining possession of it for many years, they left it in ruins. Under the Turkish rule, it went to decay, and, as we have seen, it is now a desolation. The only traces of its having ever known the Gospel appear to be the remains of a church.

The Editor and his Friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH R. P., J. T., CLERICUS, VERITAS, E. D., JUNIUS, J. W., EDWARD, E. B., F. B., LOCHTY, W. R., S. T. B. (Sunderland), J. T. (Liverpool), A. M., J. T. RUNCORN, G. H. B.

CHAPTER V.

F. Who was Philip the Evangelist?

E. One of the seven deacons whose appointment is mentioned in Acts vi. 5. The title of evangelist is especially applied to the four inspired writers of our Saviour's life.

F. Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine.

E. A figurative mode of speech to inculcate prudence in admonishing and in enforcing religious doctrines, lest both ourselves and our doctrines should be despised by the profane. The ancient writers of Greece and Rome, and also the Eastern sages, were wont to denote certain classes of men by animals of similar dispositions. By dogs our Saviour meant men of odious character and violent temper, and by swine the unholy and impure.

F. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

E. Or, as it may be translated, "from faith." Whatsoever is done without a conviction of its lawfulness is really sin, though the act may be lawful in itself. To do what conscience allows is not always right, but to do what conscience condemns is always wrong.

F. We read of Paul and Silas being in prison, but not Luke.

E. Luke was the companion of Paul and Silas, and was with them at Thyatira; but, probably, he did not take part in the public discussions, and therefore was not considered amenable to the laws, and consequently remained at liberty.

F. What are the cherubim designed to represent?

E. The cherubim appear to indicate the highest forms of animated nature with which we are acquainted, and appear to be employed in the loftiest service to which living creation can aspire—entire consecration to God; they are presented to us mortals as guardians of the Divine throne, and they afford us an example of that profound adoration which we ought to cultivate when we enter into the presence-chamber of Jehovah—that is, his house of prayer.

F. "And the Lord went his way as soon as he had left communing with Abraham."

E. "The Lord" is understood by the fathers to be Christ, who was pleased to assume a human form on various occasions prior to his Incarnation.

F. "God came from Teman."

E. The words are part of a sublime description of God when he conducted his people to the land of Canaan. Teman was first the name of an encampment, and afterwards the name of the capital of a province of Idumea, to the south of Canaan.

F. "Therefore he that delivered me to thee hath the greater sin."

E. "He that delivered me to thee" seems to be used as a noun of multitude for all those who in any way promoted or urged on the death of Christ.

F. "I know whom I have chosen," says the Saviour.

E. That is, to be my apostles. I know also that one of them is an unfaithful man, and only a professed disciple, and he will betray me.

F. "Ye judge after the flesh, I judge no man."

E. You judge by outward appearances, I do not judge; if I did judge it would not be as you do, it would be to judge righteously.

F. "The truth shall make you free."

E. If ye embrace my holy doctrine, and subject yourselves to it in sincerity, ye shall be my disciples, in truth as well as in name, and ye shall be enlightened and confirmed in the certainty, excellency, and importance of my Gospel, and by means of that Gospel ye shall be delivered from all that is enthralling, deceitful, and captivating; ye shall no longer be tied and bound with the chain of your sins, but ye shall be God's freemen, sanctified by the truth, and the Word of God is truth.

F. "Take no thought for the morrow."

E. Take due and proper care for the morrow, but let it not be anxious and distressing thought.

F. "Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth the little ones against the stones."

E. A prophecy denouncing the direful fate that would overtake the inhabitants of Babylon, as a retribution for the cruelties inflicted upon the sons of Israel. The enemies that would besiege the devoted city would delight in the work of destruction, a prediction that fully and fearfully came to pass.

F. "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things, that ye abstain from meats offered to idols," &c. Are these things still binding upon us?

E. "These necessary things" do not mean necessary for salvation, but necessary for the welfare and peace of the church at that period, on account of the prejudices of the Jewish Christians.

F. How can we harmonise God's knowledge with man's free agency?

E. We cannot do it, and we are not required to do it. To attempt to harmonise them is a gratuitous and unprofitable labour. They are distinct truths, and in their separate state they demand our belief. That we cannot reconcile them, is no proof that they cannot be reconciled.

F. Why is the Apocrypha not incorporated in our Bibles, as it is in the Roman Catholic version of the Scriptures?

E. Because they are not inspired, and as such, though they may be read for edification, they are of no authority in matters of doctrine; moreover, they contain many very grave errors.

F. In the instructions given by the master of the feast to his servants, to compel the men to come in, does that authorise force or compulsion?

E. Only moral force—the force of persuasion.

F. "Many are called, but few are chosen."

E. A very eminent divine of the present century rendered the passage thus:—"The word *called* in the Greek Testament is always used to denote believers in Christ, and the term *chosen* to mean persons eminent and distinguished; implying that many embraced the faith of Christ, and were truly Christian men, yet few of them were pre-eminent for their zeal and devotion to the cause of Christ. Many are the ordinary Christians, few the distinguished ones."

F. Please to explain Revelations xx. 21.

E. Neither our Greek nor our English Testament contains it.

F. How old was Samuel when God called him to deliver the denunciation to Eli the high priest?

E. Twelve years; but the punishment denounced against Eli's family, God in mercy withheld for twenty-seven years.

F. "Behold, he put no trust in his servants, and his angels he charged with folly."

E. The imperfection of the most exalted beings is meant to be pointed out in comparison with the inconceivable perfection and purity of God.

F. What is meant by whether we "wake or sleep?"

E. Live or die; death is often compared to sleep.

F. G. S. will be thankful to know what his question means.

E. It is a Hebrew method of expressing a close relationship.

F. In Acts ix. 7, we are told the men heard the voice when Saul was struck to the ground; in chap. xxii. 9, Saul states that his attendants did not hear the voice that spoke to him.

E. They heard the voice, probably, like the sound of thunder, but they were unable to tell what was said.

F. God says, "It repenteth me that I have made man. But God is not a man that he should repent."

How do we reconcile these conflicting statements, alike from the pen of Moses?

E. God's repenting is not a change of his will, but of his work. It is language used in condescension to our powers of comprehension. God speaks of himself after the manner of men, because he is speaking to men. When it is affirmed of the Deity that he is not a man that he should repent, it implies that his words for weal or for woe are not like man's words, subject to change.

No. 291.—C.—"Death and hell were cast into the lake of fire."—Rev. xx. 14.

Parkhurst says, "The Hebrew word *sheol* signifies 'the invisible state of the dead;' and it answers, or nearly so, to the Greek word *hades*, by which it is rendered in the Greek Septuagint—that is, 'the invisible place,' and it corresponds with our old English word 'hell,' which, though now almost always used to express a place of punishment, yet equally applies to a place of happiness, being a derivative from the Saxon word *helan*, 'to hide,' and therefore denotes the unseen place of the dead in general."

In the Old Testament, the region of departed souls was supposed to be divided into two parts—the upper and the lower. David mentions the latter in the 86th Psalm, where he says—"Thou hast delivered my soul from the nethermost hell," meaning by this figurative language, the depth of misery.

In the New Testament, the word "hell" occurs twenty-one times—nine times it denotes a place of torment, and in the other twelve places simply the region of departed spirits.

By "death and hell" being cast into the lake of fire, is meant that temporal death which had hitherto exercised dominion over men, shall be totally abolished. This is the elucidation given by Bishop Newton.

"Death and hell," in the portion of Scripture under consideration, are personified as they are in the previous verse. The idea is, that death, considered as the separation of soul and body, with all its attendant woes, will exist no more. The righteous will live throughout eternity, and the wicked will linger on in a state never to be terminated by death. The reign of death and *hades*, as such, will come to an end, and a new state of existence would commence, where these things would be unknown.

When we meet with the words "death and the grave, and hell," let us remember that, to the servants of Christ, death is only a messenger to usher the soul into the presence of its Redeemer, and the grave is an under-

ground passage to a world of light, rendered glorious by the transit of the Son of God; and hades is the waiting-chamber wherein the soul tarries until it is adorned with the robes of light.

No. 292.—C. G.—“And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations: and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.”—Luke xxi. 24. WHAT IS MEANT BY “THE TIMES OF THE GENTILES?” AND ARE THE JEWS TO BE RESTORED TO THEIR OWN LAND?

The restoration of the Jews to their own land is not only foretold in Scripture, but this restoration is secured to them by God's promise, by God's covenant, and by God's oath; and, to prepare mankind for this event, types and ceremonies have prefigured it, prophets have foretold it, angels from heaven have announced it, and the Son of God has himself proclaimed it, and has appointed the time; and that time is mysteriously connected with ourselves, as part of the Gentile family. “They shall fall by the edge of the sword,” millions of the Jews have fallen by the edge of the sword. “They shall be led away captive into all nations:” hundreds of thousands have been led away captive, and these captives have been carried into all nations. And “Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles:” Jerusalem has been trodden down by the Gentiles. The Romans destroyed the city, and several hundred years after the city was re-erected, and shortly after was taken by the Persians; 20 years after it was seized by the Saracens; 400 years afterwards it was taken by the Turks; 22 years afterwards by the Crusaders from Europe; 100 years afterwards it was taken by the Egyptians—all Gentiles; 30 years after this it was taken by the Turks—still the Gentiles, and these Gentiles remain the masters of Jerusalem at this day; so that Jerusalem has been in the possession of the Romans, the Persians, the Saracens, the Europeans, and the Turks—all parts of the Gentile family—and this for nearly 1,800 years; and this is to continue until the time of the Gentiles be fulfilled. The phrase “the times of the Gentiles” refers to Dan. vii., and from that prophecy we learn that the Gentile kingdoms are to continue “for a time, times, and half a time.” A time, in prophetic language, denotes a year, as we learn from the history of Nebuchadnezzar; therefore a time, times, and half a time will be a year, two years, and half a year, making together three years and a half. Now, as a Jewish year contained 360 days, this will make 1,260; therefore the appointed times of the nations, when Jerusalem will no longer be trodden down, is 1,260 years. Daniel's prophecy, our Lord's prophecy, and the prophecy in the Book of Revelations name alike 1,260 years, and all refer to the same event; but as men are not able to define the exact period from which the beginning is to be dated, they cannot, therefore, speak confidently of the end. They see the end approaching, and they feel assured that, ere long, some great event will occur—some terrific scene will burst upon an astonished world.

JUST AS THOU ART.

(Extracted from one of the leaflet tracts published by the Religious Tract and Book Society of Glasgow.)

SOME TIME before you die you intend to secure the salvation of your soul. The Bible repeatedly assures us that this can be done only by coming to Jesus. WHEN and HOW do you intend to come? WHEN? “Now is the accepted time”—not to-morrow. HOW? Just as you are. The fit frame of mind for approaching the Saviour is to admit that you can do absolutely nothing to prepare yourself for the first interview—just as you are, with all your sins, with all the in-

firmities and deep-rooted corruptions of your nature. Just as you are, with your cold, hard heart, COME! Naked, empty, hopeless, helpless, COME!

Not the righteous—sinners Jesus came to call. If you tarry till you're better, you will never come.

Just as thou art—without one trace
Of peace, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meekness for the heavenly place—
O guilty sinner, come!

Burden'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest!
Just put thy Saviour to the test:
He brings relief to hearts oppress—
O weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count worldly gains but empty dross:
His grace repays all earthly loss;
O needy sinner, come!

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
Thy Mercy's voice salutes thine ears—
O trembling sinner, come!

“The Spirit and the bride say, Come;”
Rejoicing saints re-echo, “Come:”
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come—
Thy Saviour bids thee come!

LIVE FOR A PURPOSE.

GOD had an object in creating us. Every man and woman should seek to know and try to accomplish that end. Paul was no sooner converted than he asked, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?”

Early press it on the minds of your children—engrave it on your own hearts. A purpose. There is a purpose which God had in view in giving me a place here. What can it be? How can I perform it?

We must glorify him here. Our bodies, our souls, are his, to be used in honouring him. This will require active usefulness. We must try to be useful. Do not be drones. Do not be destructive, in principle or practice. If you cannot be as salt, purifying by your influence those with whom you come in contact, take heed that you do not contaminate others.

Try to realise every day that you have something to do for God, the souls of men, your own soul, for eternity. Be in earnest about it. “How am I straightened until it be accomplished!” was the language of the Saviour. By constantly, daily urging on in any work, we can do an amount which we would not believe. Do not wait for opportunities. Seek them. If you cannot do what you would, do what you can.

Do not regulate your duty by your success, or the object of your aim, and do not be discouraged because you do not succeed in your wishes. It might do you injury to accomplish what you want, and defeat what God would have you do. God will use your endeavour to do his own will and purpose, which will be far better; and if you could only see a little further, it is the very thing you would like to see done. As God overrules all the actions of wicked men, and accomplishes undesignated good, so we may confidently hope and believe that he will use the actions of those who seek to do his will more certainly to do good.

The man who cuts down a forest, and clears the way for another to sow, really feels that he has not attained his object; but he has done his work. So the man that sows—he may not reap. The man who plants the flag on a fort may die in the attempt, but the flag will float to the joy of the conqueror. So the

missionary, who tells the heathen of Jesus Christ and his salvation, may never see a convert; but the knowledge which he has communicated may be the means of converting the whole nation to Christ.

If you have never realised the idea before, try to get it into your mind, and *have a purpose*. See that it is worthy of your energy and zeal, then *live for it*. Seek grace and strength to pursue it, and persevere in it until the Master calls you.

Youths' Department.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.—PART IX.

By this time we had cleared the common, and my uncle, with the agility of a youth, crossed a gate and entered into a field, in which was a long and winding path. As I was a little in the rear, he called out, "Come along, my son; I want to show you a little of the beautiful: a picture by that fine artist—Nature." So saying, he proceeded briskly to the opposite hedge, and, passing through an opening, a grand view burst upon the eye. I was amazed at the extent and beauty of the scene. A deep valley lay at our feet, a river meandered through the entire length of the vale, and the prospect at a distance was bounded by a range of lofty hills. My uncle, seating himself on a fragment of rock, near to a precipitous descent, invited me to sit beside him. I had no sooner complied, than he inquired, "Have you a taste for the beautiful? What is it that constitutes the sublime?"

"I do not know; but I suppose it means the great or the grand."

"Perhaps it does; but my notion of the sublime is, whatever bears the impress of power—such as, for instance, the splendour of vivid lightning, the roar of the majestic thunder, the fall of mighty waters, the sea lashed into excitement by angry winds, mountains with their noble heads veiled in clouds, and the scene on which we are now gazing—these are the sublime. Nothing flat and level, however extensive, gives the idea. Do you see, far away to the left there are plains that extend for miles? I do not call that the sublime, although my own sense tells me it has taken the same Power to create the plain as to call forth the mountains. I call this scene to your right, Power *revealed*; and the scene to your left hand I call Power *concealed*. Yes, my boy; the one scene reminds us of the majestic greatness of Almighty God, and the other scene presents 'the hidings of his power.'

"When I gaze at these beauties of creation, and consider that on this little earth of ours there are 40,000 views as far and as wide as this, and when I think of millions of other worlds rolling onwards through the infinity of space, I often exclaim, like one of old, 'What is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou regardest him?'—which, I suppose, means, 'What is a poor, feeble man, that thou shouldst think of his wants? or even what is a young man, in the vigour of his intellect and of his strength, that thou, O God, shouldst condescend to watch over him?' There, the sermon is over. Now, jump up; but do now what I hope you will do through life—look well to your ways."

After picking out a path amidst the rocks, we arrived at a water-mill. As the men were away, the mill-dam was stopped, and near the mill was a large tree, which had been recently cut down. My venerable guide, taking his seat on the fallen tree, and leaning on a projecting branch, said, "Were you tired with those conversations?"

"No, not at all; I enjoyed them."

"So I thought; and it affords me satisfaction, as we

may have many things to say to each other, and I like to work upon what the French call 'wood that will bear carving.' It is pleasant to meet with a companion who can enter into the spirit of what you say. If I say something to a man that he ought to remember, I do not want him to meet me the next day in the market, and exclaim, 'Oh, Mr. Temperance, what a nice thing that was which you said to me yesterday!' If I were an officer, I should say to such a man, 'Comrade, your gunpowder is too damp for my regiment.' I am thankful I have not that to say to you."

"Not more thankful than I am. My father used to say, 'It does not follow that a young man must be young in the ability to understand.' He says some men are never young, while others are children all their days."

"As a man understands poetry by the poetry of his nature, or wit by the wit that is within him, this power may manifest itself at a very early period."

"Yes; at least the power to admire, if not to create. A man may be delighted with the notes of a harp before he becomes a harpist."

"True; because there is music in the man, and a kind of sympathetic influence prevails, as with the instruments themselves. If three or four harps are placed in the same room, and a chord is touched on one of them, all the others will respond upon the same chord. So it is with man and his fellow-men: indignation produces indignation, grief produces grief, and the tones of pity excite pity. What a lesson this becomes to preachers—earnestness to create earnestness!"

"You spoke just now of the number three. Why is three called a perfect number, and seven also is the same?"

"Possibly this opinion might arise from Three being an emblem of the Trinity, and seven emblematical of the Sabbath. Three, therefore, is an emblem of GOODNESS, and seven an emblem of PERFECTION. The ancients attached importance also to the number four, as denoting the WORLD. Whatever may be the reason, there is a lesson of great wisdom embodied in these ideas. Do you perceive it?"

"I am not so fortunate."

"Let us throw these symbols into another form, and we have a perpetual rule for all our worldly actions. The rule will stand thus:—

"If we bring Three—that is, the Divine influence—into connection with four—that is, the things of the world—we shall then attain to seven; in other words, the highest degree of excellence of which our nature is capable. Therefore we must strive to bring down the blessing of God, to guide us in the affairs of life, and then man is elevated in the scale of beings: he lives above the world while passing through the world, and, while duly heeding the affairs of time, he is wisely regarding the things that pertain to eternity. That is my view, friend, of three, four, and seven; but remember, unless three be added to four there'll be no seven."

The latter part of my companion's remarks was interrupted by the boisterous conversation of some persons approaching, and, on turning to see who they were, we found the noise proceeded from a group of men coming from the quarry. On seeing my uncle, they stopped.

"Well, my friends, what report do you give of your comrade, who was injured lately?"

"He be going on, sir, well, as we believes; but it was a bad job, master, for our mate."

"I am not sure of that."

"Why, sartainly, master, it's a saddish job for a poor fellow to have the life a'most knocked out of him."

"No; not if it knocks into him some good life of another kind."

"Oh, I knows what you mean!—for down in our parts there was a missionary man that used to come and talk to us fellows, and I heerd him say somet like that."

"Do you know what King David said when he was afflicted?"

"No; we none on us knows much about them things. Our mate knows the most."

"The king said, before he was afflicted he went astray. We all go astray, and we want some knocks, and very hard knocks, to drive us back again."

"Master, you don't mean to say as you gets any knocks?"

"Indeed I do, and a very bad thing it would be for me if I did not."

"But, governor," said one of the men, "you have no notion that things are going wrong with our mate, have you?"

"No; I think he will do well—in more ways than one."

"I's glad of that; and I must say for he, though he be a little too pertiklar for like o' me, he baint a bad chap: he don't drink, and he won't swear."

"Much to his praise; I like him all the better for it."

"If he shoudn't pull through this," said another of the men—"I say if he shoudn't pull through this, it'll be all right wi' he; for I alwys say if a fellow does his best he needn't fear."

"Then, my friend, you always say what you ought not to say."

"Master, if I do my best, I've nothin to be afeard of."

"That's what you ought to do, but it is what you never do."

"Now, let me ask you, did you ever for a week do your best?"

"No, not for a whole week together; that's too much to expect of a poor fellow."

"I never do expect it. But how can you expect to be rewarded for doing your best when you never do it—nobody does it?"

"Well, gentlefolks thinks as how they do."

"Some of them; and a frightful mistake they make."

"I knows, master, they fancies they do their best."

Why, master, when I war down far away north, I didn't very often go to church or chapel; but one Sunday morning I and another man went to a grandish place, and as I walked out of the church I heered a rich man—and I knows who he war—he war a banker—and I heered he say, 'I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Lesley, my creed is, if a man goes to church once on a Sunday, and pays his way, he has nothin to fear. That's my belief, sir.' Now, that's a fact, master; I heered it myself."

"If the banker did not understand money matters better than he did religious ones, he would not long be a banker. It was a very sad error. Let me tell you, when we have done all we can do, we are still unprofitable servants. Do not, my good fellows, imitate the banker, and talk nonsense, as he did; but imitate the man whom our Lord praised, and say, as he said—and say it daily, and all the better if you say it many times a day."

"What war it, master, as he said?"

"God be merciful to me a sinner."

"It is so suitable, that all may utter it; it is so short, that all may remember it; it is so simple, that all may understand it; it is so needful, that no soul on earth should neglect it."

"I thinks I can rec'lect that."

"When you use it, add four words to it—for Jesus Christ's sake."

"I wool."

"Before you go, let me ask, Have you not a sick club for the men that work in the quarries?"

"Yes; we all pays so much, and we gives our men someth a week when they be sick."

"You must not have all the good to yourselves. Let me be one among you; let somebody call, any day, and I'll try and do something for you, and I won't draw upon you when I'm sick."

This proposal to subscribe to their sick fund pleased

the men mightily, and they hailed it with a cheer that testified very clearly to the soundness of their lungs.

"Well," said the rector, "I must do you giants the justice to declare, you are always very thankful for any kindness shown to you."

"I'll tell you what it is, master, we knows when a man means us well, and it pleases us—we likes it."

"Hollo!" cried the men. "Here's young Shadrach, the Jew, coming; let's have some fun out of him."

At this moment a young man, footsore and apparently greatly depressed, drew nigh, and offered a few articles for sale, but without speaking. To prevent any unfit remarks, my friend began to talk kindly to him, but added,

"I fear you have nothing, friend, to sell that I want."

"I am sorry for it; I wish to sell something."

"Then I will take this bundle of pencils," was the reply, and half a crown, the price demanded, readily paid, accompanied with an expression of regret that he did not want other articles.

"I thank you, sir," said the Jew, "for buying my goods, and I thank you still more for your civil words; they are the first I have heard to-day."

"I am grieved to hear it."

"It's not right, sir. We have got feelings, like other people, and always to be calling a man a cheat is not the way to make him honest."

The poor Jew, again expressing his gratitude, walked off; the men looking on, but saying nothing.

"Master," said one of the spectators, "Pse bound ye didn't want them pencils?"

"No; but I wanted the poor fellow to have my half-crown."

"But, master, who ever gives a Jew what he asks?"

"I do, my friend; and I'll tell you why. I do not think it's much charity to spend a shilling with a poor man, and then force out of him fifteen or sixteen pence for the shilling. Shall I tell you burly fellows why I spoke so kindly to that man?"

"Yes, do, master."

"Because I knew that some of the Patriarchs, most of the Prophets, many of the Psalmists, the Evangelists Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and the Apostles, were all Jews; and, above all, our blessed Redeemer was himself a Jew. Therefore let me ask you, never, from this moment unto your dying hour, do any of you raise your hand or your tongue against a Jew. If you don't like them, don't deal with them; but never, never ill-treat them. Now, mind you remember this, like good, honest fellows."

"Well, we never heered that all them people as you mentioned were Jews."

"You owe a great deal more to a Jew than you imagine. I suppose some of you, when at your own homes, go to chapel, some to meeting, and some, perhaps, to church."

"Yes, master, we most on us goes somewar."

"It is not unlikely that you and I owe our religious privileges to a Jew."

"How could that be, master?"

"About 170 years ago the people of this country sent over to Holland, to the Prince of Orange, thinking that if he would come and be their king, he would do them a great deal of good, and secure for them the right to go to their churches and chapels, and many other things that they wanted. Now the prince was glad enough to come, and the people of England were glad enough to have him, but the prince had not the money to fit out troops and ships to enable him to come over. To the astonishment of the prince, a Jew came to see him, and said to him, 'My lord, you are in want of money, to accomplish a great national object. I have brought you from our people two millions of money. If you succeed, you will repay the money to me; if you fail, we are quits, and nothing shall ever be said about it.'

"The Prince of Orange took the money, and was enabled, by means of that money, to come to England. He was received with welcome, and became King William the Third, and his wife became Queen Mary; and to them we owe, under Providence, our civil and our religious liberty."

"Well, that bangs all I ever heered," exclaimed one of the men. "I'll never abuse a Jew again, as long as I live. How much may two millions be, master?"

"Twenty hundred thousand pounds—that is, about one hundred and eighty sacks of gold, each sack weighing two hundred weight. And that's not all, friend; for the king being, as you may suppose, kind to the Jews, who had done him so much service, the Jews came over to England in large numbers, brought with them an abundance of money, and by their skill and their money they increased our manufactories, and doubled the trade of England."

"Well, if I don't lay out half-a-crown with the very first Jew that asks me."

"Shall I tell you a little more about the Jews?"

"All right, gov'nor—go ahead, please. I say, Jim, I do feel uncommon sorry that I badgered that poor chap so, last week. I beg pardon, sir; I was saying som'ut to my mate."

"You have heard of Wellington?"

"Oh, yes; we've often heered about he."

"You know, in that war, about fifty years ago, we conquered?"

"Yes, we know about that; for some of our fathers war soldiers in the Penninsular."

"It was through a Jew that our Government were enabled, at a time of great need, to pay their troops. I'll tell you the story."

"Not a mile from the Mansion House, in London, there dwelt a very clever Jew, or, as we ought to style him, a Hebrew, who contrived to make his own fortune, and benefit the country at the same time. I will tell you, in his own words, how he did it:—

I heard that the Directors of the India House had a large amount of gold to sell. I attended the sale, and managed to buy the whole—it was about three quarters of a million. I knew that Lord Wellington had been drawing bills upon the Government for heavy sums, and that the Government must pay the bills, and had not the gold to do it, and therefore they must come to me. I remained very quiet, and at the end of three weeks the authorities sent for me.

"You bought the gold at the India House lately?"

"Yes, I did."

"The whole of it?"

"Yes, all of it."

"We want it. What is your price?"

I named it.

"That is very high."

"Yes; but that is what it is to be; and you must have it—you cannot do without it."

"If that be the case, I suppose we must take it."

As soon as the agreement was made, I said, "Now, gentlemen, the gold is yours, to do as you please with; but it is of no use to you, now you have bought it."

"How is that?"

"You want it for the troops, but you cannot convey it to them."

"We do. What is to be done?"

"You must sell the gold again to me; I will give so much for it"—naming a good heavy sum less than they had given me. "If you take my price, and sell me back the gold, I will undertake to deliver the whole of it, safely, either to Lord Wellington himself, or to any person whom he may authorise to receive it."

"How can that be done?"

"Leave that to me; that is to be a part of my bargain."

They did sell me back the gold, and I did fulfil my contract; and now that it's long since past, I don't mind telling you how I accomplished it.

I sent the gold to my brother, in Germany, who had had money transactions with Buonaparte. He contrived to get

the money packed in French military wagons, and it was conveyed through France, guarded by French soldiers—persons supposing it to be specie for the French troops; and when it reached the borders of the country, it was smuggled over, and reached its destination in safety, at a time when greatly needed.

It is not for me to say the amount of good it did to the English army; but I know the amount of good it did to me. It was one of the best-paid matters I ever undertook, and it helped to make my fortune.

"Now, when you great powerful fellows get talking about the wars in the Peninsula, don't forget that a Hebrew did the country service."

"Well, master, it aint many gentlefolks as'll talk so to we—they thinks we don't understand: but that's all bosh; we understands, though we aint got book-learning."

"I believe you clear-headed fellows understand great thoughts, but not great words."

"That's just how it is. We aint scholars, but we aint children. I say, master, there's no harm in wishing, is there?"

"I don't know that there is; but it depends upon what you do wish."

"We wishes as how you may find, some day, an uncommon good quarry in some of your fields, that's all."

"Thanks, many thanks, my friends. Good day; but think of the Jew."

We proceeded at a brisk pace, until we were in sight of the house. My uncle, who had been buried in thought, said—

"We are drawing homewards, and before we arrive let me remind you that your father wishes you to keep a note-book, to recal to your mind anything of importance that you may have seen, heard, or read. This book will be very useful to you should you some fine morning find yourself in a bungalow, within a mile of a tiger and a boa constrictor, but not within fifty miles of books and white faces."

"Your father is also anxious that you should, on all fitting occasions, accompany me in my village walks, that your better nature may be made still better by the observations of the pious, and that your mind may be bound still more lovingly to the truth, by hearing how conceited men, wise in their own eyes, argue against that truth. I fully enter into all his wishes, and highly estimate his anxiety for your present and future well-doing. I fancy he adopts this course because of your title."

"Title, sir? This is a mistake—I have no title."

"No title! My worthy nephew, let me tell you that you hold very high rank, and have a noble title."

"In what sense, sir, am I to understand your remarks? I never heard of any title."

"I will prove my point in a moment. Suppose, when we reach home, I go up to young roundhead and soft ears, and, pointing to you, say to him, 'My little fellow, who is this tall young gentleman?' In an instant he would give me your title, and say, 'He is my ELDER BROTHER.' So, you see, you hold one of the most honoured of titles—one that is borne by the purest Being that ever trod the earth's surface; for, remember, that He who fills all space, and reads all hearts—Christ, the Exalted One—is not ashamed to be our Elder Brother. Therefore, as the elder brother, your father looks to you—he depends upon you—to guide, to comfort, and to befriend your junior brothers. Always bear in mind, whenever they need your friendly aid, that you bear to them the relationship which the Saviour bears to you; therefore be willing, when a brother pleads for aid—be willing, I say, to relieve him, and so fulfil the law of Christ, the Elder Brother to all who are the children of God. Look," he exclaimed, "at yon lovely portion of blue amidst the fleecy clouds: does it not seem as if Nature were drawing aside the veil that conceals yonder blissful

world, that we might for a brief period glance at its hidden glories?"

Observing that he rose, and reverentially took off his hat, I did the same; then, placing his hand on my shoulder, and with steadfast eye, as if he would fain penetrate the cloud, in a soft and gentle voice he said—

"O Thou who sittest enthroned in greatness, look down upon us, the younger members of thy family, and bless us as our holy, merciful, and loving Elder Brother."

With his arm resting on my neck, in silence and in thought we walked on.

(To be continued.)

Short Arrows.

THE TENDENCY OF ERROR.—Beware of error; its force and energy are indescribable, and when once it gets entrance into the mind, it eats as doth a canker. That error is the strongest which is built on some truth; *half* the truth is not the truth. All the errors of the different religious sects have been owing to their separating and twisting to their own purpose some single truth; any person, by taking unconnected Scriptures, may make the Bible speak anything. Error is never solitary; it is always attended by a thousand others. It is truly remarked by an eminent divine, that "while profaneness is the broad road to hell, error is the bye-path."

THE PRODIGAL SON.—What a lesson does this parable of Scripture teach! In imagination we can behold the aged father laying aside his state and forgetting his years, and running to meet the repenting son. How quick-sighted is his love! He spies him a great way off, forgets his riotous courses, unnatural rebellion, horrid unthankfulness—not a word of these—and receives him with open arms, clasps him about his neck, kisses him; calls for the fatted calf, the best robe, the ring, the shoes, the best cheer in the mansion, the best attire from the wardrobe. God is the father in this most beautiful scriptural allegory. Christ is the provision; his righteousness, the robe; his grace, the ornaments; and *then* that readest, if thou wilt but unfeignedly repent and turn, the welcome prodigal, the happy instance of this grace, the blessed subject of his joy and love.

SELF-DECEIVERS.—Doubles, no small number do deceive themselves in thinking that they love holiness, as the image of God in themselves and others, when they understand not truly what holiness is, but take something for it that is not. Holiness is a uniting love to God and man, and a desire of a more perfect union. To love holiness is to love this love itself, to love all of God that is in the world, and to desire that all men may be united in holy love to God and one another, and live to his praise, and the obedience of his will. But it is to be feared too many take up opinions that are stricter than other men's, and call some things sin which others do not, and get a high esteem of some particular church order and form, or manner of worshipping God, which is not the essence of holiness; and then they take themselves for a holy people, and other men for loose and profane, and so they love their own societies for this which they mistake for holiness; and instead of that uniting love which is holiness indeed, they grow into factious enmity to others, reproaching them, and rejoicing in their hurt, as taking them for the enemies of God.

THE BIBLE IS THE BOOK OF GOD.—In early life Sir Isaac Newton was a sceptic. In conversation with a country clergyman, he put this question to him, "How do you know that the Bible is the book of God?" The clergyman looked at him a moment in surprise, and thus replied: "Know that the Bible is the book of God? I have experienced it to be so. It alone has yielded me peace in the season of despair; it has given me joy in the hour of sorrow; it has made me feel that I was

greater than the world, and grew big with the hopes of immortality; it has stanchd my bleeding heart; it has infused into my soul a consolation that all earth's broken cisterns cannot and will not supply. Know the Bible true? As well might you ask me, how do I know that the sun shines, that the wind blows, that the waves roll, that the ocean heaves, that my heart beats, that I live and speak and move; I have *felt* it to be true, and therefore I know it to be the book of God."

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE WORLD.—It is important to remark that the Christian's nonconformity with the world has, if I may use the term, become natural to him. The Christian is not acting by constraint in not conforming to it; he is a new creature. Grace has changed him—turned the whole bent of his affections and desires. How, then, can he seek pleasures in the same objects as before? His *treasure* is in a different place. Can his *heart* be in the same? The world is not before his eyes as some fair forbidden garden of sweet flowers, and of delicious fruits, on which he secretly longs to trespass, but is withheld by fear; it is a wilderness to his new sight. There is to him no melody in the gush of its fountains; its waters sparkle not to his eye; its flowers are not pleasant; its fruits are not sweet. Its friendship is enmity with the God who is enshrined in his heart, rebellion to the sovereign to whom he has vowed allegiance, a desertion of the standard under which he is enlisted. The world and his religion are incompatible. They are fire and water. The voice of God has severed them; they must remain sundered for ever.

WAITING UPON GOD.—Hope pacifies the Christian with a three-fold assurance, when the promise seems to stay long. First, hope assures the soul that though God stays awhile before he performs the promise, yet he doth not delay; secondly, that when he comes, he will abundantly recompense his long stay; thirdly, that while he stays to perform one promise, he will leave the comfort of another, to bear the Christian comfort in the absence of that. Every promise is dated, but with a mysterious character; and for want of skill in God's chronology, we are prone to think God forgets us, when, indeed, we forget ourselves, in being so bold as to set God a time of our own, and in being angry that he comes not just then to us. God could have told his people the time when he meant to come with the performance of every promise, as easily as set it down in his own purpose; but he hath concealed it in most, as a happy advantage to our faith, whereby we may more fully express our confidence, in waiting for that which we shall receive we know not when.

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING.—Speak gently to the erring one. When he goes astray is not the time to desert him, or taunt him with words that roll like lava from your passion, and only scar his soul. No! he passes under clouds; be his light now—perhaps he has no other. Many a true heart, that would have come back, like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, and the savage language of an unforgiving soul. Be careful how you freeze the warm emotions of repentance. Beware lest those pleading words, unheeding, sting you in some shadowy vale of your future sorrow. Repentance changed by neglect or unkindness becomes like melted iron hardened in the mould. Trifle with it never. Be the first to meet the erring with outstretched arm. Wipe the tear from his eye, pour the balm of consolation on the wound that guilt has made. Let your heart be the grave for his transgressions, your pity vent in bearing his burden, not in useless words. Oh, forgive the erring! Did not He who died on Calvary forgive? Shield him from the contempt of grosser minds; make brightness and beauty where all was cold and storm before in his sad life.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHAMBERLAIN."

CHAPTER LI.

THE TRIAL.

TUESDAY morning was the day fixed for the trial of Herbert Dare. You might have walked upon the people's heads in the vicinity of the Guildhall, for all the town was wishing to get in to hear it. Of course, but a very small portion of the town, speaking relatively, could get its wish, or succeed in fighting their way to a place. Of the rest, some went back to their homes, disappointed and exploding; and the rest collected outside, and blocked up the street. The police had their work out that day; while the javelin men, heralding in the judges, experienced great difficulty in keeping clear the passages. The heat in court would be desperate as the day advanced.

Sir William Leader, as senior judge, took his seat in the criminal court. It was he whom you saw in the sheriff's carriage on Saturday. The same benignant face was bent upon the crowded court that had been bent upon the street mob; the same the penetrating eye; the same the grave, calm bearing. The prisoner was immediately placed at the bar, and all eyes, strange or familiar, were strained to get a look at him. They saw a tall, handsome young man, looking too gentlemanly to stand in the felons' dock. He was habited in deep mourning. His countenance, usually somewhat conspicuous for its clear brightness of complexion, was pale, probably from the moment's emotion, and his white handkerchief was lifted to his mouth as he moved forward; otherwise, he was calm. Old Anthony Dare was in court, looking far more agitated than did his son. Preliminaries were got through, and the trial began.

"Prisoner at the bar, how say you? Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

Herbert Dare raised his eyes fearlessly, and pleaded, in a firm tone—

"Not Guilty!"

The leading counsel for the prosecution, Serjeant Seely, stated the case. His address occupied some time, and he then proceeded to call witnesses. One of those first examined was Betsy Carter. She deposed to the facts of having sat up with the lady's-maid and Joseph until the return of Mr. and Mrs. Dare and their daughter, and to having then gone into the dining-room with a light to get Mr. Dare's pipe, which she had left there in the morning, when cleaning the room. "In moving forward with the candle, I saw something dark on the ground," continued Betsy, who, when her primary timidity had gone off, seemed inclined to be communicative. "At the first glance, I thought it was one of the gentlemen gone to sleep there; but when I stooped down with the light, I saw the face was dead. Awful, it looked!"

"What did you next do?" demanded the examining counsel.

"Screamed out, gentlemen," responded Betsy.

"What else?"

"I went out of the room, screaming to Joseph in the hall, and master came in from outside the front door, where he was waiting, all peaceful and ignorant, for his pipe, little thinking what there was so close to him. I screamed out all the more, gentlemen, when I remembered the quarrel that had took place at dinner that afternoon; and I knew it was nobody but Mr. Herbert that had done the murder."

The witness was sharply told to confine herself to evidence.

"It couldn't be nobody else," retorted Betsy, who had a tongue, once set going, that was a match for any cross-

examiner. "There was the cloak to prove it. Mr. Herbert had gone out in the cloak that very night, and the poor dead gentleman was lying on it. Which proves it must have come off in the scuffle between 'em."

The fact of the quarrel, the facts connected with the cloak, as well as all other facts, had been mentioned by the learned serjeant, Seely, in his opening address. The witness was questioned as to what she knew of the quarrel, but it appeared that she had not been present; consequently could not testify to it. The cloak she could say more about, and spoke of it confidently as Mr. Herbert's.

"How did you know the cloak, found under the dead man, was Mr. Herbert's?" interposed the prisoner's counsel, Mr. Chatterly.

"Because I did," returned the witness.

"I ask you how you know it?"

"By lots of tokens," she answered. "By the shiny black clasp, for one thing, and by the tears and jags in it, for another. Nobody has never pretended it was not the cloak, have they? I have seen it fifty times hanging up in Mr. Herbert's closet."

"You saw the prisoner going out in it that evening?"

"Yes, I did," she answered. "I was looking out at Miss Adelaide's bed-room window, and I saw him come out of the dining-room window and go off towards the front gates. The gentlemen often went out through the dining-room window, instead of at the hall door."

"The prisoner says he came back immediately, and left his cloak in the dining-room, going out finally without it. Did you see him come back?"

"No, I didn't," replied Betsy.

"How long did you remain at the window?"

"Not long."

"Did you remain long enough for him to cross the lawn to the front entrance gates, and come back again?"

"No, I don't think I did, sir."

"The court will please take note of that answer," said Mr. Chatterly, who was aware that a great deal had been made of the fact of the housemaid's having seen him go out in the cloak. "You quitted the window, then, immediately?"

"Pretty near immediately. I don't think I stayed long enough at it for him to come back from the front gates—if he did come. I have never said I did, have I?"

"What time was it that you saw him go out?"

"I hadn't took particular notice of the time. It was dusk. I was turning down of my beds; and I generally do that a little afore nine. The next room I went into was Mr. Anthony's."

"The deceased was in it, was he not?"

"He was in it, a stretching full length upon the sofa, little thinking, poor fellow, that he'd soon be stretched down below, with a stab gashed into him. He had got his head down on the cushion, and his feet up over the arm at the foot, all comfortable and easy, with a cigar in his mouth, and some glasses and things on the table near him. 'What are you come bothering in here for?' he asked. 'So I begged his pardon; for you see, gentlemen, I didn't know that he was there, and I went out again with my pail, and met Joseph a-carrying up a note to him. A little while after that, he went out.'"

The witness's propensity to degenerate into gossip appeared to be great. Several times she was stopped; once by the judge.

"Of how many servants did the household of Mr. Dare consist?" she was asked.

"There were four of us, gentlemen."

"Did you all sit up that night?"

"All but the cook. She went to bed."

"And the family, those who were at home, went to bed?"

"All of them, sir. The governess went early; she was not well; and Miss Rosa and Miss Minny went; and

the two youngest gentlemen went, when they came home from playing cricket."

"In point of fact, then, nobody was up but you three servants in the kitchen?"

"Nobody, sir."

"And you heard no noise in the house until the return of Mr. and Mrs. Dare?"

"We never heard nothing," responded Betsy. "We was sitting quiet in the kitchen; me and the lady's-maid at work, and Joseph asleep. We never heard no noise at all."

This was the substance of what was asked her. Joseph was next called, and gave his testimony. He deposed to having fastened up the house at eleven o'clock, with the exception of the dining-room window: that was left open in obedience to orders. All other facts within his knowledge he also testified to. The governess, Signora Varsini, was called, and questioned upon two points: what she had seen and heard of the quarrel, and of the subsequent conduct of Anthony and Herbert to each other in the drawing-room. But her testimony amounted to little, and she might as well have not been troubled. She was also asked whether she had heard any noise in the house between eleven o'clock and the return of Mr. and Mrs. Dare. She replied that she did not hear any, for she had been asleep. She went to sleep long before eleven, and did not wake up until aroused by the commotion, arising from the finding of the body. The witness was proceeding to favour the court with her own conviction that the prisoner was innocent, but was brought up with a summary notice that that was not evidence, and that, if she knew nothing more, she might withdraw. Upon which, she honoured the bench with an elaborate curtsy, and retired. Not a witness, throughout the day, gave evidence with more entire equanimity.

Lord Hawkesley was examined; also Mr. Brittle—the latter coming to Helstonleigh on his subpoena. But, to give the testimony of all the witnesses in length, would only be to repeat what is already related. It will be sufficient to extract a few questions here and there.

"What were the games played in your rooms that evening?" was asked of Mr. Brittle.

"Some played whist; some écarté."

"At which did the deceased play?"

"At whist."

"Was he a loser, or a gainer?"

"A loser; but to a very trifling amount. We were playing half-crown points. He and myself played against Lord Hawkesley and Captain Bellew. We broke up because he, the deceased, was not sufficiently sober to play."

"Was he sober when he joined you?"

"By no means. He appeared to have been drinking rather freely. And he took more at my rooms, which made him worse."

"Why did you accompany him home?"

"He was scarcely in a fit state to proceed alone; and I felt no objection to a walk. It was a fine night."

"Did he speak, during the evening, of the dispute which had taken place between him and his brother?"

"He did not, my lord. A slight incident occurred, as we were going to his home, which it may be perhaps as well to mention—"

"You must mention everything which bears upon this unhappy case, sir," interrupted the judge. "You are sworn to tell the whole truth."

"I do not suppose it does bear upon it directly, my lord. Had I attached importance to it, I should have spoken of it before. In passing the turning which leads to the racecourse, a man met us, and began to abuse the deceased. The deceased was inclined to stop and return it, but I drew him on."

"Of what nature was the abuse?" asked the counsel.

"I do not recollect the precise terms. It was to the effect that he, the deceased, tipped away his money, instead of paying his debts. The man put his back against the wall as he spoke: he appeared to have had rather too much himself. I drew the deceased on, and we were soon out of hearing."

"What became of the man?"

"I do not know. We left him standing against the wall. He called loudly after the deceased to know when his bill was to get paid. I judged him to be some petty tradesman."

"Did he follow you?"

"No. At least we heard no more of him afterwards. I saw the deceased safely within his own gate, and left him."

"What state, as to sobriety, was the deceased in then?"

"He was what may be called half-seas over," replied the witness. "He could talk, but his words were not very distinct."

"Could he walk alone?"

"After a fashion. He stumbled as he walked."

"What time was this?"

"About half-past eleven. I think the half-hour struck directly after I left him, but I am not quite sure."

"As you returned, did you see anything of the man who had accosted the deceased?"

"Not anything."

Strange to say, the very man, thus spoken of, was in court, listening to the trial. Upon hearing this evidence given by Mr. Brittle, he voluntarily put himself forward as a witness. He said he had been "having a sup," and it had made his tongue abusive, but that Anthony Dare had owed him money long for work done; mending and making. He was a jobbing tailor, and the bill was a matter of fourteen pounds. Anthony Dare had only put him off and off; he was a poor man, with a wife and family to keep, and he wanted the money badly; but now, he supposed, he should never be paid. He lived close to the spot where he met the deceased and the gentleman who had just given evidence, and he could prove that he went in home as soon as they were out of sight, and was in bed by half-past eleven. What with debts, and various other things, he concluded, the town had had enough to rue in young Anthony Dare; still, the poor fellow didn't deserve such a shocking fate as murder, and he would have been the first to protect him from it.

That the evidence was given in good faith, there could be no doubt. He was known to the town as a harmless, inoffensive man, addicted, though upon rare occasions, to take more than was good for him, when he was apt to dilate upon his grievances.

The policeman who had been on duty near Mr. Dare's residence was the next witness called. "Did you see the deceased that night?" was asked of him.

"Yes, sir, I did," was the reply. "I saw him walking home with the gentleman who has given evidence—Mr. Brittle. I noticed that young Mr. Dare talked thick, as if he had been drinking."

"Did they appear to be on good terms?"

"Very good terms, sir. Mr. Brittle was laughing when he opened the gate for the deceased, and told him to mind he did not kiss the grass, or something to that effect."

"Were you close to them?"

"Quite close, sir. I said 'Good night' to the deceased, but he seemed not to notice it. I stood and watched him over the grass. He reeled as he walked."

"What time was this?"

"Close upon half-past eleven, sir."

"Did you detect any signs of people moving within the house?"

"Not any, sir. The house seemed quite still, and the blinds were down before the windows."

"Did you see any one enter the gate that night, besides the deceased?"

"Not any one."

"Not the prisoner?"

"Not any one," repeated the policeman.

"Did you see anything of the prisoner later, between half-past one and two, the time he alleges as that of his going home?"

"I never saw the prisoner at all that night, sir."

"He could have gone in, as he states, without your seeing him?" interposed the prisoner's counsel.

"Yes, certainly, a dozen times over. My beat extended to half-a-mile beyond Mr. Dare's."

One witness, who was placed in the box, created a profound sensation: for it was the unhappy father, Anthony Dare. Since the deed was committed, two months back, Mr. Dare had been growing old. His brow was furrowed, his cheeks were wrinkled, his hair was turning of a whitish grey, and he looked, as he obeyed the call to the witness-box, like a man sinking under a heavy weight of care. Many of the countenances present expressed deep commiseration for him.

He was sworn, and various questions were asked him. Amongst others, whether he knew anything of the quarrel which had taken place between his two sons.

"Personally nothing," was the reply. "I was not at home."

"It has been testified that, when they were parted, your son Herbert threatened his brother. Is he of a revengeful disposition?"

"No," replied Mr. Dare, with emotion; "that, I can truly say, he is not. My poor son, Anthony, was somewhat given to sullenness; but Herbert never was."

"There had been a great deal of ill-feeling between them of late, I believe?"

"I fear there had been."

"It is stated that you yourself, upon leaving home that evening, left them a warning not to quarrel. Was it so?"

"I believe I did. Anthony entered the house as we were leaving it, and I did say something to him to that effect."

"Herbert, the prisoner, was not present?"

"No. He had not returned."

"It is proved that he came home later, dined, and went out again at dusk. It does not appear that he was seen afterwards by any member of your household, until you yourself went up to his chamber and found him there, subsequent to the discovery of the body. His own account is, that he had but recently returned. Do you know where he was, during his absence?"

"No."

"Or where he went to?"

"No," repeated the witness, in a sadly faltering tone, for he knew that this was the one weak point in the defence.

"He will not tell you?"

"He declines to do so. But," the witness added, with emotion, "he has denied his guilt to me, from the first, in the most decisive manner; and I solemnly believe him to have been innocent. Why he will not state where he was, I cannot conceive; but not a shade of doubt rests upon my mind that he could state it, if he chose, and that it would be the means of establishing the fact of his innocence. I would not assert this, if I did not believe it," said the witness, raising his trembling hand. "They were both my boys: the one, destroyed, was my eldest, perhaps my dearest; and I declare that I would not, knowingly, screen his assassin, although that assassin were his brother."

The case for the prosecution concluded, and the defence was entered upon. The prisoner's counsel—two

of them eminent men, Mr. Chatterly himself being no secondary light in the forensic world—laboured under one disadvantage, as it appeared to the crowded court. They exerted all their shrewd eloquence in seeking to divert the guilt from the prisoner; but they could not—distort facts as they might, call upon imagination as they would—they could not conjure up the ghost of any other channel to which to direct suspicion. There lay the staggering point, as it had lain throughout. If Herbert Dare was not guilty, who was? The family, quietly sleeping in their beds, were beyond the pale of suspicion; the household equally so: and no trace of any midnight intruder to the house could be found. It was a grave stumbling-block for the prisoner's counsel; but such stumbling-blocks are as nothing to an expert pleader. Bit by bit Mr. Chatterly disposed, or seemed to dispose, of every argument that could tell against the prisoner. The presence of the cloak in the dining-room, from which so much appearance of guilt had been deduced, he converted into a negative proof of innocence. "Had he been the one engaged in the struggle," argued the learned Q.C., "would he have been mad enough to leave his own cloak there, underneath his victim, a damning proof of guilt? No! that, at any rate, he would have conveyed away. The very fact of the cloak being underneath the murdered man was a most indisputable proof, as he regarded it, that the prisoner remained totally ignorant of what had happened—ignorant of his unfortunate brother's being at all in the dining-room. Why! had he only surmised his brother was lying, wounded or dead, in the room, would he not have hastened to remove his cloak out of it, before it should be seen there, knowing, as he must know, that from the very terms on which he and his brother had been, it would be looked upon as a proof of his guilt?" The argument told well with the jury—probably, with the judge.

Bit by bit, so did he thus dispose of the suspicious circumstances: of all, save one. And that was the great one, the one that nobody could get over: the refusal of the prisoner to state where he was that night. "All in good time, gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Chatterly, some murmured words reaching his ear that the omission was deemed an ominous one. "I am coming to that, later; and I shall prove as complete and distinct an *alibi* as it was ever my lot to submit to an enlightened court."

The court listened, the jury listened; the spectators listened, and "hoped he might." He had spoken, for the most part, to incredulous ears.

CHAPTER LII.

THE WITNESSES FOR THE ALIBI.

WHEN the speech of the counsel ended, and the time came for the production of the witness or witnesses who were to prove the *alibi*, there appeared to be some delay. The intense heat of the court had been growing greater with every hour. The beams of the afternoon sun now sinking lower and lower in the heavens, had only brought a more deadly feeling of suffocation. But, to go out to get a breath of air, even had the thronged state of the passages allowed the movement, appeared to enter into nobody's thoughts. Their suspense was too keen, their interest too absorbing. Who were these mysterious witnesses, that would testify to the innocence of Herbert Dare?

A stir at the extreme end of the court, where it joined the outer passage. Every eye was strained to see, every ear to listen, as an usher came clearing the way. "By your leave there—by your leave; room for a witness!"

The spectators looked, and stretched their necks, and looked again. A few among them experienced a strange thrill of disappointment, and felt that they should have much pleasure at being allowed the privilege of boxing

the usher's ears, for he preceded nobody more important than Richard Winthorne, the lawyer. Ah, but wait a bit! What short and slight figure is it that Mr. Winthorne is guiding along? The angry crowd have not caught sight of her yet.

But, when they do—when the drooping, shrinking form is at length in the witness-box; her eyes never raised, her lovely face bent in timid dread—then a murmur arises, and shakes the court to its foundation. The judge feels for his glasses—rarely used—and puts them across his nose, and gazes at her. A fair girl, attired in the simple, modest garb peculiar to the sect called Quakers, not more modest than the lovely and gentle face. She does not take the oath, only the affirmation peculiar to her people.

"What is your name?" commenced the prisoner's counsel.

That she spoke words in reply was evident, by the moving of her lips: but they could not be heard.

"You must speak up," interposed the judge, in a tone of kindness.

A deep gasping for breath, an effort that even those around could see its pain, and the answer came. "They call me Anna. I am the daughter of Samuel Lynn."

"Where do you live?"

"I live with my father and Patience, in the London Road."

"What do you know of the prisoner at the bar?"

A pause. She probably did not understand the sort of answer required. One came that was unexpected.

"I know him to be innocent of the crime of which he is accused."

"How do you know this?"

"Because he could not have been near the spot at the time."

"Where was he, then?"

"With me."

But the reply came forth in so faint a whisper that again she had to be enjoined to speak louder, and she repeated it, using different words.

"He was at our house."

"At what hour did he go to your house?"

"It was a little after nine when he came up first."

"And what time did he leave?"

"It was about one in the morning."

The answer appeared to create some stir. A late hour for a sober little Quakeress to confess to.

"Was he spending the evening with your friends?"

"No."

"Did they not know he was there?"

"No."

"It was a clandestine visit to yourself, then? Where were they?"

A pause, and a very trembling answer. "They were in bed."

"Oh! You were entertaining him by yourself, then?"

She burst into tears. The judge let fall his glasses, as though under the pressure of some annoyance, every feature of his fine face expressive of compassion: it may be, his thoughts had flown to daughters of his own. The crowd stood with open mouths, gaping with undisguised astonishment, and the burly Queen's counsel went on.

"And so he prolonged his visit until one o'clock in the morning?"

"I was locked out," she sobbed. "That is how he came to stay so late."

Bit by bit, what with questioning and cross-questioning, it all came out; that Herbert Dare had been in the habit of paying stolen visits to the field, and that Anna had been in the habit of meeting him there. That she had gone in home on this night just before ten, which was later than she had ever stayed out before; but,

finding Hester had to go out to get the medicine for Patience, she had run to the field again to take a book to the prisoner; and that upon attempting to enter, soon afterwards, she found the door locked, Hester having met the doctor's boy, and come back at once. She told it all, as simply and guilelessly as a child.

"What were you doing all that while? From ten o'clock until one in the morning?"

"I was sitting on the door-step, crying."

"Was the prisoner with you?"

"Yes. He stood by me part of the time, telling me not to be afraid; and the rest of the time—more than an hour, I think—he was working at the wires of the pantry window, to try to get in."

"Was he all that while at the wires?"

"It was a long while before I remembered the pantry window. He wanted to knock up Hester, but I was afraid to let him. I feared she might tell Patience, and Patience would have been so angry with me. He got in, at last, at the pantry window, and he opened the kitchen window for me, and I went in by it."

"And you mean to say he was all that while, till one o'clock in the morning, forcing the wires of a pantry window?" cried Serjeant Seely.

"It was nearly one. I am telling thee the truth."

"And you did not lose sight of the prisoner from the time he first came to the field, at nine o'clock, until he left you at one?"

"Only for the few minutes—it may have been four or five—when I ran in and came out again with the book. He waited in the field."

"What time was that?"

"The ten o'clock bell was going in Helstonleigh. We could hear it."

"He was with you all the rest of the time?"

"Yes; all. When he was working at the pantry window I could not see him, because he was round the angle of the house, but I could hear him at the wires. Not a minute of the time but I heard him. He was more than an hour at the wires, as I have told thee."

"And until he began at the wires?"

"He was standing up by me, telling me not to be afraid."

"All the time? You affirm this?"

"I am affirming all that I say to thee. I am speaking as before my Maker."

"Don't you think it is a pretty confession for a young lady to make?"

She burst into fresh tears. The judge turned his grave face upon Serjeant Seely. But the serjeant had impudence enough for ten.

"Pray, how many times had that pretty little midnight drama been enacted?" he continued, while Anna sobbed in distress.

"Never before," burst forth a deep voice. "Don't you see it was a pure accident, as she tells you? How dare you treat her as you might a shameless witness?"

The interruption—one of powerful emotion—had come from the prisoner. At the sound of his voice, Anna started, and looked round hurriedly to the quarter whence it came. It was the first time she had raised her eyes to the court since entering the witness-box. She had glanced up to answer whoever questioned her, and that was all.

"Well?" said Serjeant Seely, as if demanding what else she might have to communicate.

"I have no more to tell. I have told thee all I know. It was nearly one o'clock when he went away, and I never saw him after."

"Did the prisoner wear a cloak when he came to the field that night?"

"No. He wore one sometimes, but he did not have it on that night. It was a very warm—"

But at that moment Anna Lynn became conscious

that a familiar face was strained upon her from the midst of the crowd: familiar, and yet not familiar; for the face was distorted from its natural look, and was blanched, as of one in the last agony—the face of Samuel Lynn. With a sharp cry of pain—of dread—Anna fell on the floor in a fainting fit. What the shame of being before that public court, of answering the searching questions of the counsel, had failed to take away—her senses—the sight of her father, cognisant of her disgrace, had effected. Surely it was a disgrace for a young and guileless maiden to have to confess to such an escapade—an escapade that sounded worse to censuring ears than it had been in reality. Anna fainted. Mr. Winthorne stepped forward, and she was borne out.

Another Quakeress was now put into the witness-box, and the court looked upon a little, middle-aged woman, whose face was sallow, and who showed her decayed teeth as she spoke. It was Hester Dell. She wore a brown silk bonnet, lined with white, and a fawn-coloured shawl. She was told that she must state what she knew relative to the visit of Herbert Dare that night.

"I went to rest at my usual hour, or, maybe, a trifle later, for we had waited for the arrival of some physie, never supposing but what the child, Anna, had gone to her room before me, and was safe in bed. I had been asleep some considerable time, as it seemed, when I was awakened by what sounded like the raising of the kitchen window underneath. I sat up in bed, and listened, and was convinced that the window was being raised slowly and cautiously, as if the raiser did not want it to be heard. I was considerably startled, the more so as I knew I had left the window fastened; and my thoughts turned to housebreakers. While I deliberated what to do, seeing I was but a lone woman in the house, save for the child, Anna, and Patience, who was disabled in her bed, I heard what appeared to be the voice of the child, and it sounded in the yard. I went to my window, but I could not see anything, it being right over the kitchen, and I not daring to open it. But I still heard Anna's voice: she was speaking in a low tone, and I believed I caught other tones also—those of a man. I thought I must be asleep and dreaming: next I thought that it must be young Gar, from the next door, Jane Halliburton's son. Her other sons I knew to be not at home; the one being abroad, the other at the University of Oxford. I deliberated could anything be the matter at their house, and the boy have come for assistance. Then I reflected that that was most unlikely, for why should he be stealthily opening the kitchen window, and why should Anna be whispering with him? In short, to tell thee the truth"—raising her eyes to the judge, whom she appeared to address, to the ignoring of everybody else—"I did not know what to think, and I grew more disturbed. I quietly put on a few things, and went softly down the stairs, deeming it well, for my own sake, to feel my way, as it were, and not to run headlong into danger. I stood a moment at the kitchen door, listening; and there I distinctly heard Anna laugh—a little, gentle laugh. It reassured me, though I was still puzzled; and I opened the door at once."

Here the witness made a dead pause.

"What did you see when you opened the door?" asked the judge.

"I would not tell thee, but that I am bound to tell thee," she frankly answered. "I saw the prisoner, Herbert Dare. He appeared to have been laughing with Anna, who stood near him, and he was preparing to get out at the window as I entered."

"Well? what next?" inquired the counsel, in an impatient tone; for Hester had stopped again.

"I can hardly tell what next," replied the witness. "Looking back, it appears nothing but confusion in my mind. It seemed nothing but confusion at the time. Anna cried out, and hid her face in fear; and the pri-

soner attempted some explanation, which I would not listen to. To see a son of Anthony Dare's in the house with the child at that midnight hour filled me with anger and bewilderment. I ordered him away; I believe I pushed him through the window. I threatened to call in the policeman. Finally, he went away."

"Saying nothing?"

"I tell you all, I would not listen to it. I remembered scraps of what he said afterwards. That Anna was not to blame—that I had no cause to scold her or to acquaint Patience with what had happened—that the fault, if there was any fault, was mine, for locking the back door so quickly. I refused to hear further, and he departed, saying he would explain when I was less fierce. That is all I saw of him."

"Did you mention this affair to any one?" asked the counsel for the prosecution.

"No."

"Why not?"

"The child clung about me in tears after he was gone, giving me the explanation that I would not hear from him, and beseeching me not to acquaint Patience. She told me how it had happened. That upon my going out to see after the sleeping-draught for Patience, she had taken the opportunity to run to the field with a book, where Herbert Dare waited; and that, upon attempting to come in again, she found the door locked."

"You returned sooner than she expected?"

"Yes. I met the doctor's boy near our house, bringing the physie, and I took it from him and went home again directly. Not seeing Anna about, I never thought but she had retired to rest. I went up also, trying the back door as I passed it, which to my surprise I found unfastened."

"Why to your surprise?"

"Because I had, as I believed, previously turned the key of it. Finding it unlocked, I concluded I must have been mistaken. Afterwards, when the explanation came, I learnt that Anna had undone it. She clung about me, as I tell thee, sobbing and crying, saying, as he had said, that there was no cause to be angry with her: that she could not help what had happened; and that she had sat crying on the door-step the whole of the time, until he had effected an entrance for her. I went to the pantry window, and saw where the wires had been torn away, not roughly, but neatly; and I knew it must have taken a long while to accomplish. I fell in with the child's prayer, and did not speak of what had occurred, not even to Patience. This is the first time it has escaped my lips."

"So you deemed it desirable to conceal such an adventure, and give the prisoner opportunity to renew his midnight visits?" retorted the prosecuting counsel.

"What was done could not be undone," said the witness. "I was willing to spare the scandal to the child, and not be the means of spreading it abroad. While I was deliberating whether to tell Patience, seeing she was in so suffering a state, news came that Herbert Dare was a prisoner. He had been arrested the following morning, on the accusation of murdering his brother, and I knew that he was safe for several weeks to come. Hence I held my tongue."

The witness had given her evidence in a clear, straightforward, uncompromising manner, widely at variance with the distressed timidity of Anna. Not a shade of doubt rested on the mind of any person in court that both had spoken the exact truth. But the counsel seemed inclined to question still.

"Since when did you know you were coming here to give this evidence?"

"Only when I did come. Richard Winthorne, the man of law, came to our house in a fly this afternoon, and brought us away with him. By some remarks he exchanged with Anna when we were in it, I found that

she had known of it this day or two. They feared to inform me beforehand, I suppose, lest may be I might refuse to attend."

"One question more, witness. Did the prisoner wear a cloak that night?"

"No; I did not see any."

This closed the evidence, and the witness was allowed to withdraw. Richard Winthorne went in search of Samuel Lynn, and found him seated on a bench in the outer hall, surrounded by gentlemen of his persuasion, many of them of high standing in Helstonleigh. Tales of marvel, you know, never lose anything in spreading; neither are people given to place a light construction on public gossip, when they can, by any stretch of imagination, place a dark one. In this affair, however, no very great stretch was required. The town jumped to the charitable conclusion that Anna Lynn must be one of the naughtiest girls under the sun, imprudent, ungrateful, disobedient: had she been guilty of scattering poison in Atterly's field, and so killed all the lambs, they could not have said, or thought, worse. All joined in it, charitable and uncharitable; all sorts of ill notions were spread and got taken up. Herbert Dare, you may be very sure, came in for *his* share.

The news had been taken to Mr. Ashley's manufactory, sent by the astounded Patience, that Richard Winthorne had come and taken away Anna and Hester Dell to give testimony on the trial of Herbert Dare. The Quaker, perplexed and wondering, believed Patience must be demented; that the message could have no foundation in truth. Nevertheless, he bent his steps to the Guildhall, accompanied by William Halliburton, and was witness to the evidence. He, strict and sober-minded, was not likely to take up a more favourable construction of the facts generally, than the town was taking up. It may be guessed what it was for him.

He sat now on a bench in the outer hall, surrounded by friends, who, on hearing the crying scandal whispered, touching a young member of their body, had come flocking down to the Guildhall. When they spoke to him, he did not appear to hear; he sat with his hands on his knees, and his head sunk on his breast, never raising it. Richard Winthorne approached him.

"Miss Lynn and her servant will not be wanted again," said the lawyer; "I have sent for a fly."

The fly came. Anna was placed in it by Mr. Winthorne; Hester Dell followed; and Samuel Lynn came forward and stumbled into it. Stumbled! It is the proper word: he appeared to have no power to lift his legs up.

"Thou wilt not be harsh with her, Samuel," whispered an influential friend, who had a kind, benevolent countenance. "Some of us will confer with thee tomorrow; but meanwhile, do not be harsh with her. Thou wilt call to mind that she is thy child, and motherless."

Samuel Lynn made no reply. He did not appear to hear. He sat opposite his daughter, his eyes never lifted, and his face assuming a leaden, ghastly hue. Hester suddenly leaned from the door, and beckoned to William Halliburton.

"Will these please be so obliging as go up with us in the fly?" she said in his ear. "I do not like his look."

William stepped in, and the fly was driven away with closed blinds, to the intense chagrin of the curious mob. Before it was out of the town, William and Hester, with a simultaneous movement, caught hold of the Quaker. Anna screamed. "What is it?" she uttered, terrified at the sight of his drawn, contorted face.

"It is thy work," spoke Hester, less placidly than she would have done in a calmer moment. "If thee hast saved the life of thy friend, Herbert Dare, thee hast probably destroyed that of thy father."

They were close to the residence of Mr. Parry, and

William ordered the fly to stop. The surgeon was at home, and took William's place in it. Samuel Lynn had been struck with paralysis.

William was at the house before they were, preparing Patience. Patience was so far restored to health herself, as to be able to walk about a little; she was very lame yet.

They carried Mr. Lynn to his room. Anna, in her deep humiliation and shame—the having to give evidence, and such evidence, in the face of that public court, had been nothing less to her—flew to her own chamber, and flung herself, dressed as she was, on the carpet, in desperate abandonment. William saw her there as he passed it from her father's room. There was nobody to attend to her, for they were occupied with Mr. Lynn. It was no moment for ceremony, and William entered and attempted to raise her.

"Let me be, William; let me be! I only want to die."

"Anna, child, this will not mend the past. Do not give way like this."

But she resolutely turned from him, sobbing more wildly, "Only to die! only to die!"

William went for his mother, and gave her the outline of the tale, asking her to go into the house of distress and see what could be done. Jane, in her utter astonishment, sought farther explanation. She could not understand him in the least.

"I assure you, I understand it nearly as little," replied William. "Anna was looked out through some mistake of Hester's, it appears, and Herbert Dare stayed with her. That it will be the means of acquitting him, there is no doubt; but Helstonleigh is making its comments freely."

Jane went in, her senses in a maze. She found Patience in a state not to be described; she found Anna where William had left her, reiterating the same cry, "Oh, that I were dead! that I were dead!"

Meanwhile, the trial at the Guildhall was drawing to its close, and the judge proceeded to sum up. Not with the frantic bursts of oratory pertaining to those eloquent gentlemen, the counsel, but in a calm tone of dispassionate reasoning. He placed the facts concisely before the jury, not speaking in favour of the prisoner, but candidly avowing that he did not see how they could get over the evidence of the prisoner's two witnesses, the young Quaker lady and her maid. If that was to be believed, and for himself he fully believed it, then the prisoner could not have been guilty of the murder, and was clearly entitled to an acquittal. It was six o'clock when the jury retired to deliberate.

The judge, the bar, the spectators, sat on, or stood, with what patience they might, in the crowded and heated court. On the flat of those twelve men hung the life of the prisoner: whether he was to be discharged an innocent man, or hung as a guilty one. Reposing in the pocket of Sir William Leader was a certain little cap, black in colour, innocuous in itself, but of awful significance, when brought forth by the hand of the presiding judge. Was it destined to be brought forth that night?

The jury were coming in at last. Only an hour had they remained in deliberation, for seven o'clock was booming out over the town. It had seemed to the impatient spectators more than two. What must it have seemed to the prisoner? They ranged themselves in their box, and the crier proclaimed silence.

"Have you agreed upon your verdict, gentlemen of the jury?"

"We have."

"How say you, gentlemen, guilty or not guilty?"

The foreman advanced an imperceptible step, and looked at the judge, speaking deliberately—

"My lord, we find him NOT GUILTY."

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

Letters from Rome to Friends in England. By the Rev. JOHN W. BURGON, M.A. London: Murray. 1862.

THIS beautifully written and well got up volume is one which cannot fail to instruct the reader. Its accomplished author spent a considerable time at Rome, and after his return threw into the form of letters the facts and observations set out in these pages. The letters are twenty-six in number, and we shall endeavour to convey some idea of their character and contents. As we are necessarily restricted for space, we must present what we have to say in the briefest possible form.

Mr. Burgon begins with continental travelling, which is now so different from what it used to be: iron roads and steam have wrought wonders. Yet when you reach the continent, at Dieppe for example, you cannot but be struck with the change of costume, language, manners, aspect, architecture, and religion. At Rouen there is a curious and ancient subterranean chapel. Other curiosities are to be met with frequently on the way, as at Lyons, where there are many such. Beyond Lyons, as you pass by Vienne and along the valley of the Rhone, the scenery and the traditions too are very interesting. Avignon, where the popes once lived, is a wonderful-looking place, by which you are carried back at once into the Middle Ages. Beyond this is Arles, famous in ancient Church history for a council held in 514 A.D., and well worth seeing now for its Roman remains. Nîmes, still further, with its grand old amphitheatre, and other splendid ruins, is also very attractive. At last you come to Marseilles, where the ships of Tyre and Sidon might have been seen three thousand years ago, and where all is now activity and bustle. From hence you go by the steamer to Civita Vecchia, where you land on the lovely soil of Italy, and thence push on to Rome. The first letter carries us so far, and takes us, in addition, upon a trip to Ostia.

In his second and third letters, Mr. Burgon occupies himself with a rare old manuscript of the Greek Bible at Rome. This manuscript may be 1450 years old, and is in all respects a very wonderful book. It is called the "Vatican Codex," and is preserved with great care in the Vatican library.

The fourth and fifth letters treat of what may be called the religious practices of Rome, and a very pitiful picture they give us of the distortions of Christianity which are patronised there. To our mind they are abominations, and can lead to nothing but abominations. Mr. Burgon is a sufficiently high churchman, but he sees clearly enough that masses, rosaries, and blessings, processions, relics, and dumb show, cannot be to the edification of souls. Among the customs described is that of the worship of the sacrament. The sacrament is worshipped in a church for forty-eight hours, without intermission. By a preconceived plan the worship begins in one church at the moment it ends in another, and so it is perpetual, except that it ceases for twenty-four hours in Holy Week. This deplorable superstition, which worships the consecrated wafer as a God, is perhaps equalled by the adoration of relics, said to have formed part of this or that saint, or to have belonged to them, or to have been connected with them some way or other. The relics are brought out on special occasions, and the following is what our author says of one such: "There was a congregation of about two or three hundred in church, while somebody in a lofty gallery displayed the relics, his companion proclaiming, with a loud voice, what each was, *Questo è il braccio, &c.* ('This is the arm') which such a one gave to this *alma basilica* ('beloved church')—the formula being in every instance sonorously intoned. There was part of the arm of St. Bartholomew and of St. James the Less; part of St.

Andrew's leg, arm, and cross; part of one of St. Paul's fingers; one of the nails with which St. Peter was crucified; St. Philip's right foot; liquid blood of St. James; some of the remains of St. John the Evangelist; of the Baptist, of Joseph, and of the Blessed Virgin; together with part of the manger, cradle, cross, and tomb of our Lord, &c. Of course many persons knelt (though by no means all) while this strange (and painful) exhibition was going on. . . . Are we to suppose (one feels inclined to ask oneself) that these people believe all that they hear, or that they disbelieve it? If they believe, how exceedingly infatuated they must be! If they disbelieve, how damaging to the religious life must the insincerity and hollowness of such a service become! Above all, how must it provoke unbelief in things which are worthy of all acceptance!"

There can be no doubt that this relic worship is all that Mr. Burgon says. And well may he exclaim, "The idea of showing the porphyry slab on which the soldiers cast lots for the seamless coat, the stone on which the cock stood when he crowed twice, a column of the Temple which was split when the veil was rent in twain (it has been sawn lengthways, evidently); the impression made in a block of marble by our Saviour's feet, when, according to tradition, he was taking leave of St. Peter in the Via Appia; the identical column against which he used to lean when he taught in the Temple, and which possesses miraculous properties in consequence," &c. We forbear to continue this catalogue of horrible fictions which the corrupt and apostate Church of Rome exhibits to be believed and worshipped as a part of Christianity, and a help to heaven.

The sixth letter takes us into another department of this great workshop of fraud and imposture—miraculous images and pictures. Men made a loud noise some years since about the winking picture at Rimini, but such pictures are to be seen every day at Rome, and not only at Rome but in other lands. We once saw in a popish chapel in England a wretched canvas daub, which we were told dropped with blood every Friday. In Rome there are many churches, and all over the continent there are churches which contain pictures and images which have wrought or continue to work miracles. Some of those which are most venerated are black, ugly, dirty, and disgusting. It must never be lost sight of that the priests tempt the people to worship these abominations from the meanest and most mercenary motives. "Say such and such prayers before this picture or image, bow down, kneel, kiss its feet, light a candle before it, give alms, and you shall have so many years, months, days or hours less time in purgatory. If you like you can transfer the amount to the credit of deceased friends, and they will have the advantage." This is popery, and nothing more like merchandise of souls can well be conceived. What is the use of all this fictitious reverence paid to dead and lifeless things? It is a real method of getting money for obtaining fictitious advantages. No doubt the worshippers are often sincere, and their money is readily paid; but what, in the sight of God, must be the awful iniquity of those who lead them astray with this system of lies?

Pomps and processions, images and pictures, strange and ghastly relics, priests in gold and silver, purple and fine linen, incense, organs, and musical instruments of all sorts, chanting, intoning, singing, a dead language for prayer and the Scriptures, magnificently designed and constructed buildings, adorned and arranged in the most sumptuous manner—all these appeal to the imagination, please the senses, and satisfy the consciences of men at Rome. No doubt much of this is grand and imposing, and we wonder not at the enthusiasm with which it inspires men. But it is not the Gospel, it is not Christianity, and it leaves the soul a blank. How can it be a means of grace? It may foster pride and

self-sufficiency, hypocrisy and deceit, in all forms, but it neither can nor does make men either forsake their sins or trust in the Saviour. The graphic and detailed descriptions of Mr. Burgon leave not the shadow of doubt upon the matter. His letters, from the sixth to the ninth, paint these mummeries in their actual colours. The two following letters fill up the picture.

Letters twelve to twenty are taken up with a long, minute, and excellent account of the catacombs and ancient Christian inscriptions at Rome. These letters are peculiarly valuable, because they furnish us with illustrations of the original purity and gradual corruption of religion in that city. Mr. Burgon concludes, from the most careful examination, that there is nothing Romish in the monuments of the first few centuries. Thus it appears that Rome has within itself the condemnation of its crimes and delusions inscribed on imperishable stone and marble. Her writers have lavished their learning and ingenuity in vain attempts to explain away this testimony. It cannot be explained away. It declares, beyond the power of contradiction, that prayers and masses for the dead, purgatory, image-worship, the invocation of saints, and the whole paraphernalia of superstition, had no place in the primitive Church. Where proofs were wanting, fraud has invented them, it is true; but the deceit may be recognised by unmistakable tokens.

In the twenty-first letter, we have some account of what are called the "sights" of Rome—its carnival, and galleries, its monasteries and churches, and last, but not least, the *Ghetto*, or Jews' quarter. The Jews are not allowed to live with the rest of the population, but are confined within certain limits, where they are subject to the most degrading restrictions.

The next letter relates the incidents of a journey to Naples and Pompeii. Although very interesting, this need not detain us. We only remark that our author says Mariolatry is less conspicuous at Naples than at Rome, where the worship of Mary seems, after all, to be the popular and fashionable form of religion. How can it be otherwise, when the Pope himself is one of the blindest devotees of the Virgin Mary.

Mr. Burgon visited Baise, and Puteoli, and the temple at Pæstum. The traces of ancient luxury and grandeur are everywhere to be seen, and not seldom those of idolatry. From the foot of the Alps to the straits of Messina, Italy is a country of wonders to the traveller.

The twenty-fourth letter is one with which we will not meddle; it relates to the questions which divide the Church of England from Rome, and other matters connected therewith. Here, perhaps, we should be tempted to dispute some of the theories of our author. We agree with Mr. Burgon in his condemnation of "Essays and Reviews," which threatened to do as much for rationalism as the "Tracts" did for popery. We also agree with him in denying that any *primitive* evidence exists for transubstantiation, the invocation of saints, prayers for the dead, and purgatory, and the adoration of relics. The whole learning of the Church of Rome cannot produce one genuine and unequivocal proof of these things from the first three or four centuries, for the simple reason that no such proof exists. In 1560, Bishop Jewell challenged the papists to produce proof of these and some other things, but the challenge has never been accepted.

The subject is continued in letter twenty-five, and the Church of Rome condemned of apostasy from the true faith and purity of worship in many things. The last letter pursues the Church of Rome into others of its strongholds, and shows that some of its most cherished beliefs and practices are corruptions and innovations.

The far greater portion of the errors inculcated by the Church of Rome are the result of unscriptural additions to her ancient creed. The Romanist, therefore, would

do well to take warning from the reproof addressed by our Lord to the members of the Judaic Church: "In vain ye do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

We need say no more to recommend a book of such deep and varied interest. As one of the Anglo-Catholic party, Mr. Burgon carries some matters further than we should, and he attaches an importance to what is ancient though not apostolic, in which we cannot sympathise with him. But after all, there is so much that is true and striking in his observations, so much that is pungent in his arguments, and so much that is instructive in his facts, that we can waive our differences from him. These need not, and do not, prevent us from urging all who can secure the privilege to read his book. Rome must sooner or later succumb to attacks like this. She may learn from it that she can be defeated on her own chosen ground of antiquity. We know that she is also defeated by the testimony of the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.

Temperance Department.

LIGHTHOUSES.

HIGH o'er the awful rocky steep,
Begirt with angry waves,
A light shines out upon the deep,
That many a vessel saves;
The seaman, watchful through the night,
Steers clear when'er he sees that light.

Yes! safely rides the gallant bark,
And Britain well may boast
The numerous lights that duly mark
The dangers of her coast;
Careful to guide, and warn, and save,
The gallant wand'ers o'er the wave.

Yet not upon our coasts alone
Do warning lights appear;
Go view our cities: then you'll own
They spread both far and near;
Where'er you see bright lights abound,
Oh! finger not—'tis dangerous ground!

Our inland lighthouses are bright
With many a rich device;
Let not their swift revolving light
Your thoughtless steps entice!
Away! it is a gilded tomb:
Be warn'd—nor tempt a fearful doom!

Yes, 'tis a tomb, a yawning grave!
Well fitted to destroy
The virtues that should guide and save—
Man's peace, his hope, his joy.
Then, like the seaman, steer aright,
Pass, wisely pass, the tempting light.

SINGULAR DANGER.

The Rev. Thomas Brotherton, missionary of the Gospel Propagation Society, says: "We wish it to be known at home, that the Hindoos, on becoming Christians, are, if possible, more liable to become drunkards than while they were surrounded by the barriers of superstition and caste. It has been already published in this journal, that a missionary (now dead) has been known to oblige one of his converts to drink wine and beer at his table as a convincing testimony that he had renounced caste!! We wish it to be known, also, that this convert became a drunkard, and was dismissed the mission service in consequence."

AN OFFICER'S TESTIMONY.

An officer, in an interesting work, entitled, "Ten Years in India; or, the Life of a Young Officer," says: "I have often heard the natives make remarks in regard to our religion. 'You call yourselves Chris-

tians,' they say; 'you profess temperance, soberness, and chastity; you preach against idolatry; do you show by your lives that you act up to these professions? Where is your temperance? You are always drinking. Where is your soberness? You are always getting drunk. Whom do you worship? Not God, surely.' And this is the general opinion of the Indian community; and this is the reason why our missionaries find it so difficult to make converts to the true faith."

BRITISH INTEMPERANCE AND BRITISH MISSIONS.

A body of evidence from all parts of the missionary field has long established the baneful effects of British intemperance as a counteractive to British missionary effort. Than this nothing can be imagined more withering and distressing to the hearts of all interested—and what true Christian is not?—in the universal diffusion of the glorious Gospel throughout the world. The grand moral is the humbling one, "Physician, heal thyself!" It is to dry up those Marah fountains of drink usage in our land, which are overflowing on all our missionary stations, to the ends of the earth, in perennial streams of cursing and bitterness. It is, in other words, that every true friend of missions, as his first contribution to that high and holy cause, could not do better than give his adhesion and life-long advocacy to the total abstinence movement. For this end we will introduce, now and then, a cluster of facts and testimonies on the effects of British intemperance on British Missions, fitted, if duly pondered, to make every Christian ear to tingle, and every Christian heart to bleed and mourn.

SELF-SUSTAINING POWER OF TRUE TEMPERANCE ZEAL.

"Many," says one of the veterans of the temperance movement, "join our cause from purely a selfish consideration; and nine-tenths, if not ten-tenths, of those who relapse are of the class. But let a man give himself to the promotion of the cause, and his stability is in some degree secured. If all cannot speak upon our platforms, all can speak to their neighbours, attend regularly upon meetings for the advancement of the cause, circulate tracts, and collect funds. They who act thus find their honour identified with the movement, and their interest increased in it. And these two elements constitute an additional guarantee of permanence. An active friend of the cause told me the other day, that when he first joined the movement he did nothing in its behalf. In two years he fell, and drank for a week. That fall, he told me, he believed was his preservation. On joining again, seventeen years ago, he resolved that he would seek to promote his principles. He did so, was advanced from being secretary of the society he joined to be its president, and is now wholly engaged in the furtherance of the movement. It is thus that God punishes selfishness and rewards the well-doer."

AN ARGUMENT NOT TO BE WITHSTOOD.

The most irresistible of all arguments are not those of the argumentative kind. They lie in another domain, and they will triumphantly assert their sway when all others have failed.

The Rev. William Reid, of Edinburgh, in a temperance sermon introduces the following interesting incident—all the more interesting, as relating to a high and honoured name in the advocacy of our cause:—"An eminent minister of the Gospel was some years ago spending a day with a brother in the

ministry. The lady of the house at which he was sojourning, being a devoted friend of our cause, had advanced every argument she could think of to convince him of the propriety of his becoming an abstainer, but apparently without effect. On coming down to breakfast on the following morning, his host said to him, 'My wife has been praying much for you since we parted last evening.' 'Praying for me!' said he, with surprise. 'Yes, praying that the Lord might remove the blindness which prevents you seeing the truth upon the subject of abstinence!' 'Well, well,' said he; 'I can withstand her arguments, but I cannot withstand her prayers!' That lady, who patiently took her cause and laid it before God, was the late Mrs. Sherman, of London, and the convert whom God gave her, in answer to her prayers, was the Rev. Newman Hall, who from that hour has been one of our ablest and most influential advocates. Prayer and patience are more than a match for all the objections which Christian men and women are able to advance."

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT NO FAILURE.

A balance sheet of results is a very desirable attainment in any enterprise; but those of a moral kind are not to be pronounced failures because their successes may not admit of very precise tabulation. Moral processes are proverbially slow of evolution. Where, in this region or that, over many a dreary year, had Christianity itself been, if its divine character and mission had been tried by any such test?

The temperance movement, in its distinctive form, is only one generation old, and yet its trophies, moral, social, and even political, already cover the land.

At the late International Temperance Congress, Mr. Joseph Thorpe justly observed:—"When we see all that has been effected by the temperance movement, physiologically, morally, socially, pecuniarily—if I may use the term—and religiously, I cannot but feel that we have not laboured in vain during the past twenty-five years. In fact, during that time we have changed the fashions of the community. It is not now fashionable to get drunk in the highest circles in the land, and it is not respectable amongst the lowest. We find that the quantity of poison consumed is very much diminished; and that in society, wherever there is a sound living teetotaler at table, his influence is at once felt. One teetotaler at the dinner-table makes himself a power among those around him. How they shrink and do homage to him, even in the highest and most intelligent circles! Homage is paid in the form of a confession that they are all invalids. There is not a sound man among them. One says, 'I tried teetotalism for some time, but it would not do for me.' Another says, 'My doctor recommends it to me medicinally.' In fact, if their statement be taken as reliable, the quantity of medicine taken in the way of alcohol exceeds all the medicine otherwise taken. We have also so indoctrinated society that there is not a gathering of philanthropists met for the furtherance of any good cause who do not admit that the one great influence opposing their efforts is the deteriorating action of intoxicating liquors—of drunkenness these men say; but it is not drunkenness, it is an evil which arises at an earlier stage, it is that deterioration which arises when sensible men and women sit quietly, and see young men and young ladies sit and sip their one glass of wine daily until the mischief spreads, and alcohol becomes a fatal necessity. We wish to check the mischief in the bud."

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